BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY
The gift of
Mrs. Grace F. O'Neil

Frontispiece.

THE TOWN PUMP. — Page 228.

THE

VILLAGE READER:

DESIGNED FOR

THE USE OF SCHOOLS

Wha ... cal. 3
he l ... ames. 32
on ... times. 33
... any. 34
... e. 3

BY THE COMPILERS OF

THE EASY PRIMER, CHILD'S GUIDE, AND INTELLIGENT READER.

SPRINGFIELD:

PUBLISHED BY G. & C. MERRIAM,

of Main and State Streets.

1841.

RARE BOOKS

Entered according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1840,
By G. & C. MERRIAM,
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

STEREOTYPED AT THE
BOSTON TYPE AND STEREOTYPE FOUNDRY.

CONTENTS.

Lesson.		Page.
	Hints to Teachers,	10
	Rules for Punctuation,	11
	Rules for Reading,	13
	Common Errors,	16
1.	Select Sentences,	17
2.	Select Sentences,	18
3.	The Fox and the Crow, ... *Parley's Every Day Book.*	19
4.	The Blank Book and the Printed Book, ... *Same.*	20
5.	The Fox and the Cock, ... *Æsop Junior.*	20
6.	The Dog and his Relations, ... *Dr. Aikin.*	21
7.	The Ant and the Cricket, ... *Youth's Friend.*	23
8.	Affection to Parents rewarded, ... *Anonymous.*	24
9.	The Boy without a Genius, ... *Mrs. Barbauld.*	25
10.	The Old Eagle Tree, ... *Rev. John Todd.*	29
11.	True Things and Sham Things, ... *English Periodical.*	31
12.	What I hate to see, ... *T. D. James.*	32
13.	The Lost Camel, ... *Fireside and Pastimes.*	33
14.	Economy, ... *Juvenile Miscellany.*	34
15.	Keeping Promises, ... *Same.*	38
16.	The Peaches, ... *Anonymous.*	41
17.	Honesty the best Policy, ... *Anon.*	42
18.	Important Law Case, ... *T. D. James.*	43
19.	The Four Pistareens, ... *Same.*	45
20.	The Use of Flowers, ... *Mary Howitt.*	48
21.	The Pebble and the Acorn, ... *Miss H. F. Gould.*	49
22.	Little Lewis, ... *Rev. J. Todd.*	51
23.	The Dying Boy, ... *Boy's Scrap Book.*	54
24.	Michael Blake and his Pocket Bible, ... *Same.*	56
25.	The Crocodile and Alligator, ... *Parley's Magazine.*	58
26.	The Puritan, ... *The Puritan.*	60
27.	Knowledge, ... *Anon.*	64
28.	Self-Denial, ... *Anon.*	65
29.	Attention and Industry rewarded, ... *Anon.*	67
30.	One Thing at a Time, ... *Grandfather Gregory.*	69
31.	The Lost Nestlings, ... *Miss H. F. Gould.*	72
32.	The Blind Boy, ... *Park Benjamin.*	73
33.	The Safe Side of the Hedge, ... *Trenton Emporium.*	75
34.	A Scheme to make a Fortune, ... *Cardell.*	77
35.	Health preferable to Riches, ... *Child's Annual.*	80
36.	The Power of Conscience, ... *Beauties of History.*	81
37.	The Twins, ... *Token.*	83
38.	The Real Value, ... *Trenton Emporium.*	86
39.	Dangers of Youth, ... *Anon.*	87

Lesson.		Page.
40.	The Three Black Crows, ... *Byrom.*	90
41.	The Thistle Seed, ... *The Violet.*	91
42.	The Father, ... *Miss H. F. Gould.*	92
43.	The Day of Life, ... *Mrs. Barbauld.*	93
44.	The Blind Boy, ... *Parley's Every Day Book.*	94
45.	The Blind Boy, (*continued.*) ..... *Same.*	98
46.	Letter-Writing, ... *Jacob Abbott.*	102
47.	Good Advice, ... *Same.*	107
48.	Letter from a Student at College to his Mother, ... *J. Todd.*	110
49.	Anecdote of Chief Justice Marshall, ... *Scrap Book.*	113
50.	Control your Temper, ... *Rev. J. Todd.*	115
51.	Superstition, ... *Family at Home.*	117
52.	The Idle School-Boy, ... *Juvenile Keepsake.*	119
53.	The Idle School-Boy, (*continued.*) ..... *Same.*	123
54.	Hafed's Dream, ... *J. Todd.*	128
55.	Hafed's Dream, (*continued.*) ..... *Same.*	131
56.	An Incident in the early History of New England, .. *Mirick.*	135
57.	The Father's Choice, ... *Mrs. S. J. Hale.*	138
58.	The Family Meeting, ... *Charles Sprague.*	140
59.	Flower upon the Green Hill Side, ... *H. F. Gould.*	141
60.	Uncle Abel and Little Edward, ... *Mrs. H. Beecher Stowe.*	142
61.	Uncle Abel and Little Edward, (*continued.*) ..... *Same.*	144
62.	Migration of Birds, ... *T. Flint.*	146
63.	The Birds in Autumn, ... *Mrs. Sigourney.*	150
64.	Winter Song, ... *Juvenile Lyre.*	152
65.	It Snows, ... *Mrs. S. J. Hale.*	153
66.	Charles II. and William Penn, ... *Weems.*	154
67.	Dialogue on Physiognomy, ... *Anon.*	156
68.	Solomon Packwell, ... *The Puritan.*	158
69.	Politeness, ... *Rev. J. Todd.*	162
70.	Punctuality, ... *Dr. Alcott.*	165
71.	The Miracle, ... *A German Parable.*	169
72.	Selections from the Proverbs of Solomon, ... *Bible.*	171
73.	A Mother's Influence, ... *Ladies' Magazine.*	172
74.	A Mother's Love, ... *Miss Emily Taylor.*	176
75.	The Mother's Tears, ... *Rev. J. Todd.*	177
76.	My Mother's Voice, ... *Anon.*	178
77.	Honesty, ... *Right and Wrong.*	179
78.	Effects of Universal Falsehood, ... *Dick.*	182
79.	What is Education, ... *Miss Sedgwick.*	184
80.	Scenes at Sea, ... *Malcom's Travels.*	187
81.	The Discontented Pendulum, ... *Jane Taylor.*	191
82.	The Four Seasons, ... *Mrs. Barbauld.*	193
83.	The Just Judge, ... *Juvenile Companion.*	195
84.	Sunday Morning, ... *Jane Taylor.*	198
85.	Pleasantness of God's Service, ... *Bible.*	201
86.	Purposes of God developed by his Providence, ... *Cowper.*	202
87.	Curiosity, ... *Charles Sprague.*	203
88.	Washing-Day, ... *Mrs. Barbauld.*	207
89.	The Western Emigrant, ... *Mrs. Sigourney.*	209
90.	The Philosopher's Scales, ... *Jane Taylor.*	211
91.	Captain John Smith and Pocahontas, ... *Sparks's Biog.*	214
92.	Prosperity and Resources of the United States, ... *Bancroft.*	217

PREFACE.

In adding to the number of Reading Books already before the public, designed for the use of higher classes in common schools, the compilers of the VILLAGE READER wish to state, briefly, the views they have entertained of what such a book should be, while engaged in its preparation. It may seem superfluous to say, that, in their estimation, the object to be kept primarily in view, in compiling a Reading Book, should be, to make a selection of such pieces as are most likely to promote the advancement of the pupil in the art of *reading*. Other incidental objects may, and doubtless should, be taken into consideration. It may be desirable to impart information to the scholar upon a variety of topics while he is learning to read; — to add to his knowledge of History, or Geography, or Agriculture, and especially to instil into his mind the principles of morality and religion; but, truism as it may seem, *the* object of a reading book should be, to teach the art of reading; — an end which may be lost sight of, in endeavors to promote some other, very useful, but very different object.

In accordance with these views, the compilers have deemed it essential to select such pieces as will *interest* the pupil; — to prepare a volume which he will not merely take up, as his regular task in the school-room, but so attractive that he will occasionally resort to its pages in his leisure hours at home; — to have the lessons treat of subjects not so entirely above and beyond the ordinary range of his thoughts, that he will have very little understanding of them, or, understanding, feel in them no interest. The reading exercise will be very likely to be regarded as an irksome task, and to be performed in a lifeless and profitless manner, if the lessons are of such a character that the fixed attention of mature minds is required, to understand and appreciate the sentiments expressed.

While it is by no means assumed as a correct principle, that nothing should be presented to the mind of a scholar, but what he can at once fully grasp, and entirely comprehend, it may yet well be doubted, whether his rapid progress along the path of knowledge will be secured, by hedging up its entrance with an array of high-sounding phrases which convey no ideas to his mind. Whatever may be the general effect of such a course upon his intellectual progress, certain it is, if the experience of the ablest teachers is of any account in the matter, that the pupil does *not* improve in *reading*, where the lessons, being above his capacity, convey sounds to the ear, without communicating thoughts to the understanding.

The compilers are more desirous of having their views on this subject understood, since it may be thought a peculiarity of the following work, that some of the lessons are of a more juvenile character than those usually found in books designed for a similar class of scholars. Where the reply to the question — once asked for a different purpose — "*understandest* thou what thou readest?" must be in the negative, there but little progress, it is conceived, is made in learning to read, however correctly the learner may give the proper emphasis and inflections by the aid of a system of arbitrary signs.

Is it practicable, by such a system of signs carried through a Reading Book, correctly to indicate the ever-varying modulations of the human voice, as employed in reading properly a piece of animated composition? And if this could be done, is it desirable? Would not its tendency be, to make mechanical, rather than intellectual readers?

The compilers of the following work have believed, that such lessons as will interest the scholar, and be understood by him; — such as, by their varied style, of description, of animated conversation, &c., will call for corresponding inflections and intonations of the voice, are best adapted to promote good reading; — that a few simple Rules, of obvious and ready application, as they are more likely to be made available by the teacher, are better than a large number, of more difficult application, and with which neither teachers nor pupils are likely to encumber themselves; — and that lessons of the character referred to, in connection with the correct example, and competent instructions, of the living teacher, will more effectually impart a knowledge of the correct tones, inflections, &c., than any system, however well devised, of notation by signs and characters, which should be applied to each lesson.

While many of the earlier lessons are written in the familiar style, the compilers have yet sought to give a *progressive* character to the work; believing that, if properly instructed, the scholar will be prepared to understand, and read correctly, pieces of a more difficult character, as he advances in the book. They have endeavored, likewise, to make selections of a practical character — such as contain the "seeds of thought," and as will induce the learner, not merely to repeat, mechanically, the sentiments of others, but to imbibe correct sentiments of his own; — as will lead him to the exercise of the reflecting powers with which his Maker has endowed him; — as will expand his mind, improve his heart, and aid in preparing him to act a useful and honorable part in life.

Questions have been added to a few of the pieces, some of them having reference to the sentiments of the lesson, and others to the meaning of words, the inflections, emphasis, &c. These are designed as hints, which each teacher must follow out for himself, rather than as a plan entirely filled up. But few of the pieces are found in any similar collection, and several of them have never before appeared in print. With those that have thus appeared, such liberties have been taken, by a careful revision, and the correction of any impurities of style, or inaccuracies of expression, as seemed necessary to adapt them to the purposes for which they were needed.

The rules for Punctuation are commonly printed in the Spelling Book, and learned there; but since, as there given, they are usually deficient in clearness, or fulness of explanation, and as it is chiefly in his Reading Lesson that the scholar has occasion to apply them, it has been thought best to insert them here, for the convenience of ready reference.

The compilers have been aided, in their selection of several pieces, by a gentleman whose writings for the young have found great favor with the public, but whose name they are not at liberty to mention.

Springfield, Mass., October, 1840.

Lesson.		Page.
93.	Reflections on the Settlement of New England,....*Webster.*	219
94.	Advantages of Adversity to our Forefathers, ...*E. Everett.*	221
95.	Early Printing,.....*D'Israeli.*	224
96.	Advantages of Temperance,.....*Hitchcock.*	225
97.	The Town Pump,.....*Hawthorne.*	228
98.	Modes of Salutation in different Countries, ...*D'Israeli.*	233
99.	The Monied Man,.....*New Monthly Magazine.*	235
100.	The Prisoner,.....*Anon.*	236
101.	Why are Springs enthroned so high, ...*Josiah Condor.*	238
102.	To an Infant.....*Rev. J. Todd.*	239
103.	The Family Bible,.....*Anon.*	240
104.	The Evening Hymn of the Jewess, ...*Walter Scott.*	240
105.	Avoid Hasty Opinions, ...*Dr. Watts.*	241
106.	The Contrast,.....*Periodical.*	243
107.	Antediluvian Occupations,.....*Cowper.*	249
108.	The Murderer, ...*Webster.*	250
109.	Try, Try Again,.....*T. H. Palmer.*	253
110.	The Spider and the Fly,.....*Mary Howitt.*	254
111.	The Midnight Mail, ...*Miss H. F. Gould.*	255
112.	The Bucket,.....*Woodworth.*	256
113.	Filial Love; or, James, the Errand-Man,....*T. H. Palmer.*	257
114.	The Great Horse Race,.....*H. Humphrey, D. D.*	261
115.	Keeping up Appearances, ...*The Puritan.*	265
116.	Every Man his own Fortune-Teller, ...*Jane Taylor.*	269
117.	"Among the Americans, all Honest Callings are honorable,"—a foreigner's testimony, .*De Tocqueville.*	273
118.	The Steam-Boat Trial,.....*N. P. Willis.*	275
119.	Bulk of the Earth,.....*Dick.*	277
120.	Number and Magnitude of the Stars,.....*Same.*	278
121.	Rapid Motions of the Celestial Bodies.....*Same.*	280
122.	Popular Illustration of the Motions of the Earth and Heavens .....*Same.*	282
123.	Books, as a Means of Self-Culture,. *W. E. Channing, D. D.*	284
124.	The Falls of Niagara, ...*Lyman Beecher, D. D.*	286
125.	The Falls of Niagara, ...*J. G. C. Brainard.*	288
126.	The Mail comes in—The Newspaper.....*Cowper.*	289
127.	Italy and Switzerland contrasted, ...*Goldsmith.*	291
128.	The Pleasures of Knowledge,.....*Brougham.*	294
129.	Human Knowledge,.....*E. Everett.*	295
130.	Character of Washington,.....*Sparks.*	297

HINTS TO TEACHERS.

But little need be said as to the manner of using this book. It is suggested, however, that the Rules for Reading should be carefully committed to memory by the scholar, and perhaps, with the observations under them, be made occasionally the Reading Lesson. When the pupil violates either of the Rules in reading, in any part of the book, let him be referred to it, and its application shown. The same course may be pursued with regard to the Rules for Punctuation.

The questions appended to some of the lessons, are but hints, designed to indicate the course which should always be pursued, of questioning the class upon the subjects about which they have been reading, the meaning of particular words, their orthography, the emphasis, inflections, &c.—such a course, in short, as shall inform the teacher whether each pupil understands the lesson, receives the ideas the writer of the piece has expressed, and is thus adding to his own stores of thought.

Attention to the following hints will be found useful:—

1. Occasionally let each scholar read only to a stop, even if the stop is merely a comma, and let each be careful to leave off with the right inflection of voice, as not letting the voice fall at a comma, if the sense does not require it. Such a practice serves to fix the attention of every scholar upon the lesson, which it is sometimes difficult to secure, when each one knows beforehand, from his position in the class, the paragraph he is to read.

2. Let each member of the class occasionally read the same sentence, and the others criticise the manner of the one who reads.

3. Give out a sentence from the lesson to be read, previous to the exercise, for each scholar to transcribe upon his slate, and to indicate the emphatic words by underscoring them, and to mark the inflections proper to be used whenever required. Or let each transcribe the sentence without inserting the stops, and then, without the aid of the book, apply them properly. Or let the sentence be written upon the Black-board, one pupil mark it, and the other members of the class criticise upon his performance.

4. The teacher should rely very much upon his own example, as a method of instruction in reading.

5. Accustom scholars to give definitions in their own language, of words as found in their connection in the sentence.

RULES FOR PUNCTUATION.

PUNCTUATION is the division of a written composition into sentences, or parts of sentences, by points or stops, to mark the pauses to be observed in reading, and to show more clearly the meaning of the writer.

The principal points used in reading, are the Comma (,); Semicolon (;); Colon (:); Period (.); Interrogation (?); Exclamation (!); Parenthesis ( ) ; and Dash (—). When these points, or stops, occur in reading, there should be a suspension of the voice, for a longer or shorter time, as the sense requires.

The *comma* requires but a slight suspension of the voice, and the word preceding it should usually be read with the rising, or the falling inflection, or with the rising and falling inflection upon the same word.

Remark. Nothing but the good sense of the reader, and a clear understanding of the sentence he is reading, will enable him to pause a proper length of time at the comma, as well as the other stops. In many cases, a slight suspension of the voice is required, where no comma is printed, and where the pause is slighter than is usually indicated by that stop.

Example.—"Some birds, with much labor, peck holes in trees, and therein make their nests; while others lay their eggs on the ground, without making any nests at all." The word *others*, in this sentence, should be read with the emphasis placed upon it, with first the rising, and then the falling inflection, and with a slight suspension of the voice after it; while yet it would not be proper to insert the comma there.

In many cases, the sentence, or part of a sentence, between two commas, should be read something in the manner of a sentence inclosed in a parenthesis,—quicker, and in a lower tone of voice. Take the following sentences from Miss Taylor's Discontented Pendulum; (see page 192.) "Upon this the weights, who had never been accused of *light* conduct, used all their influence in urging the pendulum to proceed." Here the phrase, *who had never been accused of light conduct*, should be read much as if it were inclosed in a parenthesis. "Then I hope, resumed the dial plate, we shall all return immediately to our duty." Here the phrase, "resumed," &c., should be read in a similar manner.

The *semicolon* is used when a pause longer than the comma is required, but the sense is incomplete. It requires a suspension of the voice about twice as long as the comma.

The *colon* is used to divide those sentences, or members of a sentence, which are too little connected for a semicolon, and yet not sufficiently complete for a full stop.

The *period* denotes that the sentence is complete, and usually requires a full stop, and the cadence, or fall of the voice.

Remark. The period is sometimes used for other purposes, where no suspension or fall of the voice is required, as in abbreviations—"Gen. Washington commanded the troops;"—to be read as if printed "General Washington," &c. Also in referring to the chapter and verse of a book; as, "Gen. xii. 15, 19,"—to be read, Genesis, twelfth, fifteenth, nineteenth; meaning, Genesis, twelfth chapter, and fifteenth and nineteenth verses If several verses are meant to be included, the first and last verses only are named, and the dash used between; as, Gen. xii. 15—19,—to be read, Genesis, twelfth, fifteenth to nineteenth.

The *interrogation point* is used to show when a question is asked.

The *exclamation point* denotes astonishment, surprise, or other emotion.

The *parenthesis* is used to include a sentence which is introduced by way of addition, or explanation, and the sentence included should be read quicker, and in a lower tone of voice.

The *dash* denotes a sudden pause, or change of subject, or interruption by another person.

Other marks are, the *hyphen*, (-); used to divide one syllable from another of the same word, when part of a word comes at the end of a line, and the rest at the beginning of the next; and also between two words which are printed together as one word, forming what is called a compound word; as, coal-pit, sea-serpent. The *index* or *hand* (☞) points to a passage particularly important. *Quotation marks* (" ") show that the passage included in them is taken from another author, or that they are the exact words used by one of the persons speaking. An *apostrophe* (') denotes the omission of a letter, as lov'd, for loved. The *paragraph* (¶) denotes the beginning of a new subject—used chiefly in the Bible. It is also sometimes used to refer to a note at the bottom or side of a page. The *asterisk* or *star*, (*), the *dagger*, (†), the *double dagger*, (‡), the *section*, (§), and *parallel*, (‖), are also used as references to notes. The letters of the alphabet, and figures, are sometimes used for the same purpose.

The *dæresis* (··) is two points placed over a vowel, denoting that the letter under it begins a new syllable, as coöperate,—read co-op-e-rate

RULES FOR READING.

RULE I.

Pitch the voice upon the right key.

REMARK.—By *key*, in reading, is meant the pitch, or degree of elevation of the voice, in which the piece generally should be read, and to which the particular words, or parts of the piece, to be read in a higher or lower tone, should be proportioned.

The key proper to be used must depend upon the circumstances under which the piece is read, and the nature of the piece itself. If reading in a large school-room, or a church, the voice must necessarily be pitched higher than if only reading to a friend at your side.

In reading in the school-room, the same key should be used by all who read the same piece.

RULE II.

Pronounce each word correctly and distinctly.

Examples requiring particular attention to this Rule are given in Lesson I. When the correct pronunciation of a word is learned, it should never be forgotten or unheeded.

RULE III.

Pay proper attention to the stops, as explained in the Rules for Punctuation, and make no pause where none is required.

RULE IV.

Manage your breath so as not to be obliged to make a pause where the sense does not require it, or to pause longer at the stops than would otherwise be necessary.

REMARK.—This Rule may be thought a repetition of the preceding one, but is designed to guard against one particular occasion of the violation of that Rule, so common as to require especial precaution.

RULE V.

Read only so fast that each word may be heard distinctly.

REMARK.—The three last-mentioned Rules are quite likely to be observed or broken together. Those who violate them belong to what may be called the *galloping class* of readers. Having taken breath, their only object appears to be to get out as many words as possible before stopping to breathe again. They huddle words together in one confused mass, pay little or no attention to the stops, and, if a period is in sight, make a desperate effort to reach it before pausing to take breath again. Such a fault must be overcome, before there can be any approach to good reading.

RULE VI.

Read with animation, and avoid drawling out words and sentences.

RULE VII.

Give to each word of more than one syllable its proper accent, and to each emphatic word the due degree of emphasis.

RULE VIII.

Be careful to use the rising and falling inflections as the sense requires.

Inflection may be defined, the modulation or variation of the voice which we practise in reading or speaking. In reading correctly, the voice is constantly passing from one note to another, as in singing. This is done by a constant *sliding up and down*, so to speak, or undulation, of the voice, like the waves of the ocean. In descriptive pieces, or where the language does not express deep or violent emotion, these inflections are moderate, and pass from one to another in a gradual manner;—it is the ocean rippled by a gentle breeze. If the language is impassioned, and the transitions abrupt, the inflections are likewise abrupt, frequent, and marked;—it is ocean in a storm.

Much of the beauty of reading consists in using correctly these rising and falling inflections. Read the following sentence in a *monotone*, or keeping the voice upon the same pitch through the line:—

My son, go not in the way of bad men.

Read now the following, in the same manner:—

Must I budge? Must I endure all this?
Shall I be frighted when a madman stares?

Read it now with the proper inflections:—

this?
all
budge? endure
I I
Must Must
stares?
a madman
when
be frighted
Shall I

In free and familiar conversation, we give, naturally, the right inflections. It will be a pretty safe guide, in reading, to use the same inflections as if we were repeating the passage in conversation to a friend. The rising inflection is sometimes indicated by the acute accent ′; the falling inflection, by the grave accent ‵; and, where both the rising and falling inflections are required upon the same word, the broad character ˄ is used. See Lesson II.

RULE IX.

Direct questions, or those which may be answered by *yes* or *no*, require the rising inflection, and *indirect* questions, or those which cannot be so answered, the falling inflection, after them.

EXAMPLE.—

Will you return to-morrow?

This is a direct question, which may be answered by *yes*, or *no*, and requires the rising inflection on *to-morrow*.

Will you return to-morrow, or Friday?

This is an indirect question, and requires the falling inflection on *Friday*.

COMMON ERRORS.

1. Clipping short words ending in *ing;* as, *lingerin'*, for *lingering; bringin'*, for *bringing*, &c.

2. Failing to give the letter *r* its full sound; as, *buhds*, for *birds; impawtant*, for *important; stawk*, for *stork; cuss*, for *curse*, &c.

3. Omitting the sound of *e* and *o;* as, *wandring*, for *wandering; histry*, for *history;* and sometimes substituting another letter for the right one; as, *histery*, for *history; calkelation*, for *calculation; perlitical*, for *political*, &c.

4. Failing of the correct pronunciation in words ending in *ous;* as, *stupendyus*, or *stupendyu-us*, for *stupendous; tremendyus*, or *tremendyu-us*, for *tremendous.*

5. Not giving the full sound to words ending in *st*, or *sts;* as, *bose*, for *boast; hoce*, for *hosts*, &c.

6. Giving the wrong pronunciation to words in which the vowel *u* begins a syllable; as, *nater*, or *nachoor*, for *nature; edecation*, for *education; colyume*, for *column; vollum*, for *volume*, &c.

THE

VILLAGE READER.

LESSON I.

Select Sentences.

Exercises in Rule II. See also the classes of Common Errors.

☞ The figures after the words show the application of the corresponding number in the list of Common Errors.

1. Like Winter lingering[1] in the lap of Spring.
2. The battle of Waterloo[2] was attended with more[2] important[2] consequences than any other recorded[2] in history[3].
3. The eccentricity of his movements defied all ordinary[2] calculation[3].
4. Novogorod is about eighty versts[5]* from St. Petersburgh.
5. The hosts[3] still linger on th' embattled plain.
6. The American boasts[5] that his government[2] gives a degree of liberty[2] to the citizen not enjoyed by any other people in the world[2].
7. Keep back thy servant, also, from presumptuous[4] sins.
8. Who coverest[5] thyself with light as with a garment[2]; who stretchest[5] out the heavens like a curtain[2].
9. Where the birds[2] make their nests[5]; as for the stork[2], the fir-trees[2] are her[2] house.
10. Notwithstanding the disparity of force, the British were repulsed with tremendous[4] slaughter.
11. The volume[6] of creation unfolds the natural[6] perfections of God; but the volume[6] of revelation more gloriously reveals his moral attributes.

* A *verst* is a Russian measure, being about three fourths of an English mile.

12. What is the blooming tincture[6] of the skin,
To peace of mind, and harmony[2] within?
13. He who the vast immensity can pierce[2],
See worlds[2] on worlds[2] compose one universe[2].
14. The *terrestrial*[2] globe represents the earth, and the *celestial* the starry[2] heavens.
15. The severest[5] strife for mastery[2] now took place.
16. He peremptorily[2] issued his last[6] commands.
17. The best[5] interests[5] of society are promoted by the diffusion of useful knowledge.
18. Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.

LESSON II.

Select Sentences.

Exercises in Emphasis and Inflection.

1. It costs more to *revenge'* injuries than to *bear`* them
2. A *liar'* is not believed when he speaks the *truth`*.
3. One *ill example'* spoils many *good precepts`*.
4. Know', Nature's children all *divide`* her care;
The fur that *warms* a *monarch, warmed* a *bear.*
While *man* exclaims', "See all things for *my* use'!"
"See *man'* for *mine`*," replies the pampered *goose.*
5. Two principles in human nature' reign`,
Self-love to *urge'*, and *reason* to *restrain`;*
Nor *this* a *good'*, nor *that* a *bad`* we call`;
Each works its *end`*, to move or govern *all.*
6. Who's here so *base'*, that he would be a *bondman`?* If any', speak`; for *him'* I have offended`. Who's here so *rude'*, that would not be a Roman`? If any', speak`; for *him`* I have offended. Who's here so *vile'*, that will not love his *country`?* If any', speak`; for *him`* I have offended. I pause' for a reply`.
7. To advise the ignorant', relieve the needy', and comfort the afflicted', are duties that fall in our way almost every day of our lives.
8. I am come to *save* life, not to *destroy`* it.

9. A virtuous *youth* will make a happy *old age.*

10. I have been young′, and now I am old‵; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken′, nor his seed begging bread‵

11. As love′ thinks no evil′, so envy′ speaks no good‵.

12. As virtue is its own reward′, so vice′ is its own punishment‵.

LESSON III.

The Fox and the Crow.—A FABLE.

[*Fable*, a feigned story, designed to instruct or amuse. Not a falsehood, as it is not intended to be understood as true.—*Moral* of a fable, the instruction or lesson to be learned from it.]

1. A Crow, having stolen a piece of cheese from a cottage window, flew up into a high tree with it, in order to eat it; which the Fox observing, came and sat underneath, and began to compliment the Crow upon the subject of her beauty.

2. "I protest," said he, "I never observed it before, but your feathers are of a more delicate white than any that ever I saw in my life! Ah! what a fine shape′, and graceful turn of body′, is there! And I dare say you have a beautiful *voice.* If it be but as fine as your *complexion*, I do not know a bird that can pretend to stand in competition with you."

3. The Crow, tickled with this very civil language, wriggled about, and hardly knew where she was; but, thinking the Fox a little dubious as to the particular of her voice, and having a mind to set him right in that matter, she began to sing, and, in the same instant, let the cheese fall out of her mouth. This being what the Fox wanted, he snapped it up in a moment, and trotted away, laughing to himself at the easy credulity of the Crow.

MORAL.

4. It is a maxim in the schools,
"That flattery's the food of fools!"
And whoso likes such airy meat,
Will soon have nothing else to eat.

[*Questions.* What is a fable?—the moral of a fable? What is the meaning of *dubious*, in the third paragraph? Of *credulity?* What inflection upon the word *shape*, in the second paragraph? Upon *body?* Which is the emphatic word in the last line of the moral?]

LESSON IV.

The Blank Book and Printed Book.—A FABLE.

1. A BLANK book and a printed book were placed by the side of each other on a shelf. The *blank* book was often pulled out, and as often shut again with a bang, and put up with an air of vexation by those who had opened it, and sometimes with the remark, "Oh, there is nothing in this." But the *printed* book, as soon as it was opened, and glanced at, was applauded with, "This will just do.".

2. It was allowed a place near the fire,—introduced into company with sociable parlor guests,—taken out as a companion for a walk with some of the ladies, when they rambled the fields, or strolled into the pleasure-grounds and the garden,—indulged with lying on their laps in the bower,—and sometimes it went out visiting, and was brought home again, much praised for the pleasure its company had afforded.

3. One day, when returned for a short time to its place on the shelf, the blank book inquired what it was that gave the printed book so many privileges. "You are often taken down, and admired," said the blank book; "and you go out visiting with the gentlemen and ladies, while I remain here neglected, and as dull as one of the dark days before Christmas. I think I am as big as you,—as old as you,—as well dressed as you,—and as much, by right, one of the family as you; what, then, makes people neglect me, and always desire your society?"

4. "Neither of the things you mention," said the printed book, "gives me any preference; it is what I have got printed inside."

5. *Moral.*—We can never expect to enjoy the society of the wise and good, if we are like the blank book, with not a page of knowledge in us.

LESSON V.

The Fox and the Cock.—A FABLE.

1. As a Fox was returning, wearied and hungry, to his kennel, he espied a hen-roost; and, hastening towards it,

he arrived just as the Cock was saluting the dawn with his shrill clarion. "Good morning to you, Mr. Chanticleer," said the Fox; "good morning, sir! I am very glad to hear that musical pipe give such tokens of having retained all its compass and richness of tone."

2. To this complimentary address the Cock did not make an immediate reply; indeed, the fawning manner, and smooth words, of the unexpected visiter, seemed to have produced only alarm, both in him and his mates. Speedily recovering himself, however, he said to the Fox, "Since my early chants give you so much pleasure, sir, I will now execute for you one of the best of them, with which I not unfrequently wake my master!"

3. "Oh! by no means! by no means!" replied the Fox, hastily; "I now recollect that a neighbor is to call on me this morning, and I should be sorry to keep him waiting." Saying this, away trotted Reynard, showing that it was not the desire to hear the Cock's music, as he had insinuated, which had caused the gladness which he had expressed.

4. *Moral.*—The condition of mankind is such, that we must not believe every smooth speech to be the cover of a kind intention.

LESSON VI.

The Dog and his Relations.—A FABLE.

1. KEEPER was a farmer's mastiff, honest, brave, and vigi lant. One day, as he was ranging at some distance from home, he espied a Wolf and Fox sitting together at the corner of a wood. *Keeper*, not much liking their looks, though by no means fearing them, was turning another way, when they called after him, and civilly desired him to stay.

2. "Surely, sir, (says *Reynard,*) you won't disown your relations. My cousin *Ghaunt* and I were just talking over family matters, and we both agreed that we had the honor of reckoning you among our kin. You must know, that, according to the best accounts, the wolves and dogs were originally one race in the forests of Armenia; but the dogs, taking to living with man, have since become inhabitants of towns and villages, while the wolves have retained their ancient mode of life.

3. As to my ancestors, the foxes, they were a branch of the same family, who settled farther northwards, where they became stinted in their growth, and adopted the custom of living in holes under ground. The cold has sharpened our noses, and given us a thicker fur and bushy tails, to keep us warm. But we have all a family likeness, which it is impossible to mistake; and I am sure it is our interest to be good friends with each other."

4. The wolf was of the same opinion; and *Keeper*, looking narrowly at them, could not help acknowledging their relationship. As he had a generous heart, he readily entered into friendship with them. They took a ramble together; but *Keeper* was rather surprised at observing the suspicious shyness with which some of the weaker sort of animals surveyed them, and wondered at the hasty flight of a flock of sheep as soon as they came within view. However, he gave his cousins a cordial invitation to come and see him at his yard, and then took his leave.

5. They did not fail to come the next day about dusk. *Keeper* received them kindly, and treated them with part of his own supper. They staid with him till after dark, and then marched off with many compliments. The next morning, word was brought to the farm, that a goose and three goslings were missing, and that a couple of lambs were found almost devoured in the home-field.

6. *Keeper* was too honest himself readily to suspect others; so he never thought of his kinsmen on the occasion. Soon after, they paid him a second evening visit, and next day another loss appeared, of a hen and her chickens, and a fat sheep. Now, *Keeper* could not help mistrusting a little, and blamed himself for admitting strangers without his master's knowledge. However, he still did not love to think ill of his own relations.

7. They came a third time. *Keeper* received them rather coldly, and hinted that he should like better to see them in the day-time, but they excused themselves for want of leisure. When they took their leaves, he resolved to follow at some distance and watch their motions.

8. A litter of young pigs happened to be lying under a hay-stack without the yard. The wolf seized one by the back, and ran off with him. The pig set up a most dismal squeal; and *Keeper*, running up at the noise, caught his dear cousin in the fact. He flew at him, and made him re-

linquish his prey, though not without much snarling and growling.

9. The fox, who had been prowling about the hen-roost, now came up, and began to make protestations of his own innocence, with heavy reproaches against the wolf, for thus disgracing the family. "Begone, scoundrels, both! (cried *Keeper;*) I know you now too well. You may be of my blood, but I am sure you are not of my spirit. *Keeper* holds no kindred with villains." So saying, he drove them from the premises.

10. *Moral.*—Those who thrust themselves into our intimacy, and make warm professions of friendship on a slight acquaintance, are commonly to be distrusted as having some selfish end of their own to answer.

LESSON VII.

The Ant and the Cricket.

"Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways, and be wise.'

1. A SILLY young cricket, accustomed to sing
Through the warm, sunny months of gay summer and spring,
Began to complain, when he found that at home
His cupboard was empty, and winter was come.
Not a crumb to be found
On the snow-covered ground;
Not a flower could he see;
Not a leaf on a tree;
"Oh, what will become," says the cricket, "of me?"

2. At last, by starvation and famine made bold,
All dripping with wet, and all trembling with cold,
Away he set off to a miserly ant,
To see if, to keep him alive, he would grant
Him shelter from rain,—
A mouthful of grain.
He wished only to borrow,—
He'd repay it to-morrow;
If not, he must die of starvation and sorrow.

3. Says the ant to the cricket, "I'm your servant and friend,
But we ants never borrow, we ants never lend;

But tell me, dear sir, did you lay nothing by
When the weather was warm?"

4. Said the cricket, "Not I!
My heart was so light,
That I sang day and night,
For all nature looked gay."

5. "You *sang*, sir, you say?
Go, then," says the ant, "and *dance* winter away."

Thus ending, he hastily lifted the wicket,
And out of the door turned the poor little cricket.

6. Though this is a fable, the *moral* is good;
If you live without work, you must go without food.

[*Question.* What does the Bible say about those who will not work? 2 Thess. iii. 10.]

LESSON VIII.

Affection to Parents rewarded.

1. Frederick, the late king of Prussia, having rung his bell one day, and nobody answering, opened the door where his servant was usually in waiting, and found him asleep on a sofa. He was going to awake him, when he perceived the end of a billet, or letter, hanging out of his pocket.

2. Having a curiosity to know its contents, he took and read it, and found that it was a letter from his mother, thanking him for having sent her a part of his wages, to assist her in her distress, and concluding with beseeching God to bless him for his filial attention to her wants.

3. The king returned softly to his room, took a roll of ducats,* and slid them, with the letter, into the page's pocket. Returning to his apartment, he rung so violently, that the page awoke, opened the door, and entered.

4. "You have slept well," said the king. The page made an apology, and, in his embarrassment, happened to put his hand into his pocket, and felt with astonishment the roll. He drew it out, turned pale, and, looking at the king, burst into tears, without being able to speak a word.

* Ducat, a silver or gold coin of several countries in Europe. The silver ducat is about the value of an American dollar; and the gold ducat, of twice that sum.

5. "What is the matter?" said the king; "what ails you?" "Ah! sire," said the young man, throwing himself at his feet, "somebody has wished to ruin me. I know not how I came by this money in my pocket."

6. "My friend," said Frederick, "God often sends us good in our sleep: send the money to your mother; salute her in my name; and assure her that I shall take care of her and *you*."

7. This story furnishes an excellent instance of the gratitude and duty which children owe to their aged, infirm, or unfortunate parents. And, if the children of such parents follow the example of Frederick's servant, though they may not meet with the reward that was conferred on him, they will be amply recompensed by the pleasing testimony of their own minds, and by that God who approves, as he has commanded, every expression of filial love.

LESSON IX.

The Boy without a Genius.

Mr. Wiseman, the schoolmaster, at the end of his summer vacation, received a new scholar, with the following letter:

"Sir—This will be delivered to you by my son Samuel, whom I beg leave to commit to your care, hoping that by your well-known skill and attention you will be able to make something of him; which, I am sorry to say, none of his masters have hitherto done. He is now eleven, and yet can do nothing but read his mother tongue,* and that indifferently. We sent him at seven to a grammar school in our neighborhood; but his master soon found that his genius was not turned to learning languages.

"He was then put to writing, but he set about it so awkwardly that he made nothing of it. He was tried at accounts, but it appeared that he had no genius for that either. He could do nothing in geography for want of memory In short, if he has any genius at all, it does not yet show itself. But I trust to your experience in cases of this nature

* That is, his native tongue—the language of his own country.

to discover what he *is* fit for, and to instruct him accordingly. I beg to be favored shortly with your opinion about him, and remain, sir,

"Your most obedient servant,

"HUMPHREY ACRES."

When Mr. Wiseman had read this letter, he shook his head, and said to his assistant, "A pretty subject they have sent us here! a lad that has a great genius for nothing at all. But perhaps my friend Mr. Acres expects that a boy should show a genius for a thing before he knows any thing about it—no uncommon error! Let us see, however, what the youth looks like. I suppose he is a human creature at least."

Master Samuel Acres was now called. He came in hanging down his head, and looking as if he was going to be punished.

"Come hither, my dear!" said Mr. Wiseman. "Stand by me, and do not be afraid. Nobody will hurt you. How old are you?"

"Eleven last May, sir."

"A well-grown boy of your age, indeed. You love play I dare say?"

"Yes, sir."

"What, are you a good hand at marbles?"

"Pretty good, sir."

"And can spin a top, and drive a hoop, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then you have the full use of your hands and fingers?"

"Yes, sir."

"Can you write, Samuel?"

"I learned a little, sir, but I left it off."

"And why so?"

"Because I could not make the letters."

"No! Why, how do you think other boys do?—have they more fingers than you?"

"No, sir."

"Are you not able to hold a pen as well as a marble?"

Samuel was silent.

"Let me look at your hand."

Samuel held out both his paws, like a dancing bear.

"I see nothing here to hinder you from writing as well as any boy in the school. You can read, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir."

"Tell me, then, what is written over the school-room door."

Samuel with some hesitation read,

"WHATEVER MAN HAS DONE MAN MAY DO."

"Pray, how did you learn to read?—Was it not with taking pains?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well—taking *more* pains will enable you to read *better*. Do you know any thing of the Latin Grammar?"

"No, sir."

"Have you never learned it?"

"I tried, sir, but I could not get it by heart."

"Why, you can say some things by heart. I dare say you can tell me the names of the days of the week in their order."

"Yes, sir, I know them."

"And the months in the year, perhaps?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you could probably repeat the names of your brothers and sisters, and all your father's servants, and half the people in the village besides?"

"I believe I could, sir."

"Well—and is *hic, hæc, hoc*,* more difficult to remember than these?"

Samuel was silent.

"Have you learned any thing of accounts?"

"I went into Addition, sir, but I did not go on with it."

"Why so?"

"I could not do it, sir."

"How many marbles can you buy for a penny?"

"Twelve new ones, sir."

"And how many for a halfpenny?"

"Six."

"And how many for two pence?"

"Twenty-four."

"If you were to have a penny a day, what would that make in a week?"

"Seven pence."

"But if you paid two pence out of that, what would you have left?"

Samuel studied awhile, and then said, five pence.

* A declension of a Latin word in Grammar, like *Nom.* he, *Pos.* his, *Obj.* him, in English.

"Right. Why, here you have been practising the four great rules of arithmetic, Addition, Subtraction, Multiplication, and Division. Learning accounts is no more than this. Well, Samuel, I see what you are fit for. I shall set you about nothing but what you are able to do; but observe, you *must* do it. We have no *I can't* here. Now go among your school-fellows."

Samuel went away, glad that his examination was over, and with more confidence in his powers than he had felt before.

The next day he began business. A boy less than him self was called out to set him a copy of letters, and another was appointed to hear him in grammar. He read a few sentences in English that he could perfectly understand, to the master himself. Thus, by going on steadily and slowly, he made a sensible progress. He had already joined his letters, got all the declensions perfectly, and half the multiplication table, when Mr. Wiseman thought it time to answer his father's letter; which he did as follows:

"Sir—I now think it right to give you some information concerning your son. You perhaps expected it sooner, but I always wish to avoid hasty judgments. You mentioned in your letter that it had not yet been discovered which way his genius pointed. If by *genius* you meant such a decided bent of mind to any one pursuit as will lead to excel with little or no labor or instruction, I must say that I have not met with such a quality in more than three or four boys in my life, and your son is certainly not among the number.

"But if you mean only the *ability* to do some of those things which the greater part of mankind can do when properly taught, I can affirm that I find in him no peculiar deficiency; and whether you choose to bring him up to a trade or to some practical profession, I see no reason to doubt that he may in time become sufficiently qualified for it.

"It is my favorite maxim, sir, that every thing most valuable in this life may generally be acquired by taking pains for it. Your son has already lost much time in the fruitless expectation of finding out what he would take up of his own accord. Believe me, sir, few boys will take up any thing of their own accord but a top or a marble. I will take care, while he is with me, that he loses no more time

this way, but is employed about things that are fit for him, not doubting that we shall find him fit for them.

"I am, sir, yours, &c.

"SOLON WISEMAN."

Though the doctrine of this letter did not perfectly agree with Mr. Acres's notions, yet being convinced that Mr. Wiseman was more likely to make something of his son than any of his former preceptors, he continued him at this school for some years, and had the satisfaction to find him going on in a steady course of gradual improvement.

In due time a profession was chosen for him, which seemed to suit his temper and talents, but for which he had no *particular turn*, having never thought at all about it. He made a respectable figure in it, and went through the world with credit and usefulness, though *without a genius.*

LESSON X.

The Old Eagle Tree.

1. IN a remote field stood a large tulip tree, apparently of a century's growth, and one of the most gigantic of that splendid species. It looked like the father of the surrounding forest. A single tree, of huge dimensions, standing all alone, is a sublime object.

2. On the top of this tree, an old eagle, commonly called the "Fishing Eagle," had built her nest every year, for many years, and unmolested raised her young. What is remarkable, as she procured her food from the ocean, this tree stood full ten miles from the sea-shore. It had long been known as the "Old Eagle Tree."

3. On a warm, sunny day, the workmen were hoeing corn in an adjoining field. At a certain hour of the day, the old eagle was known to set off for the sea-side, to gather food for her young. As she this day returned with a large fish in her claws, the workmen surrounded the tree, and by yelling, and hooting, and throwing stones, so scared the poor bird that she dropped her fish, and they carried it off in triumph.

4. The men soon dispersed; but Joseph sat down under a bush near by to watch, and to bestow unavailing pity.

The bird soon returned to her nest without food. The eaglets at once set up a cry for food so shrill, so clear, and so clamorous, that the boy was greatly moved.

5. The parent bird seemed to try to soothe them; but their appetites were too keen, and it was all in vain She then perched herself on a limb near them, and looked down into the nest with a look that seemed to say, "I know not what to do next."

6. Her indecision was but momentary; again she poised herself, uttered one or two sharp notes, as if telling them to "lie still," balanced her body, spread her wings, and was away again for the sea!

7. Joseph was determined to see the result. His eye followed her till she grew small, smaller, a mere speck in the sky, and then disappeared. What boy has not thus watched the flight of the bird of his country in this way?

8. She was gone nearly two hours, about double her usual time for a voyage, when she again returned, on a slow, weary wing, flying uncommonly low, in order to have a heavier atmosphere to sustain her, with another fish in her talons.

9. On nearing the field, she made a circuit around it, to see if her enemies were again there. Finding the coast clear, she once more reached her tree, drooping, faint, and weary, and evidently nearly exhausted. Again the eaglets set up their cry, which was soon hushed by the distribution of a dinner such as—save the cooking — a king might admire.

10. "Glorious bird!" cried the boy in ecstasy and aloud, "what a spirit!" Other birds can fly swifter, others can sing more sweetly, others scream more loudly; but what other bird, when persecuted and robbed—when weary—when discouraged—when so far from the sea,—would do it!

11. "Glorious bird! I will learn a lesson from thee to-day. I will never forget, hereafter, that when the spirit is determined, it can do almost any thing. Others would have drooped, and hung the head, and mourned over the cruelty of man, and sighed over the wants of the nestlings; but thou, by at once recovering the loss, hast forgotten all.

12. "I will learn of thee, noble bird! I will remember this. I will set my mark high. I will try to do something, and to be something in the world; *I will never yield to discouragements.*"

LESSON XI.

True Things and Sham Things.

1. Johnny and Tommy went into the school-room with the other boys, and Mr. Lollypop, the teacher, having said prayers, bade them come to him and learn their lesson They rose from the seat where they were sitting, and walked to the master's table, where a board was placed with A, B, C, marked on it.

2. As the two boys came to the table, they kissed their hands, and made their bows, at which the other boys all tittered, and laughed. But Mr. Lollypop said he was glad to see such well-behaved gentlemen.

3. He then placed them opposite the board which had the letters on it, and said, with his head up very straight, "*These letters, young gentlemen, are the elements of all literary knowledge, and in their various combinations possess functions, capable of transmitting, from one mind to another, every species of intellectual intelligence.*"

4. Johnny looked up at him, with his eyes and his mouth open, while he spoke this sentence, and wondered what Mr. Lollypop meant. Tommy said, "Will you please, sir, to tell me what all those great words are good for?"

5. "What words?" said Mr. Lollypop.

6. "Why, *elements*, and *lituary*, and *cumbernations*, and all such words," said Tommy. "I thought such words did not mean any thing, and that only *crazy* people used them."

7. Mr. Lollypop did not make him any answer, but he looked red, and the boys all thought he was angry. But he took a little brass wire, and pointed to A, and said, "This is A, the first letter, Master Johnny."

8. "I can't think," said Johnny, "that it is a *letter;* for *letters* have *seals* on them, and are made of *paper*, and come in the *post-office*, and *money* is paid for them."

9. Mr. Lollypop was surprised that the boy did not understand what he said; but he did not answer Johnny, but turned to Tommy, and said, as he pointed with his brass wire, "This is B."

10. "It is *not* a bee," answered Tommy.

11. Mr. Lollypop was puzzled to know what to do. So he said, "What do you think it is?"

12. Tommy said, "Why! it looks just like a picture of grandmother's spectacles."

13. "But I must tell you that it is a B," said the master.

14. "It is no such thing, sir, I am sure," said Tommy.

15. "Why," said Johnny, looking into the master's face, "Tommy thinks you mean it is a *honey-bee*."

16. "We came here to learn how to tell *true things* from *sham things;* for we had a *sham horse;* I thought it was a *true horse*, and would *eat hay* and *run*. Now this picture cannot be a *bee*, for *bees fly about*, and *get honey* out of the flowers, and Sally said that was the reason why they were called *honey-bees*. But this *crooked picture* does not *fly about* at all."

17. "Oh!—Ho!—you thought I meant a *honey-bee!*" said Mr. Lollypop. "Ah! *now* I *understand* you, and see you are clever lads. But I only meant the *letter B* By and by, when you have *learned* all these *letters*, and *how to read*, you will know the *difference;* so come, learn them now, as fast as you possibly can!"

18. The boys then said the letters over after him so well, that they could say them all, that day, without making more than five or six mistakes, and very soon learned to read.

LESSON XII.

What I hate to see.

1. I HATE to see an idle dunce,
Who don't get up till eight,
Come slowly moping into school,
A half an hour too late.

2. I hate to see his shabby dress;
The buttons off his clothes;
With blacking on his hands and face,
Instead of on his shoes.

3. I hate to see a scholar gape
And yawn upon his seat,
Or lay his head upon his desk,
As if almost asleep.

4. I hate to see him in his class
Sit leaning on his neighbor,

As if to hold himself upright
Were such prodigious labor.

5. I hate to see a boy so rude,
That one might think him raised
In some wild region of the woods,
And but half civilized.

6. I hate to see a scholar's desk
With toys and playthings full,
As if to play with rattle traps
Were all he did at school.

7. I hate to see a shabby book,
With half the leaves torn out,
And used as if its owner thought
'Twere made to toss about.

8. And now I've told you what I hate,
I'll only stop to say,
Perhaps I'll tell you what I love,
Upon some other day.

LESSON XIII.

The Lost Camel.

A DERVISE was journeying alone in the desert, when two merchants suddenly met him: "You have lost a camel," said he to the merchants.

"Indeed we have," they replied.

"Was he not blind in his right eye, and lame in his left leg?" said the dervise.

"He was," replied the merchants.

"Had he lost a front tooth?" said the dervise.

"He had," rejoined the merchants.

"And was he not loaded with honey on one side, and wheat on the other?"

"Most certainly he was," they replied; "and, as you have seen him so lately, and marked him so particularly, you can, in all probability, conduct us to him."

"My friends," said the dervise, "I have never *seen* your camel, nor ever *heard* of him but from you."

"A pretty story, truly!" said the merchants; "but where are the jewels which formed a part of his cargo?"

"I have neither seen your camel nor your jewels," repeated the dervise.

On this they seized his person, and forthwith hurried him before the Cadi, where, on the strictest search, nothing could be found upon him, nor could any evidence whatever be adduced to convict him, either of falsehood or of theft. They were then about to proceed against him as a sorcerer, when the dervise, with great calmness, thus addressed the court:

"I have been much amused with your surprise, and own that there has been some ground for your suspicions; but I have lived long and alone; and I can find ample scope for observation even in a desert. I knew that I had crossed the track of a camel that had strayed from its owner, because I saw no mark of any human footstep on the same route; I knew that the animal was blind in one eye, because it had cropped the herbage only on one side of its path; and I perceived that it was lame in one leg, from the faint impression which that particular foot had produced upon the sand.

"I concluded that the animal had lost one tooth, because, wherever it had grazed, a small tuft of herbage was left uninjured in the centre of its bite. As to that which formed the burden of the beast, the busy ants informed me that it was corn on the one side, and the clustering flies that it was honey on the other."

This story is not without its moral. A habit of observation—of noticing what is going on around us—is of great use in storing the mind with knowledge, and preparing us for usefulness.

LESSON XIV.

Economy.

1. "SAVE those fragments, Laura; let nothing be lost which can be of use," said Mrs. Marsh to her daughter, as she was about to consign to the flames sundry odd bits and ends, of various colors and sizes, which she had thrown upon the carpet, during her morning's employment of sewing.

2. "What signifies a few little pieces of cloth, mother?"

3. "These are not *very* little pieces, my dear," said Mrs. Marsh, drawing from Laura's reluctant hand several of respectable size, and holding them up to her view. "And even if they were, so many, wasted every day, in every family, would signify a good deal to the paper-manufacturers; and the worth of them, in the course of a year, might possibly signify even to Miss Marsh."

4. "I am sure, mother, you cannot expect me to trouble my head about the paper-makers; and all the scraps I could save in a year, would not be worth sixpence."

5. "I assure you, my daughter, I *do* expect you to trouble your head about whatever concerns the interest and welfare of others, even though it should cost you as great an effort as the saving your paper-rags. How much the world is indebted to the manufacturers of paper, I suppose both you and your friend understand," (glancing at a young lady, who had sat silently listening to the conversation;) "and even if their value were but *one* sixpence a year, *that* is too much to be wasted; but I know, from long experience in housekeeping, that it is several. I recommend to you to save every scrap, that is good for nothing else, for the paper-mills.

6. "Save even your basting threads to use again," she continued, while she busied herself in collecting several long threads which were adhering to the before-mentioned pieces, and like them destined to the flames. "Save, in short, for one year, the *numberless little* things you are in the daily habit of wasting; keep an exact account of all; and at the end of the year, put the amount into your charity purse; I am confident you will find your power of doing good considerably increased by it."

7. "If I thought, mother, the sum saved would be at all worth the while, I am sure I should be willing to take some pains for such a purpose."

8. "Well, my dear, which do you doubt, my judgment, or my word, upon the subject?"

9. "Neither, dear mother," answered Laura, coloring; "I am sure you know best; and I know you never speak what you do not think. If you please, I will begin to-day, and *try* to follow your recommendation through the year."

10. Elizabeth Sutherland, their young visiter, had risen

during this discussion, and stood, rather impatiently awaiting its conclusion.

11. "We will go out to walk with Elizabeth, now," said Mrs. Marsh, smiling; "if her patience, which I am sure is exemplary, will hold out till we can fetch our hats and parasols."

12. "What a stingy woman Mrs. Marsh is," said Elizabeth Sutherland to her mother, when she came home. Mrs. Sutherland gave no signs of acquiescence in this opinion; and the young lady, after waiting what she thought a reasonable time, asked, rather impatiently, "Don't you think so, mother?"

13. "No," answered Mrs. Sutherland.

14. "Then I don't know what stinginess is."

15. "I agree with you there, entirely," answered the mother, smiling.

16. Elizabeth colored, even to her temples. "If you knew what I know of Mrs. Marsh, mother, I am almost sure you would think as I do about her."

17. "Nay, my daughter, she has been my best friend more years than you have lived in the world. All this time I have known her for a liberal and judicious economist; and I cannot believe she is at once changed into so vile a character."

18. "Liberal economist, mother! is not that an odd phrase? I do not think liberality and economy can ever be joined together."

19. "No, my dear; because you have not right ideas of these virtues. You call economy, stinginess, and extravagance, liberality, I suppose. The truth is, they are not at all allied to each other. Economy is careful not to *waste*, but does not grudge to *use* the bounties of Providence; to *use* or *waste* is alike painful to stinginess.

20. "Economy *saves*, that she may *open wide her hand* to the sons and daughters of want; stinginess *saves*, that he may *hoard*. Economy is careful that the expenditure does not exceed the income, and that every shilling goes for something really wanted; stinginess grudges the most necessary expenses, and will almost deny himself food and raiment, that he may *lay up* the money which should purchase it."

21. "And what is the difference between extravagance and liberality, mother?"

22. "To answer your question in as short a manner as possible, I may say extravagance is the foolish *throwing away* of money for the gratification of every idle fancy; and liberality is the *judicious using* it for the benefit of ourselves or others."

23. "If you please, mother, I will now tell you why I called Mrs. Marsh stingy; and I am sure, much as you like economy, you will think she carried it a little too far." When she had detailed the occurrences of the morning, she added—"Now that seems a saving too small to be worth any one's attention."

24. "That, my dear, is because you think of the 'little matters' alone, and not, as you should, in connexion with the very serious consequences, which flow from daily and hourly neglecting such 'little matters.' One cent a day seems very little indeed; but I should like to have you tell me how much it would amount to in a year."

25. Elizabeth, after a momentary pause, answered, "Three dollars and sixty-five cents; is it possible!"

26. "Certainly, my dear. 'Little matters,' you see, by continual accumulation, amount to great matters in time. Drops make the ocean; minutes make the year."

27. "Well, mother, I believe I must allow that my opinion of Mrs. Marsh was too hastily formed."

28. "And not very decorously expressed—you will acknowledge that, too, my daughter, I hope."

29. "Yes, mother," answered Elizabeth, with a crimson cheek. "But still I cannot think Mrs. Marsh was quite right; for when we went into the milliner's shop, she declined purchasing a bonnet for Laura, which she really needs."

30. "Perhaps she *wants* it, but does not *need* it."

31. "Indeed, mother, the *milliner* said she needed one; and *Laura* said so; and *I* said so. Now I am sure you think that parents ought to supply the wants of their children, if they can."

32. "Certainly, my dear, the *real* wants, but not the *fancied* wants. If I rightly remember, Laura's bonnet is quite fresh and clean."

33. "Yes, but that is because she is so careful of every thing; she has worn it a long time."

34. "That is no reason why she should not continue to wear it, if it be unsoiled and unfaded."

35. "But it is so unfashionable, mother."

36. "Unfashionable! What magic is in the sound! No matter how comfortable, or pretty, or becoming any thing is, let but that word be breathed over it, and it passes at once into oblivion! But this is not to the purpose. I think Mrs. Marsh was quite right in judging for herself about what she could afford, or what was proper for her to purchase, instead of suffering herself to be led by others. She best knows her own resources, and the demands likely to be made upon them.

37. "Mrs. Marsh is not rich. She has enough for the comforts of life—nothing for its costly decorations. Yet limited as her income is, she contrives by her excellent management to command all that is really valuable and useful; all that can actually add to the happiness of herself and family.

38. "You can perceive, my dear, that if there be only money enough to purchase necessary and useful things, and part of it go for superfluities, there must be a deficiency of the others. You would not much like to see your friend Laura with a new bonnet, and an old, untidy pair of shoes; or with a pretty necklace and a faded dress. It would shock Mrs. Marsh's taste, even more than yours. There is a beautiful fitness and propriety in her whole establishment, which shows her judgment and good sense.

39. "She has the true economy to proportion her expenses to her income, while she makes it produce to her family all the happiness it is capable of producing; and she has the true wisdom to wish for those things only, which it is proper and right for her to have. If the occurrences and conversation of this morning prove a salutary lesson to you, if you will make Mrs. Marsh your model in the management of your yearly allowance, I shall dare to hope that you will in time become as useful and estimable a woman."

LESSON XV.

Keeping Promises—A DIALOGUE.

Eliza. I do not wish to go out this morning, mother, it is so cold; would you not like to have me read to you?

Mother. I should indeed like to hear you read; you know that always gives me pleasure. But why do you think of going out?

Eliza. I promised Sarah Lee, that I would call for her to go and see widow Harris, who is quite ill; and Sarah's mother told her she would send some nice things to her, if she would carry them. I suppose Sarah will go without me, and Mrs. Harris will have the things; and my going will make no difference, you know.

Mother. Make no difference! did you not say you *promised* to go? and do you make thus light of your promises?

Eliza. No, mother, I should not, if it was of any consequence; but I do not see what good I shall do by going.

Mother. A promise is a promise, and, as such, is of the first consequence, and to be kept, because you have made it; this is the first and best reason for keeping a promise You say it will make no difference; it *will* make a difference; and perhaps a great one. In the first place, Sarah may, and probably will, wait for you, perhaps until it is too late to go; and her mother may not like to have her go alone at all. Then poor Mrs. Harris may suffer for the want of the comforting things which Mrs. Lee is so kind as to provide for her. Then your kind friend Sarah will lose confidence in you, and not know what to expect or depend upon another time. But the most important thing of all, my dear, is, that you will get, and by repeated indulgence strengthen, the habit of not keeping your promises; and you will certainly allow that this would be a very bad habit, and would be attended with many unpleasant consequences.

Eliza. Yes, mother; but I would keep my promises when they are of consequence; and break them only when it is of no consequence.

Mother. You cannot always tell when it is of no consequence: you may sometimes think it of no consequence to keep your promise, when the person to whom you have made it thinks differently. The only *right way*, and therefore the only safe and happy way, is to make only such promises, as you intend fully to keep.

Eliza. Sometimes I have made promises which I could not keep, and at others, promises, which, I think, even you would have thought proper to break. Suppose I had engaged the same thing to two persons, for the same time; how could I keep both my promises? Or suppose I had engaged to walk with some one, and it should rain violent-

ly, at the time appointed to go; would you not think it proper for me to stay at home?

Mother. Certainly I should; but in this case, the rain is an unexpected circumstance, and one which would have prevented your making the engagement, if you had known beforehand that it would happen; it is not like your disposition, something over which you have control, but is entirely out of your power, and is the very circumstance which renders it equally desirable both for you and your companion, that you should stay at home. It is your *disposition*, that which is in your power, that I would have you control; and not allow yourself, from any weariness, caprice of feeling, or fear of the cold, to suppose a promise may be broken with impunity; for in this case, you offend against truth, you deceive your friend, and injure yourself, by the indulgence of a bad habit. With regard to your first supposition, you must yourself undoubtedly see the fallacy.

Eliza. You will say, I suppose, that I should not make two such inconsistent promises; but sometimes I cannot well help it without giving offence.

Mother. And do you think to lessen your offence, by promising what you cannot, and in fact do not mean to perform? I know this is a common fault in young ladies, and I hope never to be so unhappy, as to see it taking root and gaining strength in your character; for I consider it not only mean and disgusting, but sinful. There is a *diseased* desire of pleasing, which very often leads young people astray from the path of truth and plain dealing; and this desire is very different from the *laudable* and *salutary desire* of *approbation* on account of good actions and virtuous exertions.

I have known people, who had this contemptible fear of giving offence, to such a degree, that they were hardly ever heard to *say no*, and seldom known to *perform yes;* consequently, no one trusted them,—every one knew that they were in the habit of promising more than they could perform. They gained nothing but constant uneasiness, and apprehension, lest they should be unpopular, and in the end, the distrust and contempt of all who knew them. Far different from this may be the character of my daughter! Never make any promises which you do not intend to keep, or which you do not think it probable you shall be able to keep.

There are many people who would start, if you were to tell them that they were destitute of principle, who yet, in their daily conversation and conduct, exhibit the most unprincipled selfishness. They promise all kinds of things, knowing at the same time they shall never execute them; they *flatter* that they may be *flattered* in their turn; and you might, without exaggeration, say that their whole life was a system of cheating.

On such we can have no dependence; we cannot love them, nor can we take any pleasure in their company.—They are nuisances rather than ornaments to society; they live for themselves alone, while they are pretending to live for others; and if they have any influence in the world, it is a bad one.

Preserve, my dear, singleness and purity of heart. Be simple in your intentions. Avoid stratagems; in your promises, particularly, adhere to the right line of intending and keeping them in the sense in which you know they are understood by others. Be what you are capable of being in heart and character. You will then gratify the dearest wish, and receive the most ardent blessing, of an affectionate mother.

LESSON XVI.

The Peaches.

1. A COUNTRYMAN, returning from the town, carried home with him five peaches, the most beautiful ones that could be seen. The children had never seen any fruit of the kind before, and therefore they wondered and rejoiced very much over the beautiful fruit, with their rosy cheeks all covered over with delicate down.

2. Each of the four boys got one, and the fifth was given to the mother for her share. At bed-time, as the children were about going to their chamber, the father said, "Well, boys, how did you like the pretty peaches?" "Oh, delightful," said the oldest boy; "so savory and sweet! I ate mine, and have taken good care to keep the stone, and intend to raise a tree of my own." "Well done," replied the father; "that looks like a householder—take care of the future; that is like a farmer."

3. "I've eaten mine too," said the youngest boy, "but threw away the stone, and mother gave me half of hers.

Oh, how sweet!—it almost melts in my mouth!" "Now, indeed," observed the father, "I can't say much for thy prudence; but never mind; it was natural and child-like, as might have been expected; and as for prudence, there is room enough for that in a lifetime."

4. Then began the second son: "I got the stone that little brother threw away, and cracked it, and in it was a kernel—so sweet—like a nut! But I sold the peach, though; and see, I have got money enough to buy me a dozen of them when you take me to town." Here the old man shook his head. "Prudence," said he, "is very well in its place, but it was not very child-like or natural. Beware, my son, lest you should turn merchant."

5. "And you, Edmund?" asked the father. Quietly and openly answered the boy, "I gave my peach, sir, to our neighbor's son, poor, sick George, he that has got the fever. He refused to take it, but I laid it on his bed and came away." "There, now," cried the father, "who has made the best use of his peach?—has not Edmund?" "Oh, yes, Edmund, to be sure," said all the three boys together. But Edmund said not a word—he was hushed—but his mother embraced him with tears in her eyes.

LESSON XVII

Honesty the best Policy.

1. A FARMER called on Earl Fitzwilliam to represent that his crop of wheat had been seriously injured in a field adjoining a certain wood, where his hounds had, during the winter, frequently met to hunt. He stated that the young wheat had been so cut up and destroyed, that in some parts he could not hope for any produce.

2. "Well, my friend," said his lordship, "I am aware that we have frequently met in that field, and that we have done considerable injury; and, if you can procure an estimate of the loss you have sustained, I will repay you."

3. The farmer replied, that, anticipating his lordship's consideration and kindness, he had requested a friend to assist him in estimating the damage; and they thought, that, as the crop seemed quite destroyed, fifty dollars would not more than repay him. The earl immediately gave him the money.

4. As the harvest, however, approached, the wheat grew; and in those parts of the field that were trampled, the corn was the strongest and most luxuriant. The farmer went again to his lordship, and, being introduced, said, "I am come, my lord, respecting the field of wheat adjoining such a wood." He instantly recollected the circumstances.

5. "Well, my friend, did I not allow you sufficient to remunerate you for your loss?" "Yes, my lord; I have found that I have sustained no loss at all; for where the horses had most cut up the land, the crop is most promising, and I have, therefore, brought the fifty dollars back again." "Ah!" exclaimed the venerable earl, "this is what I like; that is what ought to be, between man and man."

6. He then entered into conversation with the farmer, asking him some questions about his family—how many children he had, &c. His lordship then went into another room, and, returning, presented the farmer a check for one hundred dollars. "Take care of this, and when your eldest son is of age, present it to him, and tell the occasion that produced it."

7. We know not what most to admire, the benevolence or the wisdom displayed by this illustrious man; for, while doing a noble act of generosity, he was handing down a lesson of integrity to another generation.

LESSON XVIII.

Important Law Case.

EDWIN *versus* AUGUSTUS.

1. ON Tuesday afternoon, the 23d of May, suit was brought before the Supreme Court of the Chauncey Institute by Edwin against Augustus, to recover a cap belonging to the plaintiff, said to have been mischievously taken and concealed by the defendant.

2. Witnesses were produced on the part of the prosecution, to prove that Augustus had knocked the cap from the head of the complainant, and had refused to pick it up again, whereby the latter had been put to the necessity of going home without it, rather than endure the mortification of picking it up. In defence it was shown, that the plain-

tiff's cap had *fallen* from his head, and that it was most unreasonable to expect him (defendant) to stoop and take it up.

3. Edward, being called upon to testify, said that he saw Edwin's cap fall from his head, without being knocked off by any one. Being cross-questioned, he stated that, at the time of said cap falling off, plaintiff was standing in an upright position. That the cap fell directly downward, according to the ordinary laws of gravitation; though he could not account for its falling to the ground, while its owner was under it.

4. John testified that he saw the cap lying on the ground by the window of the cake-shop, with no one near it; and that, having picked it up, he placed it for safe-keeping on the top of a gate. Another witness had seen the plaintiff going up the street bareheaded.

5. The testimony, *pro* and *con*, being duly considered. the facts of the case appeared to be as follows: That Edwin's cap had fallen from his head upon the pavement That he immediately charged Augustus with having knocked it off, and demanded that he should pick it up and restore it to him; but neither being willing to humble himself by taking it from the ground, they left it lying upon the pavement where witness found it, who placed it upon the gate post.

6. That, in consequence, plaintiff was compelled to go home uncovered. What could have caused the cap to fall from the wearer's head was not shown; but it was surmised that, as he had just come from the place of learning, it might have been some overcharged idea which exploded, and threw the cap off.

7. It was difficult to decide in a case so knotty, and, in the hope of bringing about an amicable adjustment, the presiding judge deputed a couple of officers to seek for the abducted cap. These shortly returned, bearing in triumph the object of dispute, which they had found in a gig box, where some kind-hearted neighbor had placed it in safety until called for. The interest of the spectators had been so highly excited during the trial, that, when the cap was presented before the court, it was received with loud acclamations.

8. The judge decided that defendant should take the cap, and restore it to the plaintiff's head in a friendly manner; the court to sustain the costs of suit. He then, in an able

speech, cautioned the parties immediately concerned, as well as all present, against suffering their sport to run into earnest, as was sometimes the case, and the folly of being so proud as not to stoop for our own hats, whatever may be the cause of their leaving the head. The case was then dismissed.

LESSON XIX.

The Four Pistareens.

1. Young persons are too apt to suppose that little circumstances, which happen every day, and little temptations, to which they daily yield, will all be forgotten, or have no influence upon them, when they become men or women They have not had sufficient experience to know how much the whole life of any individual may be influenced by an apparently trifling event of his childhood.

2. When a person discharges a musket, he finds that the smallest departure from the true aim, will give a direction to the ball, which will carry it to a wide distance from the mark. And so it is with a very little sin in early life; it may give a direction to our conduct that may lead us far away from the point at which we should all aim.

3. When John was about thirteen years old, he left his paternal roof, in the north of New Jersey, and went to Philadelphia, to learn a trade. He entered as an apprentice with his brother, a coachmaker in the northern part of the city.

4. On a certain occasion he was sent to a drug store for a half gallon of oil. He had frequently been sent on a similar errand, and had been accustomed to pay 25 cents for the oil. But it happened that oil had fallen, and the price on the present occasion was only 20 cents, of which, however, he was not informed. He had taken with him, to pay for the oil, a one dollar note, and having obtained the article, he presented the note, and received in change—not, as he expected, three quarters of a dollar, but four pistareens.

5. It may be necessary to remark, that the pistareen was an old Spanish coin, of the value of 20 cents, which was in extensive circulation twenty years ago. At the present day they are but rarely met with, and my young readers may

never have seen them. John, who had never been much troubled with money changing, and was ignorant of their value, supposed they were quarters of a dollar, and that the druggist had given him four instead of three.

6. He had been taught when a child to be honest. He knew that he ought to do to others, as he would have others do to him; and that it was as dishonest to take advantage of another's mistake to take what was not his own, as to cheat in any other way. His first impulse, therefore, was to return one of the pieces to the man; but before he had time to carry out his feelings into practice, the thought occurred to him, that he would give three of them to his brother, as the right change, and keep the fourth for himself.

7. He closed his hand upon the money, picked up his jug, and left the store. He stopped, however, upon the step, and looked at his money. There were certainly four, and he should have but three. Conscience began to reprove him, but selfishness claimed the fourth as its own. The latter pleaded the hardest; and fearing lest the druggist should discover his mistake and recall him, he hurried off homeward, thinking of his good fortune.

8. The jug in which he carried the oil had no handle, and John was forced to carry it by a string, tied around its neck. This so cut his fingers, that after changing it from one hand to the other several times, he was compelled to stop at the distance of a square, and rest. Setting down the oil, and seating himself upon a step, he took out his supposed quarters of a dollar to convince himself there was one too many. But although he congratulated himself on his good fortune, John's heart was not at ease.

9. He knew he should have returned one of the pieces to Mr. W——, the store keeper; that in keeping it he was acting dishonestly, and that he ought still to turn back, and correct the mistake. But cupidity was as busy as conscience, and soon framed a number of good reasons why it was properly and lawfully his. The druggist ought not to have made the mistake, and would justly lose by his carelessness. To Mr. W—— a quarter of a dollar was but a trifle, and would never be missed, whilst to him it was a large amount.

10. Besides, it was too late now to return. If he did, he should probably be censured for not returning at first;—and then he would be losing too much time, and displease his

brother. How strangely people will balance the account of their sins, by making the omission of one to atone for the commission of another! John entirely convinced himself that he should be wronging his brother of his valuable time, by returning to rectify so trifling a mistake. He proceeded on his way.

11. But by the time he reached a second corner, his conscience, as well as his jug, began to be very heavy again. He again sat down to rest, and to settle the dispute between his principles and his desires; and again went on his way determined to keep the money, but by no means satisfied that he was doing right.

12. The next corner brought John a third time to a stand. Rest relieved the smartings of his hands, but the cuttings of his conscience were not so readily palliated. He meditated some minutes. Conscience now became urgent in its demands. But he was ashamed to go back. He wished he had obeyed his first honest impulse. He felt very unhappy. But he must not delay. He had already been a good while about his errand. He took up his jug. He was undecided whether to go forward or to return. He stood one moment, and determined——to go back.

13. It was a hard task to trudge back three long squares with a heavy jug, without a handle; and more than once he had almost determined to give up his honest resolution. But he persevered, reached the store, and set down his load. "You have given me too much change," said he, presenting the four pistareens to Mr. W——; "you have given me four quarters of a dollar, instead of three."

14. "And how far had you got before you discovered the mistake?" said Mr. W——. This was a stumper; for John had discovered it before he left the store, and he now imagined that the druggist was acquainted with the whole circumstance. But such was not the fact. Mr. W—— knew that, from the time John had been gone, he must have got some distance, and he wished to know how far.

15. Supposing from his silence that he did not understand him, he repeated the question in another shape. "I say, how far, my boy, have you been since you were here?"

16. John recovered from his embarrassment. "To Callowhill Street, sir."

17. "You think there is a quarter too much, do you? Well, you may have that for your honesty."

18. John thanked him, and, putting the pistareens into his pocket, without suspecting the joke, he resumed his burden, with far different feelings from those that had filled his bosom half an hour before. As he was about leaving the store, "Stop, my man," said Mr. W——; "I will not deceive you. You have your right change. The oil is 20 cents, and those four pieces are not quarters of a dollar; they are twenty cent pieces.

19. "Here is a quarter," continued the benevolent store keeper, taking one from his drawer, "which I will give you. You can notice the difference between them as you go home; and let me advise you always to deal as honestly as you have to-day."

20. Who can imagine the feelings of the boy when he saw the real state of the matter, and knew, in an instant, that, had he persevered in his sinful project, he must, from the very nature of the circumstances, have been discovered? "Had I carried out my first intentions," said he to me, when he related the anecdote, "I should have handed my brother three of the pistareens.

21. "He would of course have asked for the balance, and I should have been driven to add falsehood to my crime, by saying that was all he gave me. In all probability, I should have been detected, and sent back to my father in disgrace. It would have stamped my character with dishonesty, from which I might never have recovered." As it was, he picked up his jug, and with a light heart and rapid step proceeded up the street.

22. He was so rejoiced at the happy result, and so thankful for his preservation, that he set out on a run, and did not feel the old string cut his fingers till he reached the third corner, where he had resolved upon returning to the store. During thirty-five years that he lived after this event, he never forgot the lesson it taught him; and throughout his life, in private business, and in public office, he ever acted under the firm conviction that "*honesty is the best policy.*"

LESSON XX.

The Use of Flowers.

1. God might have made the earth bring forth
Enough for great and small,

The oak tree and the cedar tree,
Without a flower at all.

2. We might have had enough, enough
For every want of ours,
For luxury, medicine, and toil,
And yet have had no flowers.

3. The ore within the mountain mine
Requireth room to grow;
Nor doth it need the lotus flower*
To make the river flow.

4. The clouds might give abundant rain,
And nightly dews might fall,
And herb, that keepeth life in man,
Might have drunk in them all.

5. Then, wherefore, wherefore were they made,
All dyed with rainbow light—
All fashioned for supremest grace—
Upspringing day and night?—

6. Springing in valleys green and low,
And on the mountains high,
And in the silent wilderness,
Where no man passeth by.

7. Our outward life requires them not—
Then wherefore had they birth?
To minister delight to man—
To beautify the earth—

8. To comfort man—to whisper hope,
Whene'er his faith is dim;
For who so careth for the *flowers,*
Will much more care for *him!*

LESSON XXI.

The Pebble and the Acorn.

1. "I am a Pebble! and yield to none!"
Were the swelling words of a tiny stone;
"Nor time nor seasons can alter me;
I am abiding, while ages flee.

* *Lotus*, a plant which grows in the water, and blossoms on its surface.

The pelting hail and the drizzling rain
Have tried to soften me, long, in vain;
And the tender dew has sought to melt
Or touch my heart; but it was not felt.

2. "There's none that can tell about my birth,
For I'm as old as the big, round earth.
The children of men arise, and pass
Out of the world, like the blades of grass;
And many a foot on me has trod,
That's gone from sight, and under the sod!
I am a Pebble! but who art thou,
Rattling along from the restless bough?"

3. The Acorn was shocked at this rude salute,
And lay for a moment abashed and mute;
She never before had been so near
This gravelly ball, the mundane sphere;
And she felt for a time at a loss to know
How to answer a thing so coarse and low.

4. But to give reproof of a nobler sort
Than the angry look, or the keen retort,
At length she said, in a gentle tone:—
"Since it has happened that I am thrown
From the lighter element, where I grew,
Down to another, so hard and new,
And beside a personage so august,
Abased, I will cover my head with dust,
And quickly retire from the sight of one
Whom time, nor season, nor storm, nor sun,
Nor the gentle dew, nor the grinding heel,
Has ever subdued or made to feel!"
And soon, in the earth, she sunk away
From the comfortless spot where the Pebble lay.

5. But it was not long ere the soil was broke
By the peering head of an infant oak!
And, as it arose, and its branches spread,
The Pebble looked up, and wondering said:—
"A modest Acorn! never to tell
What was enclosed in its simple shell!
That the pride of the forest was folded up
In the narrow space of its little cup!
And meekly to sink in the darksome earth,
Which proves that nothing could hide her worth!

6. And oh! how many will tread on me,
To come and admire the beautiful tree,
Whose head is towering toward the sky,
Above such a worthless thing as I!
Useless and vain, a cumberer here,
I have been idling from year to year.
But never, from this, shall a vaunting word
From the humble Pebble again be heard,
Till something, without me or within,
Shall show the purpose for which I have been."
The Pebble its vow could not forget,
And it lies there wrapped in silence yet.

LESSON XXII.

Little Lewis.

1. Many years ago, while I was in college, I opened a Sabbath School in a distant, neglected neighborhood, yet within the limits of the town. At first, the project was greatly ridiculed, and many opposed. But ridicule and opposition soon give way to a good cause; and in a short time I had seventy scholars.

2. The room in which we met was an unfinished chamber of a poor, lame woman—the only place that was offered. The floor was not nailed down, and neither ceiling nor plaster had ever been seen in the chamber. The chimney passed up in the centre, and the bare rafters were over our heads.

3. Yet never did I see brighter or happier faces than among the little groups with which I regularly met. They lived so far from meeting, that few could attend; or, rather, their parents felt too indifferent to carry them; so that their Sabbath School embraced all that was Sabbath to them.

4. It is now many years since, and I suppose they have all grown up, or have been removed into eternity ere this time; but I can never forget this, my first Sabbath School, nor the happy countenances which composed it.

5. One hot Sabbath, I had walked out to meet my Sabbath School, and, at the close of the lessons, I felt weary and unwell. The children were expecting me to give them a history of the holy Sabbath, from its first appointment, and to tell them *why* God appointed it, and what are our

duties in regard to it; for so I had promised them, and had in fact prepared myself to do it. But being weary and unwell, I told them that, for these reasons, I would defer it till the next Sabbath.

6. While thus putting it off, I noticed a bright little boy, sitting near me, who seemed to look disappointed. He had expected to hear about the holy Sabbath. Oh, had I remembered how Christ taught the poor woman of Samaria, though he was weary and faint, should I not have done differently?

7. The next Sabbath came, and my scholars were again coming together. On arriving at the house, instead of finding them all quiet in their seats, as usual, I found them standing around the door, some sobbing, others looking frightened—all silent. On inquiry, they told me that little Lewis ——— had just been killed by the mill!

8. At the head of my little flock, I hastened to the house where the little boy lived. At the door I was met by the father of the child, wringing his hands, his face red and swollen, his eyes sunken and glaring, and his breath loaded with the fumes of ardent spirits.

9. "Oh!" cried the man, "I might have known it. I might have known it all!"

10. "Might have known what, sir?"

11. "Oh. I might have known that to-day one of my family must go; but I did not think—could not think—it must be my youngest boy!"

12. "Pray, how might you have known that one must die to-day?"

13. "Why, when I came home last evening, old Rover" (pointing to a stupid old dog that lay crouched under the table) "sat on the door-steps, with his face to the east, howling, and howling. I knew, then, some one—or I might have known that some one—must go to-day, but did not think it must be poor little Lewis!"

14. "Do you believe there is a God?"

15. "Oh yes, have no doubt of it."

16. "And do you suppose he reveals events to a dog, a creature without a soul, and without reason, which he does not reveal to the wisest of men? Nothing is more common than for a dog to howl, when his master is gone, and he feels lonely; and as to his face being towards the east, I see nothing strange in that, since your house faces the east."

17. "Ah! you may say so, but I might have known it would come." And again he turned away, to sob, and, I fear, to drink, and then wonder over his being more stupid than his dog.

18. I led my scholars into the room. They seemed to breathe only from the top of their lungs. I lifted up the white napkin, and there was little Lewis—a mangled corpse! The little girls covered their faces with their handkerchiefs and aprons. The little boys wiped their eyes with their hands, and with the sleeves of their jackets.

19. For some weeks it had been very dry, and the streams had become low. But during the preceding day and night, a heavy rain had fallen. A mill, on a small stream near by, which had stood still for some time for want of water, was set a-going early on Sabbath morning. I need not ask if the miller feared God.

20. About an hour before the Sabbath School usually came together, little Lewis went down to the mill-stream to bathe. The poor boy had never seen his parents keep the Sabbath holy. He swam out into the stream. The current was strong—too strong for him—he raised the cry of distress—the miller heard him, and saw him, but was too much frightened to do any thing.

21. The current swept along—the little boy struggled—again cried for help—the waters rushed on—he was sucked down under the gate—the great mill wheel rolled round—crash!—he was in a moment crushed and dead! Scarcely had his last cry reached the ears of the miller, before his mangled corpse came out from under the wheel. *It was the same little boy who had looked so disappointed the week before, because I omitted to talk about the holy Sabbath.*

22. While standing beside the lifeless clay of this fair child, with all the children about me, my feelings were sad indeed. It seemed as if every child would cry out, "Oh, had you kept your word, and told us about breaking the Sabbath, he would not have gone into the water—he would not have lain there dead." It seemed as if the lips, though sealed by the hand of death, would open and reproach me.

23. "Had I not put off my duty, probably this life would have been saved.—What sacrifices would I not make, could that child once more come into my Sabbath School!" Such were my thoughts. I have never been able to look back upon that scene without keen anguish. I have sometimes

mentioned it to Sabbath School teachers, and, by it, urged them never to put off till the next Sabbath any duty which can be performed on this.

24. And since I have been a minister, when I have felt weary and feeble, and tempted to put off some duty to a more convenient season, I have recalled that scene to mind; and truly thankful shall I feel in the great judgment day, if you, my dear children, will learn from this simple story two things.

25. First. Remember and keep holy the Sabbath day. Had that dear child only obeyed this one short text, he would not have been called to the presence of God while in the very act of sin.

"This day belongs to God alone;
He makes the Sabbath for his own;
And we must neither work nor play
Upon God's holy Sabbath day.

26. "'Tis well to have one day in seven,
That we may learn the way to heaven;
Or else we never should have thought
About his worship as we ought.
And every Sabbath should be passed
As if we knew it were our last;
For what would dying people give
To have one Sabbath more to live!"

27. Secondly. Never to put off any duty, or any opportunity to do good, because you do not feel like doing it now. You may never have the opportunity again. Should you live and grow up, I have no doubt but you will be prospered and happy, that you will be respected and useful, very much as you keep the Sabbath. God will honor those who honor him.

Questions.—Who alone knows about the future? What was the sign by which the man thought he might have known that one of his family would die that day? Are all such signs,—as this about Old Rover,—by which people sometimes think they can tell what is to happen hereafter, foolish and vain? Which of the ten commandments requires us to remember the Sabbath day? What two Rules for our conduct are given at the close of the Lesson?

What is the emphatic word in the last line of the 3d paragraph?

LESSON XXIII.

The Dying Boy.

1. It must be sweet in childhood to give back
The spirit to its Maker, ere the heart

Has grown familiar with the paths of sin,
And sown—to garner up its bitter fruit.

2. I knew a boy whose infant feet had trod
Upon the blossoms of some seven springs,
And when the eighth came round and called him out
To revel in its light, he turned away,
And sought his chamber, to lie down and die.
'Twas night—he summoned his accustomed friends,
And, on this wise, bestowed his last bequest:

3. Mother, I'm dying now!
There's a deep suffocation in my breast,
As if some heavy hand my bosom pressed;
And on my brow

4. I feel the cold sweat stand:
My lips grow dry and tremulous, and my breath
Comes feebly up. Oh! tell me, is this death?
Mother, your hand—

5. Here—lay it on my wrist,
And place the other thus beneath my head,
And say, sweet mother, say, when I am dead,
Shall I be missed?

6. Never beside your knee
Shall I kneel down again at night to pray,
Nor with the morning wake and sing the lay
You taught to me.

7. Oh! at the time of prayer,
When you look round, and see a vacant seat,
You will not wait then for my coming feet—
You'll miss me there.

8. Father, I'm going home!
To the good home you spoke of, that blest land
Where it is one bright summer always, and
Storms never come.

9. I must be happy then;
From pain and death you say I shall be free,
That sickness never enters there, and we
Shall meet again.

10. Brother, the little spot
I used to call *my* garden, where long hours
We've staid to watch the budding things and flowers,
Forget it not!

11. Plant there some box or pine,
Something that lives in winter, and will be
A verdant offering to my memory,
And call it mine!

12. Sister, my young rose tree,
That all the spring has been my pleasant care,
Just putting forth its leaves so green and fair,
I give to thee;—

13. And when its roses bloom,
I shall be gone away, my short life done;
But will you not bestow a single one
Upon my tomb?

14. Now, mother, sing the tune
You sung last night; I'm weary, and must sleep.
Who was it called my name? Nay, do not weep;
You'll all come soon!

15. Morning spread o'er the earth her rosy wings,
And that meek sufferer, cold and ivory pale,
Lay on his couch asleep. The gentle air
Came through the open window, freighted with
The savory odors of the early spring:
He breathed it not: the laugh of passers by
Jarred like a discord in some mournful tune,
But wakened not his slumber. He was dead.

LESSON XXIV.

Michael Blake and his Pocket Bible.

1. Michael Blake was a godly man, but sadly given to despondency. Michael had met with a disappointment in his business, and, though it was not likely to be of very great consequence to him, yet it had the effect of weighing down his spirits, so that he mourned inwardly, and went along with his eyes fixed on the ground.

2. What an unthankful being is man! Let him be surrounded with mercies, if one advantage be denied on which

his heart is fixed, or one possession taken away in which his heart delights, he thinks more of the denied advantage, or the removed blessing, than of all the good things which have been so abundantly bestowed upon him.

3. Thus it was with Michael Blake, as he walked across the fields, brooding over the disappointment that had so much depressed his spirit. When he came to the low stile, over which an oak tree spread one of its thickest branches, he sat himself down, and gave way to a fit of repining, fearing he should come to poverty and want.

4. After a time, the balmy air so far revived him, that he lifted up his head, and gazed on the scene around him. The clear, blue sky above his head, and the fresh, green grass beneath his feet, were pleasant to the eye; and a cottage, at no great distance, appeared the very abode of cheerfulness, contentment, and peace.

5. Suddenly the sound of mirth burst from the cottage, and two lads, without shoes or stockings, ran forward, each with a crust in his hand, the one chasing the other across the field, hallooing and laughing: no sooner did they come to the little brook at the end, than, bending down on the grass, they drank a hearty draught, and then scampered on as before.

6. Michael Blake felt a change taking place within him, as he looked around. What had the poor bird to render it so happy? Nothing but its own wings and the air of heaven; but they were enough to fill its little heart with joy, and its mouth with a song of rejoicing. The ducks that dabbled in the pond, fluttered their wings with feelings of joy, because they could paddle about, and skim with their beaks the stagnant pond. The poultry roamed at liberty, picking up with delight the small seeds, and pecking at the green herbage. The old gray horse, though his ribs might be counted, and his hip bones stood up high, contentedly grazed in the pasture.

7. Michael Blake felt that neither the soaring lark, the paddling ducks, the strutting fowl, nor the old gray horse, had half his blessings; yet they repined not. The bare-legged boys worked hard for their bread at a neighboring brick kiln, yet they could indulge in mirth. He was ashamed of his guilty ingratitude. His trouble grew less and less, and his thankfulness increased, until, taking out his pocket Bible, he read a few verses in the Gospel according to St. Luke —

8. "Consider the lilies, how they grow: they toil not, they spin not; and yet I say unto you, that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. If, then, God so clothe the grass, which is to-day in the field, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, how much more will he clothe you, O ye of little faith! And seek not ye what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink, neither be of doubtful mind. For all these things do the nations of the world seek after; and your Father knoweth that ye have need of these things. But rather seek ye the kingdom of God, and all these things shall be added unto you."

9. The heart of Michael Blake grew fuller as he read, and by the time he had finished the verses, his eyes swam with tears. Taking out his knife, he cut a notch in the bark of the oak tree, to remind him of his infirmity, and to rebuke him at some future time, if again he gave way to despondency. He then lifted up his eyes to heaven, and walked onwards with a cheerful air, repeating the words, "The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want." "Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life."

10. The soaring lark, the ducks, and the fowls, are all dead; the old gray horse and the shaggy ass are no more seen grazing in the field; the boys have gone forth from their homes, and the body of Michael Blake is mouldering in the churchyard; but the notch on the oak tree remains still; it is indeed plainer than ever, for, as the tree has grown, the cuts in the bark have opened wider and wider. Many who sit on the stile, fix their eyes on the notch, and know not what it means; but I, who do know, never gaze upon it without thinking of Michael Blake and his pocket Bible.

LESSON XXV.

The Crocodile and Alligator.

1. The difference between the crocodile and the alligator is but slight. The body of the alligator is not so slender as that of the crocodile, and the upper part of its head is smoother. The crocodile sometimes grows to the length of thirty feet, though usually to no more than eighteen.

2. It is found both in Asia and Africa, and is met with in

great numbers on the banks of the River Nile. In Egypt, the people were formerly foolish enough to worship this poor animal. Crocodiles are seen lying, in some places, for whole hours, motionless in the sun.

3. A person not used to them might mistake them for trunks of trees, covered with bark; but the mistake would be fatal, if he touched one of them, for the torpid animal would dart upon him in an instant, and destroy him. There have been instances of their taking a man out of a canoe, and dragging him under the water, before the poor fellow could know who had seized upon him.

4. A sailor named Campbell was once bathing in the River Congo, in Africa. He had left his vessel in a state of intoxication, and plunged into the water. When he had swam some distance, one of the sailors on board saw a crocodile making towards him. His escape seemed impossible. Guns were fired at the fearful monster, but they did not hit him.

5. The noise of the guns, and the exclamations of his companions, made Campbell aware of his perilous condition; and, turning, he saw his enemy advancing with open jaws, which urged him to make the greatest haste towards the shore. On approaching some canes and shrubs which covered the bank, closely pursued by the crocodile, a ferocious tiger sprang towards him, at the instant the jaws of his first enemy were extended to seize him.

6. At this awful moment, Campbell was preserved. The tiger had leaped over him, and been seized upon by the crocodile. A fight ensued between the tiger and the crocodile, and the water was soon colored with their blood. At last they both sank to the bottom.

7. Campbell was conveyed on board the vessel. His danger had made him sober; and, the moment he reached the ship, he fell on the deck, and returned thanks to the Creator, for his wonderful preservation. From that moment, Campbell became a reformed man. He left off his vile habit of getting drunk, and was never afterwards heard to utter a profane word.

8. In Africa, the natives have a curious way of destroying the crocodile. A negro, with no other weapon than a knife in his hand, and his left arm wrapped round with a cow's hide, ventures boldly into the water, to attack the crocodile. As soon as he approaches the animal, he presents his left arm, which the crocodile attempts to swallow; but it sticks

in his throat, and the negro immediately stabs him with his knife.

9. The alligator is common in South America, and the southern parts of the United States. It has a loud voice, and a strong, musky smell. Along the shores of the great Mississippi, the alligators may be seen in great numbers, lying asleep on the large, floating logs, or crossing the stream in search of food. They may be easily caught by throwing ropes over their heads.

10. The alligator's chief means of defence is his large tail, with which he lashes the water, and destroys every thing within its reach. Sometimes the alligators get into deep holes, where they are often shot for the sake of their oil, which is used for greasing the machinery of steam-engines, and for other purposes. One man often kills a dozen or more alligators in an evening, makes his fire in the woods, and by morning has a good quantity of oil prepared.

11. Captain Waterton once had a singular adventure with an alligator, in South America. It was first caught with a long, iron hook, which was fastened to a rope. The Indians were pulling the animal towards the shore, when Waterton sprang on the alligator's back, seized his legs, and, twisting them over his shoulders, rode him safely up the bank, amidst the shouts and laughter of the savages.

Questions.—To what length does the crocodile sometimes grow? What is its usual length? The people of what country formerly worshipped this animal? What is the meaning of *torpid*, in the 3d par.? In what countries is the alligator found?

LESSON XXVI.

*The Puritan.**

1. When an author invites the attention of the reader, his first duty seems to be, to afford some proof that he is competent to the subject. I have styled myself a Puritan; and my readers may fairly ask me what title I have to that venerable name. Had I called myself a Greek, it had been sufficient, perhaps, to bring some document that I was born

* *Puritan;* a name given to the early settlers of New England, on account of the great *purity* and strictness of their principles and conduct;—first given in ridicule.

in sight of Hymettus,* and had tinctured my lips with the honey of its classical bees; but to be born in New England, will hardly be allowed sufficient to entitle one to the appellation of a full-blooded Puritan.

2. Such is the influx of foreigners on our native soil; such the innovations of time, that our primitive manners are fast fading away. I will give some account of my descent, by which it will appear that my name is not a usurpation. I am a Puritan of the straitest sect.

3. I was born of a line of ancestors who came over from England in 1640, and were immediately made freemen of the country. Whether my grandfather, or great grandfather, prefixed to his name a *good-man* † or a *Mr.*, I am not able to say; but I have often heard my father boast that none of our race ever got into the General Court or the workhouse, which he considers as the Scylla and Charybdis of modern society. If they escaped the laurels of political life, they sunk to no inexpiable disgrace.

4. We all trod the middle path—that very condition which all wise men, since the days of Horace, have considered as the *golden mean.* Two of my progenitors, I believe, were selectmen; one was a deacon, and one a ruling elder in the church. I do not mention this to boast of my high family, for I abhor vanity; but it seems necessary, to give weight to my speculations.

5. They all devoutly believed the Assembly's Catechism; and were acquainted with painting and the fine arts, enough to have contemplated, with devout admiration, the burning of Mr. John Rogers in the New England Primer; and they abhorred the tyranny that brought that good man to the stake.

6. They were perfectly initiated into the mysteries of Hoder's Arithmetic; and had passed regularly through the then prevalent grades of learning; that is, they had gone from the Primer to the Psalter, and from the Psalter to the Testament, and from the Testament to the book where all this elementary wisdom was combined—*The Bible.*

7. My great grandfather had an income of about four hundred pounds a year, *old tenor.* My ancestors were

* A mountain near the ancient city of Athens, famous for its fragrant flowers and excellent honey.

† *Good-man*, a title implying some degree of distinction, either of office or age, given in former times in New England; as, *Goodman Jones.*

chiefly ploughmen, cultivating their own freehold; and in certain legal instruments which I have seen, some were called cordwainers, some yeomen, and one of them bore the title of gentleman. I remember, in looking over some old leases between my grandfather and his elder brother, my boyish indignation was greatly moved, on finding my grandfather called a *yeoman*, and my great uncle a *gentleman*.

8. I set myself to inquire what made this distinction in the family. I found that the elder brother had received a commission from Governor Hutchinson to command a militia company; had actually spoken to that great man, as he passed by his house, in his gubernatorial chariot, most respectfully taking off his hat and bowing to the ground; and was consequently entitled to be considered as a born gentleman ever after. But I must confess the captain was not my grandfather; he was only my great uncle; and, as the Scripture says, I would not *exercise myself in great matters, or things too high for me.*

9. I was educated in the house of my grandfather.—Dear, dear spot, how art thou imprinted on my memory! how closely is every weed around that old cellar entwined around my heart! I see the place, the dear, sacred abode; it rises in vision; it rolls back the flood of years; it rebuilds the dilapidated edifice, and recalls to life the departed dead; it places before me, in the eye of imagination, the scenes in which I sported so freely, and which I loved so well.

10. There is the old mansion, with every story jutting out, contrary to all the rules of modern architecture, wider at the top than at the foundation; there is the tall well-pole, rising towards the sky, with a good quantity of old iron on the farther end, to balance the bucket when full of water; there is the pear tree, with the huge grindstone under it; there is the meadow, with its maple grove, from whose recesses, on some summer evening, I used to hear the Whippoorwill; the sun-dial, the pasture, the great rock, the barberry bushes, the lilacs, the sprigs of mullen and elecampane, all, all are present to the mental eye, and are seen through the mist of years with a deeper interest than ever.

11. If the reader will step with me into the house, I will show him the *best room*, with its homemade carpet, carefully woven with strips of cloth, in which the red, blue, and yellow, are nicely adjusted to produce the best effect.

I will show him the kitchen, with its vast fireplace, an apartment in itself, collected in which the family was wont to huddle in a cold winter evening, to hear stories of olden time.

12. I can show him the red dresser, with its well-scoured platters, made of pewter, but bright as silver, lessening in rows one above the other. I can present him with a family Bible, bound in buff leather, and printed at Oxford by his Majesty's special command. I can show him the old, worn hour-glass, standing in two leather loops on a shelf above the fireplace, which my grandfather used to turn exactly at eight o'clock in the evening, that we might be sure to go to bed duly at nine.

13. I can show him—but, alas! the winds of heaven have long since swept away the last mouldering beam of that sacred abode, and before its domestic altar, the white-headed saint will never pray again.

14. My grandfather had a little library; but it was a Puritan library. Shakspeare and Ben Jonson found no place among his books. I doubt whether, reader as he was, and immortal as are their works, he had ever heard of their names. There were no Homers nor Horaces among his volumes; for he knew no language but his mother tongue. His library consisted of Mr. Flavel's works, Bunyan's Grace abounding, Alleine's Alarm, and Baxter's Call to the Unconverted. Nor was poetry wholly left out. He had Sternhold's and Hopkins's Psalms, and Dr. Watts's Lyric Poems, two books not to be named in the same day.

15. But there was one volume sweeter than all the rest, which stole many a weary hour from my life, and banished all care from my heart. I read it, and was happy; I remembered it, and was happy; I dreamt of it, and was happy; and to this hour, delight and improvement seem stamped on every page. My grandfather always said it was the *next* book to the Bible; but I must own I was wicked enough to think it somewhat better.

16. It was the Pilgrim's Progress from this world to that which is to come, delivered under the similitude of a dream. By John Bunyan. I should have no doubt of my final salvation, if I could tread the real path to Zion, in faith and obedience, as often, and with as much delight, as I have trodden the allegorical one, in fancy and imagination.

17. Such were the scenes in which I grew up; *so the*

foundations of my mind were laid. As Sancho boasted that all his family were old Christians,—that is, Spaniards without any mixture of Moorish blood,—so I may say that I am descended maternally and paternally from genuine Puritans. This is the true nobility of New England.

18. I nursed Puritan milk, drew Puritanical air, read Puritanical books, received Puritanical doctrines, was formed amidst Puritanical manners, and, when I go to the grave, shall sleep in the recesses which enclose Puritanical dust, until the morning of the resurrection. Have I not, then, some reason to call myself THE PURITAN?

LESSON XXVII.

Knowledge.

1. "WHAT an excellent thing is knowledge!" said a sharp looking, bustling little man, to one who was much older than himself. "Knowledge is an excellent thing," repeated he; "my boys know more at six and seven years old, than I did at twelve. They can read all sorts of books, and talk on all sorts of subjects. The world is a great deal wiser than it used to be. Every body knows something of every thing now. Do you not think, sir, that knowledge is an excellent thing?"

2. "Why, sir," replied the old man, looking gravely, "that depends entirely upon the use to which it is applied. It may be a blessing or a curse. Knowledge is only an increase of power, and power may be a bad as well as a good thing."

3. "That is what I cannot understand," said the bustling little man. "How can power be a bad thing?"

4. "I will tell you," meekly replied the old man; and thus he went on:—"When the power of a horse is under restraint, the animal is useful in bearing burdens, drawing loads, and carrying his master; but when that power is unrestrained, the horse breaks his bridle, dashes to pieces the carriage that he draws, or throws his rider."

5. "I see! I see!" said the little man.

6. "When the water of a large pond is properly conducted by trenches, it renders the fields around fertile; but when it bursts through its banks, it sweeps every thing before it, and destroys the produce of the fields."

7. "I see! I see!" said the little man; "I see!"

8. "When a ship is steered aright, the sail that she hoists up enables her the sooner to get into port; but if steered wrong, the more sail she carries, the farther will she go out of her course."

9. "I see! I see!" said the little man; "I see clearly!"

10. "Well, then," continued the old man, "if you see these things so clearly, I hope you can see, too, that knowledge, to be a good thing, must be rightly applied. God's grace in the heart will render the knowledge of the head a blessing; but without this, it may prove to us no better than a curse."

11. "I see! I see! I see!" said the little man; "I see!"

LESSON XXVIII.

Self-Denial.

1. One evening during the vacation, Frank, a tall schoolooy, amused his young brother, Harry, by reading an essay, which had given him the first prize at school. The subject was *Self-Denial.* Frank was a clever lad, and had acquitted himself very well.

2. He represented his subject in so striking a light, that it made a considerable impression on the mind of his young auditor; who, as soon as it was finished, thanked his brother for his good advice, and expressed his determination of endeavoring to profit by it.

3. "I am afraid," said he, "I have never learned to deny myself as I ought; but I hope, brother Frank, that I shall not forget this lesson of yours; I wish you would be so kind as to give me some more good advice about it."

4. Now Frank, instead of considering this the best possible compliment that could be paid to his composition, felt disappointed, that, instead of commenting upon the force of his arguments, or the graces of his style, he should begin gravely to moralize upon it; and it confirmed him in a favorite opinion of his, that his brother Harry had not a spark of genius, and never would have.

5. Harry repeated his request; but, finding his brother more inclined to discuss the merits, and relate the success, of his essay, than to draw a *practical improvement* from it, he contented himself with his own private reflections.—

"To-morrow," said he to himself, "to-morrow morning I will begin.—But why not begin *to-night?*" continued he. The clock had just struck, and Harry recollected that his mother had desired them not to sit up a minute after the clock struck *nine*. He reminded his brother of this order.

6. "Never mind," said Frank; "here's a famous fire; *I* shall stay and *enjoy* it." "Yes," said Harry, "here's a famous fire, and I should *like* to stay and enjoy it; but that would not be *self-denial;* would it, Frank?"

7. "Nonsense!" said Frank; "I shall not stir yet, I promise you." "Then good night to you," said Harry.

8. Now, whether his brother was correct or not, in his opinion of Harry's want of *genius*, we shall not stay to inquire; indeed, it is a question of very little importance, either to us or him, since it cannot be denied that his *reflections*, and especially his *conduct*, then, even on a trifling occasion, displayed good sense and strength of character; and these are sterling qualities, for which the brightest sparks of genius would be a poor exchange.

9. Six o'clock was the time at which Harry was to rise; but not unfrequently, since the cold weather set in, he had indulged an hour longer.

10. When it struck six next morning, he started up; but the air felt so frosty, that he had a strong inclination to lie down again. "But no," thought he,—"here's a fine opportunity for self-denial;" and up he jumped without further hesitation.

11. "Frank!, Frank!," said he to his sleeping brother, "past six o'clock!, and a fine starlight morning!." "Let me alone," cried Frank, in a cross, drowsy voice. "Very well, then," said Harry; "a pleasant nap to you;" and down he ran, as gay as a lark.

12. After finishing his Latin exercise, Harry had time to take a pleasant walk before breakfast this morning, so that he came in, fresh and rosy, with a good appetite, and, what was still better, in good humor. But poor Frank, who had just tumbled out of bed when the prayer-bell rang, came down, looking pale, and cross, and cold, and discontented.

13. Harry, who, if he was no *genius*, had some sly *drollery* of his own, was just beginning to rally him on his forlorn appearance, when he recollected his resolution. "Frank does not like to be laughed at, especially when he is cross," thought he; so he suppressed his joke; and it requires *some* self-denial even to suppress a *joke*.

14. "I should like another half, I think, mother," said Frank, that day at dinner, just as he had despatched a large semicircle of mince pie. "Any more for *you*, my dear Harry?" said his mother. "If you please',—no, thank you though," said Harry, withdrawing his plate; "for," thought he, "I have had enough, and more than enough to satisfy my hunger, and now is the time for *self-denial*."

15. "Brother Harry," said his little sister, after dinner, "when will you show me how to do that pretty puzzle', you said you would, a long time ago?" "I am busy now, child," said Harry—"don't tease me now, there's a good girl." She said no more, but looked disappointed, and still hung upon her brother's chair.

16. "Come, then," said Harry, suddenly recollecting himself; "*bring* me your puzzle;" and, laying down his book, he very good naturedly showed his little sister how to place it. That night, when the two boys were going to bed, Harry called to mind, with some complacency, the several instances in the course of the day in which he had succeeded in exercising self-denial; and he was on the very point of telling his brother what he was thinking of. "But no," thought he; "here is another opportunity still of denying myself; I will not say a word about it; besides, to boast of it, would spoil all."

17. So Harry lay down quietly, making the following sage reflection:—"This has been a very pleasant day to me; and, although I have done several things against my *will*, I find that self-denial is painful but for a moment, and very pleasing in the end. If I go on this plan every day, I shall have a good chance of having a happy life; for life is made up of days and hours, and will be more pleasant, and just as easy."

18. But here Harry's thoughts began to wander, and soon became quite indistinct. In fact, he was sound asleep before he had half finished his reflections.

LESSON XXIX.

Attention and Industry rewarded.

1. A RICH husbandman had two sons, the one exactly a year older than the other. The very day the second was

born, he set, in the entrance of his orchard, two young apple trees of equal size, which he cultivated with the same care, and which grew so equally, that no person could perceive the least difference between them.

2. When his children were capable of handling garden tools, he took them, one fine morning in spring, to see these two trees, which he had planted for them, and called after their names.

3. When they had sufficiently admired their growth, and the number of blossoms that covered them, he said, "My dear children, I give you these trees: you see that they are in good condition. They will thrive as much by your care, as they will decline by your negligence; and their fruit will reward you in proportion to your labor."

4. The youngest, named Edmund, was industrious and attentive. He busied himself in clearing his tree of insects that would hurt it, and he propped up its stem, to prevent its taking a wrong bent.

5. He loosened the earth about it, that the warmth of the sun, and the moisture of the dews, might cherish the roots. His mother had not tended *him* more carefully in his infancy, than *he* tended his young apple tree.

6. His brother Moses did not imitate his example. He spent a great deal of time on a mount that was near, throwing stones at the passengers in the road. He went among all the little dirty boys in the neighborhood, to box with them; so that he was often seen with broken shins and black eyes, from the kicks and blows he received in his quarrels.

7. In short, he neglected his tree so far, that he never thought of it, till, one day in autumn, he, by chance, saw Edmund's tree so full of apples, streaked with purple and gold, that, had it not been for the props which supported its branches, the weight of its fruit must have bent it to the ground.

8. Struck with the sight of so fine a tree, he hastened to his own, hoping to find as large a crop upon that; but, to his great surprise, he saw scarcely any thing, except branches covered with moss, and a few yellow, withered leaves.

9. Full of passion and jealousy, he ran to his father, and said, "Father, what sort of a tree is that which you have given me? It is as dry as a broomstick; and I shall not

have ten apples on it. My brother you have used better: bid him, at least, share his apples with me."

10. "Share his apples with you!" said his father: "so the industrious must lose his labor to feed the idle! Be satisfied with your lot; it is the effect of your negligence; and do not think to accuse *me* of injustice, when you see your brother's rich crop.

11. "Your tree was as fruitful, and in as good order, as his: it bore as many blossoms, and grew in the same soil; only it was not fostered with the same care. Edmund has kept his tree clear of hurtful insects; but you have suffered them to eat up yours in its blossoms.

12. "As I do not choose to let any thing which God has given me, and for which I hold myself accountable to him, go to ruin, I shall take this tree from you, and call it no more by your name. It must pass through your brother's hands, before it can recover itself; and, from this moment, both it, and the fruit it may bear, are his property.

13. "You may, if you will, go into my nursery, and look for another, and rear it, to make amends for your fault; but, if you neglect it, *that* too shall be given to your brother for assisting me in my labor."

14. Moses felt the justice of his father's sentence, and the wisdom of his design. He, therefore, went that moment into the nursery, and chose one of the most thriving apple trees he could find. Edmund assisted him with his advice in rearing it; Moses embraced every occasion of paying attention to it.

15. He was now never out of humor with his comrades, and still less with himself; for he applied cheerfully to work; and in autumn, he had the pleasure of seeing his tree fully answer his hopes. Thus he had the double advantage of enriching himself with a splendid crop of fruit, and, at the same time, of subduing the vicious habits he had contracted.

LESSON XXX.

One Thing at a Time.

1. Once on a time, when the snow was deep on the ground, and the wintry winds howled among the old oak and elm trees, a party were sitting round the blazing hearth of a farm-house. It was Christmas: the farmer and a few

friends sat nearest the fire, and the men servants, some with clean frocks on, and others with red waistcoats and blue jackets, sat at a little distance.

2. They had all had their supper, for in those days men went to bed earlier than they now do; ay! and got up earlier too. The bright pewter plates and dishes above the large dresser, and the bacon and hams, and hung-beef, looked as though those men did not live without eating. It was a merry night with them all, and Farmer Broomfield was telling them how things went on in the world when he was young.

3. "I will tell you," said the farmer, "what was my principal fault, when I was a lad; I could never be contented in doing one thing at a time. Many a scrape I got into on account of this failing; and I often think that, if I had not broken through the habit, I should not own such a farm as I have now got.

4. "I remember once going with my father to a church at some distance,—and a grand church it was; and so, after service, I looked about me: there was the marble monument of a great hero, who had died in the defence of his country; and another, put up for a great writer of books. At one end of the church, printed in gold letters, were the names of some noblemen who had left money and land to the poor; and at the other, the name of a church-warden who had given, I know not how much, towards repairing and beautifying the church.

5. "As soon as I came out, 'Father,' said I, 'how I should like to be a great hero, and die for my country; and write learned books; and have a marble monument; and give money to the poor; and repair and beautify the church!' 'Stop! stop!' said my father; 'not so fast. Attend to *one thing at a time;* for if you are to be a great hero, as you say, and die for your country, I hardly know how you will contrive to write learned books, and give money to the poor, to say nothing about repairing and making the church beautiful.'

6. "The very next day, I was out with my father, when, by some accident, a waggon load of hay was thrown over, and the shaft horse lay kicking and plunging on the ground. I cried out directly, 'Draw the waggon back! Cut the belly-band! Hold the horse's head down, and loosen the—'

7. "'Hold! hold,' my lad, cried my father, 'and do let us

be satisfied in doing *one thing at a time.*' So I held down the horse's head, he unhooked the back chain and belly-band, and loosened the traces, and in two minutes the horse was on his legs; and, presently after, all the hay was in the waggon again; and I saw the advantage of doing *one thing at a time.*

8. "Never shall I forget what a piece of business I made of it one day when I went to market. I had a good large basket of eggs to sell, and was told to order several things to be sent home. There was a new red waistcoat of my father's to be sent from the tailor's, a loaf of lump sugar—which was then a great luxury—from the grocer's, and other things from other places.

9. "Now, it happened that I did not sell all my eggs, and, as I thought it would be of no use for the tailor and the other people to send their things, when I could take them all home myself, I called for the waistcoat, and the sugar-loaf, and the other articles, putting the waistcoat carefully at the bottom of my basket, and the eggs at the top, and, spreading a clean cloth over them all, I mounted Dobbin to ride home.

10. "At first I walked Dobbin quietly along; but, thinking it might save a journey, if I rode half a mile round, to call on a neighboring farmer, whom my father had directed me to see the next day, about some turnip-seed, I set Dobbin off in a trot, quite forgetting the eggs in my basket. When I got home, the first thing my father did was to ask if I had remembered to call about his waistcoat.

11. "I told him that I had not only called, but brought it with me; and the loaf of sugar, and the other things; and called on Farmer Reynolds into the bargain. 'Ah! that is just like you!' said he; 'you must do every thing or nothing; but I hope you have no eggs in your basket.' Then it was, for the first time, that my mind misgave me; but when my father went to the basket, to take out his waistcoat, what a cry did he set up!

12. "As I trotted Dobbin along, the sugar-loaf had jumped up and down; the eggs had got under it, and every one of them was broken or cracked upon my father's red waistcoat I thought I should never hear the last about it; for my father talked to me for an hour, and finished by saying, that he hoped this would cure me; that in future I should call to mind his red waistcoat, and content myself with doing *one thing at a time.*

13. "Some time after, being out in the fields at work, our dog was running after some birds that were flying about and picking up the seeds. The dog chased first one and then another, but never caught any. 'Look there, Joe!' said my father; 'that dog is very much like a son of mine!' 'Why so?' replied I; 'he is running after the birds, but he does not seem to catch any.' 'No, Joe!' said my father, 'and he is not likely to catch any while he plays that game; for, like *some people we know*, he is not contented with *doing one thing at a time*.'

14. "At last I was thoroughly cured; for a fire broke out in the kitchen, soon after we were in bed, and up we got in a pretty bustle, as you may suppose. As soon as I saw the fire, I called out as loud as I could, 'Pump some water! Run and alarm neighbor Yates! Get the goods out of the house! Cry, fire! Raise the neighborhood!—'

15. "My father soon stopped my foolish bawling, and, by attending properly to *one thing at a time*, put out the fire. I was terribly alarmed, and saw so clearly the advantage of my father's plan, that I was determined to adopt it; and ever since then, whatever has been the occasion, I have tried to omit nothing that ought to be done, and have generally succeeded in my undertaking by *doing only one thing at a time*."

LESSON XXXI.

The Lost Nestlings.

1. "Have you seen my darling nestlings?"
   A mother robin cried.
   "I cannot, cannot find them,
   Though I've sought them far and wide.

2. "I left them well this morning,
   When I went to seek their food;
   But I found, upon returning,
   I'd a nest without a brood.

3. "Oh, have you nought to tell me,
   That will ease my aching breast,
   About my tender offspring
   That I left within the nest?

4. "I have called them in the bushes,
   And the rolling stream beside,

Yet they came not at my bidding;
I'm afraid they all have died!"

5. "I can tell you all about them,"
Said a little wanton boy;
"For t'was I that had the pleasure
Your nestlings to destroy.

6. "But I did not think their mother
Her little ones would miss,
Or ever come to hail me
With a wailing sound, like this.

7. "I did not know your bosom
Was formed to suffer wo,
And to mourn your murdered children,
Or I had not grieved you so.

8. "I'm sorry that I've taken
The lives I can't restore;
And this regret shall teach me
To do the thing no more.

9. "I ever shall remember
The plaintive sounds I've heard,
Nor kill another nestling
To pain a mother bird."

LESSON XXXII.

The Blind Boy.

[Spoken at an Exhibition, by one of the pupils of the New England Institution for the Blind, at Boston.]

1. The bird that never tried his wing,
Can blithely hop and sweetly sing,
Though prisoned in a narrow cage,
Till his bright feathers droop with age:
So I, while never blest with sight,
Shut out from heaven's surrounding light,
Life's hours, and days, and years enjoy, —
Though blind, a merry-hearted boy.

2. That captive bird may never float
Through heaven, or pour his thrilling note
'Mid shady groves, by pleasant streams,
That sparkle in the soft moonbeams;

But he may gaily flutter round,
Within his prison's scanty bound,
And give his soul to song; for he
Ne'er longs to taste sweet liberty.

3. Oh! may I not as happy dwell
Within my unillumined cell?
May I not leap, and sing, and play,
And turn my constant night to day?
I never saw the sky, the sea;
The earth was never green to me;
Then why, oh! why should I repine,
For blessings that were never mine?

4. Think not that blindness makes me sad;
My thoughts, like yours, are often glad.
Parents I have, who love me well;
Their different voices I can tell.
Though far and absent, I can hear,
In dreams, their music meet my ear.
Is there a star so dear above,
As the low voice of one you love?

5. I never saw my father's face,
Yet, on his forehead when I place
My hand, and feel the wrinkles there,
Left less by time than anxious care,
I fear the world has sights of wo,
To knit the brows of manhood so.
I sit upon my father's knee;
He'd love me less, if I could see.

6. I never saw my mother smile;
Her gentle tones my heart beguile;
They fall like distant melody,
They are so mild and sweet to me.
She murmurs not—my mother dear!
Though sometimes I have kissed the tear
From her soft cheek, to tell the joy
One smiling word would give her boy.

7. Right merry was I every day!
Fearless to run about and play
With sisters, brothers, friends, and all,
To answer to their sudden call,

To join the ring, to speed the chase,
To find each playmate's hiding place,
And pass my hand across his brow,
To tell him—I could do it now!

8. Yet, though delightful flew the hours,
So passed in childhood's peaceful bowers,
When all were gone to school but I,
I used to sit at home and sigh;
And though I never longed to view
The earth so green, the sky so blue,
I thought I'd give the world to look
Along the pages of a book.

9. Now, since I've learned to read and write,
My heart is filled with new delight.
And music too; can there be found
A sight so beautiful as sound?
Tell me, kind friends, in one short word,
Am I not like that captive bird?
I live in song, in peace and joy,—
Though blind, a merry-hearted boy!

LESSON XXXIII.

The Safe Side of the Hedge.

1. You have often heard old people talk of "*Keeping on the safe side of the Hedge.*" It is one of the old-fashioned maxims, long known and but little understood or practised in the world. Our good Schoolmaster used sometimes to make use of it; and we very well knew, that by getting on the *wrong* side, he meant doing what would insure us a sound basting: we of course took especial care to mind which the right side was, in matters that were to come under *his* scrutiny.

2. But I have often since seen some one or other of my old classmates, groping along on the wrong side of the Hedge, and faring far more miserably than they would have fared in our days of scholarship, by being found there.

3. But I was reminded, the other day, of this old maxim, by a rather whimsical incident. I rode over in the morning to the vendue at the Chestnut-hill place, where all the people round had collected, to purchase bargains, and talk over

the affairs of the neighborhood. When I reached the house, the people had just returned from the meadow where the crier had been selling off some stock; and old Seventy-six John, the weaver, from over the creek, had got into a cart, and, with his hat off, was making a speech to the people, after the manner, I suppose, of Poor Richard.

4. He had told them, among other things, it seems, that they should "*Keep on the safe side of the Hedge;*" and some wag, to lengthen out the scene, had just inquired what that meant, when I came up. "Do you see," said the old veteran, twisting his chew of tobacco three or four times round—"Do you see, there's Dick Donothing, who bought a barrel and a half of old whiskey this morning, and gave his note for it, as he hadn't the money to pay; I don't say he's on the safe side of the Hedge. And there's Tom Trustall, who went his security on the note: I don't say he keeps on the safe side. And there's—"

5. "But answer the question," said a dozen voices, not knowing whose turn might come next. "What is keeping on the safe side?"

6. "Why, do you see Sam Steady there," replied John, "driving home two fine milch cows, which he bought low, paid the money for, and will make a nice penny out of? He has kept on the safe side of the Hedge. It means, at vendues, to buy only what you want, what you can get at a reasonable price, and what you can pay for."

7. The people all clapped hands, and the old man kept himself on the safe side, by ending his speech when he had done, and while the current ran in his favor.

8. There appeared to me to be a good deal of pith in what the old man said.—I have often thought of it since, and I believe the maxim might be profitably applied to numberless cases. For instance:—the man who becomes an indorser or surety for another, except under very peculiar circumstances, gets on the wrong side of the Hedge, and on a very dangerous one too, from which, ten chances to one, he does not escape with whole bones.

9. The man who stands waiting, with his hands in his pockets, for a windfall, or the death of a relation; who neglects providing himself with shoes, in hopes of wearing other people's, has got on the wrong side of the Hedge; and he will, in all probability, stand till he sticks fast there.

10. Many people who have sold a good estate in this coun

try, and gone to hunt a better living abroad, have travelled all the way on a slippery side of the Hedge; and four out of five of them fell in the dirt ere they got back.

11. But I have not room to enlarge; nor is it necessary, as every one who reads may make his own additions, inferences, and comments. I close with suggesting to my reader the importance of often inquiring, both in regard to his temporal and eternal concerns—"*Am I on the safe side of the Hedge?*"

LESSON XXXIV.

A Scheme to make a Fortune.

1. Charles read, one evening, in the newspaper, of a man in the state of Kentucky, who, with a single ticket, from a truly Fortunate Lottery Office, had drawn a prize of twenty thousand dollars, and that others might do the same, by paying barely twelve dollars for a ticket.

2. This was a capital chance to make a fortune; but the tickets would be two dollars dearer, if he did not buy one *that very week*. He procured a printed scheme of the lottery, which was said to be the best that had ever been devised.

3. After looking over the plan, with great attention, he concluded there was only *one* difficulty, and that was, to get the twelve dollars. He had laid up an English guinea, which he had obtained for his work. He sold his best jacket for ten shillings, and some books for two dollars, and the rest of the money he borrowed, among his acquaintance. The lottery was to be drawn in six weeks, and he intended to pay all these debts, and regulate matters to his liking, as soon as he got his money from the lottery managers.

4. Frequently, in his sleep, he thought that he had drawn a rich prize; and three times he dreamed precisely what he did with his money. Sometimes he fancied himself staggering home, with a back-load of dollars, in a leather bag, on his shoulder; and once he waked up frightened, and thought a robber had broken into the house, and stolen his ticket.

5. He told his dreams to his friends, and one of his uncle Jacob's sons contrived to get twelve dollars, unknown to his father, and soon had as fair prospects, and as pleasant dreams, as his cousin.

6. Mrs. Halyard's hired girl, Dorinda, raised all the funds

she could command, and bought a quarter of one; because she heard that Viney Bloom, a servant-girl in a boarding-house, had drawn five hundred dollars, and laid out half of it for beads, and rings, and fine clothes, in one day.

7. Dorinda said, a quarter of twenty thousand dollars was five thousand, and that was as much as she wanted. A negro boy, who had got some change for brushing boots, went with six-cent pieces enough to buy the eighth part of a ticket; for the managers had divided them down in this manner, to oblige poor people, who could not buy more.

8. This eighth part was expected to draw twenty-five hundred dollars for. Suwarrow, the boot-black; and Suwarrow thought he should be a dashing young buck. He intended to smoke the best Spanish segars, and walk up and down Broadway in high style.

9. When Charles brought home his ticket, he wrote down the description of it, in his tablet, and after reading, twenty times over, that this precious scrap of paper would entitle the holder to such sum of money as might be drawn against its number, he put it away, in a snug corner of his mother's bureau drawer.

10. Every day he went to read it over, and see that it was safe in its place. He was now full of calculations about being a man of fortune, and could not keep his mind to any thing else.

11. The six weeks at last passed away. The fortune-makers found that they had lost their money. They all drew blanks! The high prize, it was said, was drawn by a very deserving man in New Orleans; but the boy who carried the account from the Lottery Office to the printer, did not know what the worthy gentleman's name was.

12. Charles had now become so set on getting his little red chest full of money, that he determined to make a fortune some way or other, at a single jump. A young lad told him of a place, where they *insured* a ticket to draw a prize, and said, by going there, and giving ten dollars, besides the price of his ticket, he would be *pretty certain* of getting at least four hundred dollars. This appeared much better than drawing a blank. Charles again exerted himself to the utmost, and gave these men the ten dollars to insure his new ticket.

13. When his brother Jack came home from sea, and found what was going on, he began to fear that his brother

was undone. He told Charles the whole affair was just what people of common sense call a fool-trap, to catch silly boys.

14. "The man is rich," said Jack, "who does his duty to those around him, so as to maintain a good character, and support himself by his own fair earnings. All your schemes to get money without sober industry, will only make you contemptible, and end in disappointment."

15. Charles said he was of a different opinion, and did not want such a little fellow to preach to him.

16. "You will sing a different tune," said he, "when you see me fetch home the bags of chink, and the bundles of bank notes for my prize. I intend, if I live, to make some figure, like Major Sturgeon, and young Mr. Splash. Now the people don't know who I am, nor take notice of me. If I get rich, and show out in a proper way, they will make bows to me, and want to stop and shake hands, as I walk along the streets."

17. "Yes," said Jack, "but if you live long enough, you will find that bows made to rich men, are not always bows of true respect."

18. At last the trying time came, and it was found that, by some totally unexpected turning of the wheel, Charles had unluckily drawn *another* blank, and lost his insurance money into the bargain; but the lottery dealers said this was a *mere trifle*, and he had no reason to complain, seeing he had come so *very near* getting four hundred dollars; with a pretty good prospect of twenty thousand.

19. When their uncle Jacob found in what a silly manner Charles, and his own son, had spent their money, he was highly offended. He told the boys, that useful business, well followed, is the only solid wealth for individuals or nations. "In all places," said he, "the best men are those who have raised themselves by their own merit.

20. "The silver and gold mines of America made Spain poor, because they made the people proud and lazy. But lotteries are the disgrace of a free country; a broad scheme of gambling, fraud, and falsehood, under another name; the poisoned bait to lure children and fools to destruction; and every good citizen is bound to use his influence against them."

Questions.—Did the silver and gold mines of America, which the Spaniards discovered, enrich or impoverish them? Why? What did uncle Jacob say was the only solid wealth? Who did he say are the best men? What is said in Prov. xvi. 33, about the *lot?*

LESSON XXXV.

Health preferable to Riches.

1. Little Martin was a poor boy, who gained his living by going on errands. One day, as he was returning from a village very far from his own, he found himself much fatigued; and, sitting down at the door of the little inn, he procured a small glass of beer, and a piece of bread.

2. While he was taking this humble refreshment, a young gentleman and his tutor stopped in a carriage at the door of the inn. They were elegantly dressed, and followed by servants on horseback.

3. The inn-keeper immediately came to the door, and asked if the travellers would do him the honor of alighting This, however, they declined; and, without getting out of the carriage, they regaled themselves on part of a cold fowl and some wine and water, which were brought to them in an instant.

4. Martin, having now finished his little repast, fixed his eyes upon them with much attention, and looked as if he would say, "Those gentlemen are making a very good dinner, and I have had a very bad one."

5. The tutor, having accidentally cast his eyes upon little Martin, guessed his thoughts, and said to his pupil, "Look, how that little boy's eyes are fixed upon us! I imagine that he says within himself, 'I wish I were in that young gentleman's place.'"

6. "Well," said the youth, who, though extremely unwell, was of a gay temper, "let us make the proposition, for a moment, of changing places with me."

7. The tutor immediately beckoned Martin to the carriage, and said to him, "Seeing how attentively you look at this young gentleman, it appears to me, my little friend, that you would like to be in his place. Will you change with him?"

8. "Ah, sir," replied Martin, "you are in jest; but, if the young gentleman be willing, it shall soon be done. Ah, ha! what a gainer I shall be by my journey! Our neighbors will be confounded, when they see me return home this evening in a fine carriage!"

9. "I take you at your word," said the young gentleman; "I am going to resign to you my carriage and my horses.

And I engage to give you every thing that you have not; provided that you, on the other hand, give me every thing that you have, and that I want."

10. Martin having agreed to these conditions, the young traveller called his servants, and desired them to assist him in getting out of his carriage. Alas, what a sight! The legs of the amiable invalid were completely crooked, and incapable of supporting him. He was therefore obliged to be held by the servants till crutches were brought, on which he propped himself.

11. "Now," said he to little Martin, "have you still an inclination to change with me?"

12. "O dear, no, sir! I have no such wish," cried Martin, retreating from one who no longer excited his envy. "No, I do not wish to change. The health which I enjoy, and the use of my limbs, are of more value than any thing you can give me. I had rather eat my dry bread, and not want any body to help me to walk; and I had rather be without poultry and wine, than be carried like an image. Good afternoon, sir," added he, and immediately ran homeward.

13. "You are right," cried the young gentleman; "if you could only give me your legs, I would cheerfully strip myself of all that I possess in the world, to give you in return."

14. So true it is, that a poor person, with a good constitution, and well made, enjoys more true happiness than the most wealthy individual, who is a stranger to the blessings of health and strength. It must, therefore, be acknowledged that health is preferable to riches.

LESSON XXXVI.

The Power of Conscience.

1. A JEWELLER, a man of good character and considerable wealth, having occasion, in the way of his business, to travel at some distance from the place of his abode, took along with him a servant, in order to take care of his portmanteau. He had with him some of his best jewels, and a large sum of money, to which his servant was likewise privy.

2. The master having occasion to dismount on the road, the servant, watching his opportunity, took a pistol from

his master's saddle, and shot him dead on the spot; then rifled him of his jewels and money, and, hanging a large stone to his neck, he threw him into the nearest canal.

3. With this booty, he made off to a distant part of the country, where he had reason to believe that neither he nor his master was known. There he began to trade in a very low way at first, that his obscurity might screen him from observation, and, in the course of a good many years, seemed to rise by natural progress of business into wealth and consideration; so that his good fortune appeared at once the effect and reward of industry and virtue.

4. Of these he counterfeited the appearance so well, that he grew into great credit, married into a good family, and, by laying out his sudden stores discreetly, as he saw occasion, and joining to all an universal affability, he was admitted to a share of the government of the town, and rose from one post to another, till at length he was chosen chief magistrate.

5. In this office he maintained a fair character, and continued to fill it with no small applause, both as a governor and judge; till one day, as he sat upon the bench with some of his brethren, a criminal was brought before him, who was accused of murdering his master.

6. The evidence came out full, the jury brought in their verdict that the prisoner was guilty, and the whole assembly waited the sentence of the president of the court (which he happened to be that day) with great suspense.

7. Meanwhile he appeared to be in unusual disorder and agitation of mind; his color changed often, and at length he arose from his seat, and coming down from the bench, placed himself just by the unfortunate man at the bar, to the no small astonishment of all present.

8. "You see before you," said he, addressing himself to those who had sat on the bench with him, "a striking instance of the just awards of Heaven, which, this day, after thirty years' concealment, presents to you a greater criminal than the man just now found guilty."

9. He then made an ample confession of his guilt, and of all the aggravations of his crime. "Nor can I feel," continued he, "any relief from the agonies of an awakened conscience, but by requiring that justice be forthwith done against me in the most public and solemn manner."

10. We may easily suppose the amazement of all the as-

sembly, and especially of his fellow judges. However, they proceeded, upon his confession, to pass sentence upon him; and he died with all the symptoms of a penitent mind.

Questions.—Will the recollection of our past misconduct often arise to trouble us? What is that faculty of the mind called which remembers? What does the Bible say, Job, xv. 21, about the person who has committed crimes?

LESSON XXXVII.

The Twins.

1. During the period of the war of the revolution, there resided, in the western part of Massachusetts, a farmer by the name of Stedman. He was a man of substance, descended from a very respectable English family, well educated, distinguished for great firmness of character in general, and alike remarkable for inflexible integrity and steadfast loyalty to his king. Such was the reputation he sustained, that, even when the most violent antipathies against royalism swayed the community, it was still admitted on all hands, that farmer Stedman, though a tory, was honest in his opinions, and firmly believed them to be right.

2. The period came when Burgoyne was advancing from the north. It was a time of great anxiety with both the friends and foes of the revolution, and one which called forth their highest exertions. The patriotic militia flocked to the standard of Gates and Stark, while many of the tories resorted to the quarters of Burgoyne and Baum. Among the latter was Stedman. He had no sooner decided it to be his duty, than he took a kind farewell of his wife, a woman of uncommon beauty, gave his children, a twin boy and girl, a long embrace, then mounted his horse and departed.

3. He joined himself to the unfortunate expedition of Baum, and was taken, with other prisoners of war, by the victorious Stark. He made no attempt to conceal his name or character, which were both soon discovered, and he was accordingly committed to prison as a traitor. The gaol in which he was confined, was in the western part of Massachusetts, and nearly in a ruinous condition. The farmer was one night waked from his sleep by several persons in his room. "Come," said they, "you can now regain your

liberty; we have made a breach in the prison, through which you can escape."

4. To their astonishment, Stedman utterly refused to leave his prison. In vain they expostulated with him; in vain they represented to him that life was at stake. His reply was, that he was a true man, and a servant of king George, and he would not creep out of a hole at night, and sneak away from the rebels, to save his neck from the gallows. Finding it altogether fruitless to attempt to move him, his friends left him with some expressions of spleen.

5. The time at length arrived for the trial of the prisoner. The distance to the place where the court was sitting was about sixty miles. Stedman remarked to the sheriff, when he came to attend him, that it would save some expense and inconvenience, if he could be permitted to go alone, and on foot.

6. "And suppose," said the sheriff, "that you should prefer your safety to your honor, and leave me to seek you in the British camp?"

7. "I had thought," said the farmer, reddening with indignation, "that I was speaking to one who knew me."

8. "I do know you, indeed," said the sheriff; "I spoke but in jest; you shall have your way. Go, and on the third day I shall expect to see you at S——." * * * * The farmer departed, and at the appointed time he placed himself in the hands of the sheriff.

9. I was now engaged as his counsel. Stedman insisted, before the court, upon telling his whole story; and, when I would have taken advantage of some technical points, he sharply rebuked me, and told me that he had not employed me to prevaricate, but only to assist him in telling the truth. I had never seen such a display of simple integrity. It was affecting to witness his love of holy, unvarnished truth, elevating him above every other consideration, and presiding in his breast, as a sentiment even superior to the love of life.

10. I saw the tears more than once springing to the eyes of his judges; never before, or since, have I felt such an interest in a client. I plead for him as I would have plead for my own life. I drew tears, but I could not sway the judgment of stern men, controlled rather by a sense of duty than the compassionate promptings of humanity. Stedman was condemned.

11. I told him there was a chance of pardon, if he would

ask for it. I drew up a petition, and requested him to sign it; but he refused. "I have done," said he, "what I thought my duty. I can ask pardon of my God, and my king; but it would be hypocrisy to ask forgiveness of these men, for an action which I should repeat, were I placed again in similar circumstances. No! ask me not to sign that petition. If what you call the cause of American freedom, requires the blood of an honest man for a conscientious discharge of what he deemed his duty, let me be its victim. Go to my judges, and tell them that I place not my fears nor my hopes in them."

12. It was in vain that I pressed the subject; and I went away in despair. In returning to my house, I accidentally called on an acquaintance, a young man of brilliant genius, the subject of a passionate predilection for painting. This led him frequently to take excursions into the country, for the purpose of sketching such objects and scenes as were interesting to him. From one of these rambles he had just returned. I found him sitting at his easel, giving the last touches to a picture which attracted my attention. He asked my opinion of it.

13. "It is a fine picture," said I; "is it a fancy piece, or are they portraits?" "They are portraits," said he; "and, save perhaps a little embellishment, they are, I think, striking portraits of the wife and children of your unfortunate client, Stedman. In the course of my rambles, I chanced to call at his house in H——. I never saw a more beautiful group. The mother is one of a thousand, and the twins are a pair of cherubs."

14. "Tell me," said I, laying my hand on the picture, "tell me, are they true and faithful portraits of the wife and children of Stedman?" My earnestness made my friend stare. He assured me that, if he might be allowed to judge of his own productions, they were striking representations. I asked no further questions; I seized the picture, and hurried with it to the prison where my client was confined. I found him sitting, his face covered with his hands, and apparently wrung by keen emotion. I placed the picture in such a situation that he could not fail to see it. I laid the petition on the little table by his side, and left the room.

15. In half an hour I returned. The farmer grasped my hand, while tears stole down his cheeks; his eye glanced first upon the picture, and then to the petition. He said

nothing, but handed the latter to me. I took it, and left the apartment. He had put his name to it. The petition was granted, and Stedman was set at liberty.

LESSON XXXVIII.

The Real Value.

1. Happening the other day to be in a mercer's shop, I observed some young ladies busily engaged in choosing some gay articles of dress, and the shopman as busy in handing them down a variety to look at, and placing them in the most tempting point of view.

2. A lace veil seemed very strongly to attract the desire of one of these young ladies, and, having for some moments silently admired it, she whispered to her companions, and then inquired the price; the shopman said it was only two guineas: at this she appeared startled, but he continued his speech; "Yes, ma'am, uncommonly cheap; we are selling these things far below their *real value*."

3. A drawer of ribbons stood by, from which the ladies had been choosing, and a young girl, while waiting for some things she had been sent for, took up a shining pink satin, and asked the price,—at the same time slowly untwisting the corner of her pocket handkerchief, and bringing forth a hoarded shilling; the price was eight pence a yard.

4. "Eight pence!" said the girl with a sigh; "is that the lowest, sir?" "Yes," returned the shopman, "the very lowest; a shilling is the *real value*." "I suppose, sir, a yard and a half is not enough to put on a bonnet; I wanted to have had two yards."

5. The shopman unrolled it, and held it in the form of a bow. "Yes," said he, "you can't have less than two yards." The poor girl looked at the ribbon, and looked at the shilling, and seemed to say, "I wish I could stretch you to sixteen pence." "Well, shall I cut you off two yards?" asked the shopman. "No, sir, I believe not." "Then will you take a yard and a half?"

6. Seeing she hesitated, I contrived to draw her attention to some good strong worsted stockings, of which I had just been purchasing a pair for a girl about her own age; and which I could not help observing in my own mind she appeared to be very much in want of; for those she had on were com-

pletely out at the heels, which I had been thinking would very ill assort with the fine pink ribbon.

7. She looked at a pair, which the man told her were a shilling, adding, "They are *really worth* a great deal more money." But now my change was brought, and I left the shop, without knowing whether the young ladies purchased the two-guinea veil,—or the little maid the pink ribbon, or the stout worsted stockings.

8. However, as I walked home, my mind ran upon the shopman's repeated expression, "the *real* value." Perhaps he meant, that at some shops more money would have been charged for these things; but this is rather the comparative value, than the real value.

9. The weaver might perhaps have gained more at another kind of work than at this; another shopkeeper might have asked a higher price than this one did;—but neither of these things makes any difference as to the real value to the purchaser.

10. "Two guineas for a lace veil," thought I; "suppose that young lady should give it, it is all very well, if she can afford it, and it is becoming her station in life; but from what I saw, and what I know of her, I am very much of opinion that if two guineas go for that veil, they can be very ill spared, and I can easily fancy her placed in situations wherein she would feel that two guineas was far *more* than its real value.

11. Suppose she should be out in a heavy shower of rain, a mile or two from any shelter, what would her two-guinea veil do towards screening her person or her garments? or if some stranger should meet her, and offer an umbrella in exchange for her veil, how glad would she be to accept the bargain!—yet several very good umbrellas might have been bought for the same money.

12. *That* is of the greatest *real value* which is the most *really useful.*

LESSON XXXIX.

Dangers of Youth.

1. Our life is beset with perils at every step; but no period of it is, perhaps, quite so perilous, as that in which the boy is stepping into manhood. Then it is, that his feeling is

fervid, his hope vivid, and his self-confidence at the highest. Then it is, that he listens with most rapture to the voice of the siren; that his heart is most susceptible to the allurements of pleasure; and it is then that he spurns alike the trammels of restraint, and the counsels of friendship.

2. Untaught by experience, he despises that of others; wise in his own conceit, he scorns the monitions of age and riper judgment; full of himself, he perceives no need of direction or advice, and regards both as an insult to his understanding. He feels a sentiment of indignation and disdain towards those who presume to thwart his views, or to admonish or advise his consequential and all-sufficient self. His sense is deceived, "his soul is in a dream, he is fully confident that he sees things clearly, and yet he sees them in a false mirror, exactly such as they are not."

3. Nor is it always the youths of the least promise, that are in the most danger. Those of quick perception, of lively imaginations, and of strong passions, are in *peculiar* hazard during those green years, in which is the critical period of transition from the condition of boys to that of men. The very qualities, that distinguish them and set them above their fellows, diminish the probability of their establishing a sober steadiness of character, and often are the means of launching them into the whirlpool of dissipation, where all is lost; where reputation, morals, and whatever is estimable in human beings, are all engulphed together.

4. Far less is the danger, while the immature youth remains under the parental roof, or in "the well-ordered home." There, he finds it not so easy to shake off salutary restraints; there he must feel some respect for the opinion of the society in whose bosom he was born and educated; —some reverence of parental authority, and some regard to the feelings of near kindred. But when he leaves the haven of home, and is pushed off upon the stream of life, it is more than an even chance, that he will founder in the stream, if he have not *previously* been under the governance of *moral* and *religious principle.*

5. In his new situation, it often happens, that he finds new enticements to lead him astray, and at the same time feels himself loosened from the authority and influence which had hitherto repressed his wayward propensities;— and, if vicious and artful companions get the first hold on him, his ruin is, in all probability, sealed.

6. It was in clear view of these affecting circumstances, that the celestial poet, COWPER, penned the following lines:

> "——— My boy, the unwelcome hour is come,
> When thou, transplanted from thy genial home,
> Must find a colder soil, and bleaker air,
> And trust for safety to a stranger's care."

7. It is hard to mourn over the *death*, but it is sometimes still *harder* to mourn over the *life*, of a beloved child. When parents see the one, who, they had expected, would be found the solace of their age, the honor of their family, and an ornament to society—when they see him, at the instant of their highest hopes, turn to the ways of folly, deeply must they feel; and no heart but a heart thus exercised, can conceive the sharpness of the pang. This is sorrow indeed; and the best that parents can do to prevent it, is to train up their children in the way they should go,—to teach them betimes the fear of the Lord.

8. Good education is the thing in the world the most important and desirable, but is of wider scope than most people imagine. What is called learning, is only a part of it; and so far from being the most essential part, it is but the least.

9. In vain will you employ your endeavors to educate your children, unless you give seed to the *heart*, as well as culture to the understanding; unless you make their moral frame the subject of your assiduous and well-directed care; unless you take at least as much pains to make them well principled and of virtuous manners, as to make them shine in learning and accomplishments; for intellectual improvement, if their morals are neglected, will tend to render them wise only to do *evil*.

10. If you train up your child to a strict regard to truth, honesty, and integrity, and to a deep reverence of all that is sacred; if you train him up in habits of *industry*, TEMPERANCE, and love of *order*—it is then, and only then, you can *reasonably* expect that he will pass through the perilous crisis before him uncontaminated; and that his manhood will be crowned with honor and usefulness.

Questions.—What inflection on *boy*, in the 1st paragraph? What on *period* and *vivid*? on *siren*? Why are the words *death* and *life*, in the 7th paragraph, printed in italic? Which is the emphatic word in the sentence, "when they see him," in the 5th line of the same paragraph?

LESSON XL.

The Three Black Crows.

1. Two honest tradesmen meeting in the Strand,
One took the other briskly by the hand;
"Hark ye," said he, "'tis an odd story this,
About the crows!"
2. "I don't know what it is,"
Replied his friend.—
3. "No! I'm surprised at that;
Where I come from, it is the common chat:
But you shall hear; an odd affair indeed!
And that it happened, they are all agreed:
Not to detain you from a thing so strange,
A gentleman, that lives not far from 'Change,
This week, in short, as all the alley knows,
Took physic, and has thrown up three black crows."
4. "Impossible!"—
5. "Nay, but it's really true;
I had it from good hands, and so may you."
6. "From whose, I pray?" So having named the man,
Straight to inquire his curious comrade ran.
7. "Sir, did you tell"—relating the affair—
8. "Yes, sir, I did; and if its worth your care,
Ask Mr. Such-a-one; he told it me;
But, by the by, 'twas two black crows, not three."
9. Resolved to trace so wondrous an event,
Whip to the third, the virtuoso went.
"Sir,"—and so forth—
10. "Why, yes; the thing is fact,
Though in regard to number not exact;
It was not two black crows; 'twas only one;
The truth of that you may depend upon.
The gentleman himself told me the case."
11. "Where may I find him?"
12. "Why,—in such a place."
13. Away he goes, and having found him out,—
"Sir, be so good as to resolve a doubt."
Then to his last informant he referred,
And begged to know if true what he had heard.
"Did you, sir, throw up a black crow?"
14. "Not I!"

15. "Bless me! how people propagate a lie!
Black crows have been thrown up, three, two, and one,
And here I find at last all comes to none!
Did you say nothing of a crow at all?"
16. "Crow?—crow?—perhaps I might, now I recall
The matter over."
17. "And pray, sir, what was't?"
18. "Why, I was horrid sick, and, at the last,
I did throw up, and told my neighbor so,
Something that was as black, sir, as a crow."

LESSON XLI.

The Thistle-Seed.

1. On! on! as they bustled in blithesome speed,
The wild winds hurried a thistle-seed;
Now whirling it high o'er the oak's proud head,
Then wafting it down to the fern's low bed;
Now over the stream suspending their breath,
As if threatening it with a *watery* death;
Then blustering off, with a whirr and a sweep,
Till it dreaded a *worse*, on the dry, bare steep;
But tired, at last, of their toy, they found
Another, and floated the seed to the ground.

2. Close by in the nook, where it chanced to drop,
A bee was robbing a clover top;—
The sweetest, because, she feared, the last,
For the season of flowers was almost past;
And sagely pausing, anon, to glance
At the white-winged thing in its wild advance;
Then, seeing it nestle all mute and meek,
She deemed it her part the first to speak.

3. "Fine times, good neighbor, have you," she said;
"To be frolicking thus through sun and shade!
Have you gathered, already, your winter's store?—
Or do you belong to a wretched race,
That lay up nought for the cold, dark days,
But, holding their lives by the summer's grace,
Die when her reign is o'er?"

4. Not a sound did it utter by way of reply;
So nearer she came; and, with curious eye,

Ran over the form of the humble thing,
Then gave it a scornful brush with her wing;
"'Tis even worse than I thought," said she;
"Too mean for a look, from a wise, rich bee;
'Tis but the child of a worthless weed,
A still more worthless thistle-seed!"
And, spurning the ground on which it lay,
In high disdain she soared away.

5. The profitless winter through, the bee
Feasted at home right merrily;
And when spring came, with her treasure train,
As merrily went to work again.

6. But once, on her labors too intent,
Near an urchin rude her flight she bent,
Who, bounding up from his idling place,
After her followed in boisterous chase,
Over the crag, and over the brook,
'Till she found herself in a shadowy nook,
Where, powerless with affright, she fell
On a clover tuft that she knew full well;
And the stir of the leaves, that lay about,
Betrayed the step of the panting lout.

7. "Ho! ho! you're lodged, and now take that!"
He cried, and aiming his shapeless hat,
Forward he sprang, with a joyous hoot,
But was sadly pricked on the naked foot,
And, thinking no more of his cruel play,
Writhing and whimpering, limped away;
And, lo! on the luckless spot was seen
A strong young thistle, jagged and green!

8. "A lesson I've learned," said the contrite bee,
"Nothing to scorn, of whatever degree,
Since a rescue has sprung, in my hour of need,
From even that lowly thistle-seed!"

LESSON XLII.

The Father.

1. I'm breaking down, I'm breaking down,
An aged, sapless tree!

My head but wears a snowy crown,—
'Tis winter time with me.

2. O may the scions from my root,
That flourish green and high,
Be good, and yield a precious fruit,
Before, like me, they die!

3. The pruning knife whene'er they feel,
Beneath their owner's care,
Though keen, 'twill only wound to heal—
To make them bloom and bear.

4. They now are young, and fair, and sound;
And I am in decay:
In peace I leave to them the ground;
I drop and pass away.

5. Yet though my dust in earth be laid,
My life on earth withdrawn,
'Twill be but as a fleeting shade
Of night before the dawn!

6. For I shall spring beyond the tomb,
To new immortal prime,
Where all is light, and life, and bloom;
And no more winter time.

LESSON XLIII.

The Day of Life.

1. The morning hours of cheerful light,
Of all the day are best;
But, as they speed their hasty flight,
If every hour be spent aright,
We sweetly sink to sleep at night,
And pleasant is our rest.

2. And life is like a summer's day,
It seems so quickly past:
Youth is the morning, bright, and gay;
And if 'tis spent in wisdom's way,
We meet old age without dismay,
And death is sweet at last.

LESSON XLIV.

The Blind Boy.

1. Seven children gathered around the board of William Halleck; and though poverty lay like a dark mist on his prospects, and sometimes pressed heavily on his heart, yet the hardy and pious farmer toiled patiently along the thorny path he found marked out for him. Death had never entered his doors; but sickness had come often, with fatigue, expense, anxiety, and sorrow in her train; and beneath his roof dwelt one being, at once a living joy and a living sorrow.

2. His fourth child was a bright and beautiful boy; but God had shut out from his mind the perception of all visible loveliness. Henry was born blind. The hearts of the parents were troubled when the terrible suspicion first came upon their minds, that the fair infant on whom they gazed, lay in a world of darkness. Many and various were the experiments they tried, to ascertain the truth, and it was long after every friend and neighbor that looked upon the child had expressed his melancholy conviction, ere the father and mother would shut their hearts against all hope.

3. But the boy grew and strengthened; his little limbs became active; he stood by his mother's knee; he grasped her hand, and walked tottering at her side; language came in due season to his tongue, and his artless prattle and happy laugh, were the loudest and the liveliest in the house.

4. Yet vision was still wanting, and the earth and all it contained, even the faces of those he best loved, were shut from his gaze. He was born to be a poor, useless, helpless, blind boy; and the hearts of his parents sometimes ached to the core, as they looked on his blooming cheek and sightless eyes, and thought of the future.

5. But the voice of complaint was a sound unknown beneath the roof of William Halleck, and the hymn of thanksgiving ascended every evening from the lips of his family circle, ere the deep sleep of the weary came on their eyelids.

6. Three winters in succession had a rheumatic fever laid one of the daughters of William Halleck on the bed of sickness; yet she, too, like the rest of that humble household, was industrious, contented, and pious. She was

two years older than Henry; and the mutual sense of infirmity had knit the bonds of a brother's and a sister's love most closely between them.

7. When the invalid first rose from the weary bed of pain, and went forth under the blue sky of spring, it was the strengthening arm of Henry that supported her; and when the blind boy asked for things that were shut up from none but him, it was the soft voice of Mary that answered his questions, and poured into his mind the delight of new ideas. It was Henry who sat by Mary's bedside, in her hours of suffering, and ministered to her wants.

8. He knew by her breathing, when she slept, and remained still and silent in his darkness till she awoke. He knew by the very tones of her voice, when she was better, and when she was worse, and though he stole about her room with the bent head and outstretched hand of the blind, he seldom missed finding any thing that Mary wanted. And it was Mary who gave Henry that knowledge of the Being who made him, which was a bright light to his mind, and shed over his spirit a hope more gladdening than the sunshine which cheereth all outward things.

9. As soon as pain ceased to rack her joints, and strength was in a measure restored to her limbs, Mary was wont to arise and return thankfully to those employments, in which alone she was permitted to assist the toils of her family. The first warm days of spring were, to Henry, days of rejoicing. As soon as he felt their breath, he used to hasten into the house, crying with a glad voice, "Summer is coming, and Mary will get well!"

10. To him, the first note of the robin told not of the verdure and blossoms which were soon to cover the face of nature with beauty; but it announced that she whom he loved would be freed from her pain, and come out with him into the pure air, and go into the fields and woods, gathering fragrant wild-flowers, listening to the music of the winds, waters, and birds, and talking to him cheerfully and usefully.

11. Mary was entering upon her seventeenth spring; and before the April snows had melted from the fields, she was already so well, that she sat up, as she was accustomed, at her little window, plying her needle with a busy and skilful hand. There came a heavy storm of rain with warm south winds, and in one night the snowy mantle of the earth had

vanished, and the fields lay bare and brown the next day, beneath a clear sky and warm sun. It was a beautiful morning, and unseen influences were busy in the trees that stretched their arms silently to the gentle breeze, and in the very sods that basked in the sunshine.

12. The leaf was preparing to put forth, the green blade to sprout, and the pulses of man beat lightly and happily under the spell of the season. Henry felt the soft west wind on his cheek, and heard the first notes of the spring birds. As soon as the sun rode high in the heavens, he went to summon Mary from her toils, to walk with him as far as the Great Oak, a spot which she loved, because it commanded a wide and beautiful prospect, and which was dear to him, because she loved it, and because it was always the end of their first walk in spring.

13. Mary hesitated, for she feared the dampness of the ground; but Henry had gone with a younger brother all the way up to the Great Oak on purpose, and assured her the path was dry. She stood at the door, and as she looked up at the clear and beautiful sky, around on the landscape, and again on the pleading face of her blind brother, she could not find it in her heart to say, "No."

14. They went out together, and Mary was glad she had gone. Her own heart seemed to expand with quiet happiness as she walked. What invalid is not happy in breathing the open air for the first time, after tedious months of confinement, and feels not as if the simplest act of existence were in itself a luxury?

15. Henry went leaping by her side, with short and joyous bounds, pouring forth the exuberance of his spirits in the songs she had taught him, asking a thousand questions, and sometimes stopping to listen, when the sound of a sheep-bell, the note of a bird, or the murmur of a distant voice, struck on his quick ear.

16. When the way was rough, he walked closer to her side, holding her hand tightly, and seeming as if made happier by the pensive smiles on that pale face he could not see. He asked her sometimes if the walk was making her cheeks red, for then he knew that his father would say she was well; and sometimes he furnished her with food for reflection, as she wondered what ideas were conveyed to his mind by the terms he had learned to use in speaking of visible objects.

17. At last they came to the Great Oak; and as they sat resting together on the rock under its leafless branches, the gaiety of the blind boy subsided, and he caught something of the same sedate happiness which pervaded the spirit of Mary. They talked together for a long time, and at last sunk into silence. At last he asked, with a mournful tone, —"Mary, do you think it would be a hard thing if I were to die young?"

18. Mary shrunk from a question which seemed so natural for one in his situation; because she did not imagine that such thoughts had ever entered the mind of the gay and laughing boy. She was startled, too, at the coincidence between their reflections; it was as if she had looked into his mind, and found it a mirror of her own. But she asked Henry quietly if he were weary of the life God had given him.

19. "Oh! no," returned the blind boy; "but it would not frighten me, or make me unhappy, if I knew that I were going to die. I know I must be a burden all my life to my parents; and I can be of little use to any one—even to you! I think—I know not why—it was not meant I should stay here long. God will soon see whether I am patient, amiable, and pious; he will take me away, when I have been sufficiently tried."

20. Mary made no answer. She, too, had moments when the conviction that her life was not to be a long one, came upon her most powerfully; and to her, too, it brought that same gentle, melancholy satisfaction which seemed stealing over the mind of her blind brother. He had once asked her, when a very little boy, if she thought he should *see* in heaven; and the question had made her shed many tears.

21. She wept now, while she listened to his plaintive voice, and heard him talk with humble piety of his willingness to die in the first blossoming of youth; yet her tears were not tears of bitterness, for she saw that the frame of mind in which he spoke was one calculated to make him happy, living or dying. She told him so at last; and strove to strengthen in his mind that feeling which disarms all vexation and sorrow—a perfect confidence that there is a secret good in every event that befalls us.

22. Her own spirit was so deeply imbued with this conviction, that it gave the coloring to her whole character; it was the idea which occurred to her habitually and incessant-

ly; it was the secret of that peace of mind which neither trouble, poverty, nor sickness could ruffle. She taught him to try to discover the good shrouded in seeming evil; and how, when the justice and mercy of any event were past finding out, to give up the search in undoubting confidence that all was right, suffering not his soul to be disquieted.

Questions.—What is the meaning of *board* in the 1st line of the 1st paragraph? What is meant in the last sentence of the paragraph, when it is said that one of William Halleck's children was "at once a living joy and a living sorrow?" What inflection on the word *joy?* What on *sorrow?* What is the meaning of *visible*, in paragraph 2? What is an *invalid*, paragraph 7? Meaning of *wont*, in paragraph 9? What other meaning has the word? What is meant, when it is said, in paragraph 18, that there was a *coincidence* between their reflections? Which are the two emphatic words in the sentence, "death had never entered his doors, but sickness had come often," in the 1st paragraph? What inflection upon the words *fatigue*, *expense*, *anxiety*, and *sorrow*, in the same sentence?

LESSON XLV.

The Blind Boy—(continued.)

1. The youthful pair rose at last to return home, in the holiest and happiest temper. Mary was still an invalid, and soon felt that she had made more exertion than she ought to have done. She paused a moment at the foot of the hill, because there were two ways that led home. They had come by a circuitous path leading through pleasant fields and lanes; and the road by which they now proposed to return, would conduct them across the mill-brook, straight to the village.

2. She was weak and faint, and they took the shortest way. Silently they walked on, till they had almost reached a gently rising ground, which lay between them and the mill-stream, when Henry suddenly exclaimed, "Sister Mary, where are we? I hear the water running!" Mary listened a moment with a surprised and anxious countenance, and quickened her pace as they ascended the hill.

3. As soon as they came in sight of the stream, she stopped, astonished, and almost terrified. The heavy rain of the previous day, and the melting of the snow among the hills, had swollen the mill-brook into a deep and rapid stream; and it now rushed by them with the sound of many

waters, bearing on its turbid bosom marks of the devastation it had already wrought in its course.

4. The young birches and alders that had shaded its green banks the preceding summer, torn up by the roots, were whirled along with the current; and amid the white foam Mary descried the wet, black planks and beams, which told the destruction of an old mill of her father's, higher up the stream. The bridge, and the new mill just below it, were yet standing, but the waters rose furiously against them, and they both shook and tottered.

5. Sounds came up every moment amid the tumult, which told that something unseen had given way; and Mary looked around in vain for help or counsel. There was not a human being in sight. She did not try to conceal from Henry their situation; and though the hand she held did not tremble with the natural fear of one so young and helpless, she saw by his countenance that he was awed.

6. A short but fervent prayer was in her mind. There was no time to be lost. She grew weaker every moment; and summoning up all her strength for one effort, with a quick, firm step, looking neither to the right nor left, she hastened upon the bridge, leading her blind brother. They had already half crossed it, when Henry, bewildered by the noise and the shaking under his feet, shrunk back involuntarily. Mary flung one arm around him, and feebly strove to drag him forward, when, with a tremendous crash, the main supporters of the bridge gave way under them, and in an instant they were precipitated amid its wrecks into the raging waters.

7. There were those who beheld this spectacle, and a wild cry of agony arose amid the din of destruction; but it came not from the lips of the struggling sufferers. William Halleck had come forth to look for his children, and warn them of the freshet. Just as he reached the top of the rising ground opposite the one they had descended, he beheld them, with horror, attempting to cross the tottering bridge. It was but for a moment: as he sprang forward at the sight, a fearful sound broke on his ear, and in another moment they were snatched from his gaze.

8. There was a short interval of confusion, shouts, and cries. Friends and neighbors came running over the hill to the scene of destruction, and there were pale, dismayed faces, hasty suggestions, and wild efforts to discover and

save the drowning victims; but all in vain. Suddenly, the frantic father descried his Henry sitting, apparently in security, upon some of the wrecks of the bridge, which had become jammed together, and were arrested in their progress near the mill.

9. At the same moment, the whole group caught sight of Mary, carried alive and struggling over the mill-dam. With one impulse they rushed down the banks and round the mill, to her rescue. The father followed his neighbors with hurried steps and trembling knees, casting a single glance to ascertain that Henry was indeed safe, and calling to him, as he passed, not to stir till his return. Henry seemed not to hear. He sat motionless, and crouching down in the extremity of his terror, uttering quick, low shrieks. They were lost in the tumult, and he was left alone.

10. The father came down to the flat rocks below the mill, just as the bruised, dripping, and lifeless body of his daughter was drawn out of the water. With sad countenances and silent lips, her two elder brothers laid the pale corpse—for such it was—on a board, and carried it hastily up to the village, with a vain hope of resuscitation. The father followed it a few moments anxiously; and then, suddenly recollecting his helpless, blind boy, he went with one or two neighbors to bring him to his desolate home.

11. Henry was where he had left him, bowed down, silent, motionless. The father's look grew fixed and earnest as he drew nigh. He strode hastily over the heaps of timber and ruin, stooped to lift his child, and uttered a cry of horror. The lower limbs of the poor blind boy were wedged fast between two heavy beams of the demolished bridge, and he had fainted with excess of agony.

12. Wild and almost superhuman were the efforts with which the father strove to relieve his child from a situation so horrible; but it was not till his friends came with axe and hatchet, with calmer heads and steadier hands, to his assistance, that the sufferer was extricated.

13. It was a night of grief and agony beneath the roof of William Halleck. The remains of the fair, gentle, and pious Mary, lay stretched on her own little bed in one room, and in the next, father, mother, brothers, and sisters, hung weeping round the couch of the suffering Henry. Acute, indeed, were the pains with which it pleased God to visit

the youthful saint; and saint-like indeed was the resignation with which those pains were borne.

14. But about midnight his agonies were suddenly calmed, and hope fluttered for a moment in the heavy hearts of those who loved him. It was but for a moment. The physician announced that the process of mortification had begun, and death was drawing nigh. All at once the voice of the blind boy was heard, calling his mother in a faint, but calm voice. She came to his bedside, and he took hold of her hand. Then he asked for his father, brothers, and sisters. They all came. He touched each, and said, "Mary is not here."

15. No one spoke, but he felt his mother's hand quiver in his. "Mary is drowned," said he; "God has taken her to be an angel. Do not sob, mother, because she and I are to be so much happier than we ever could be on earth. Let me tell you of what Mary and I were talking, this very morning, and you will see that God has kindly called us away, at the very time when we were most willing, perhaps most fit, to die."

16. Then he told them briefly all that had passed that day, and, after a moment's pause, added,—"Father and mother! I thank God for taking me away so young; and so, too, did Mary. You will be saved much trouble, much care; and we shall find no temptation, no sin, where we are going. Mary will never suffer pain and sickness again; and I, the poor blind boy, that never saw even your dear face, mother, I shall behold God. My eyes will be opened, and I shall go from a world of darkness into a world of light.

17. "Promise me, all of you, that you will not sit down and mourn for me when I am dead; you will observe how wise and good it was that Mary and I should both die young. I have been a happy boy. God gave you a sick child, and a blind one, to try your patience and virtue, and you have borne the trial well. You have been very kind to us both; you never said a harsh thing to your blind boy.

18. "We have lived just long enough to try your submission, but not long enough to be a heavy burden all your lives to you; and now God has taken us away, just as we could have wished, together, and at the best of times to die—the best for you, the best for us. Sometimes it is hard to see why things should be as they are; but this is an easy matter to understand. I am sure it is right, and I am happy!"

19. Henry Halleck never spoke again; but his last words had breathed comfort into the hearts of his parents, which dwelt there enduringly with his memory.

20. He lingered till morning. The first red beams of that sun he had never seen, fell on his pale features and sightless eyes. He felt his mother drawing open the curtain of the little window at his bedside, that she might behold his face more plainly. With a faint smile on his lips, he turned towards her; it became fixed, and with a short spasm, his innocent spirit passed suddenly and peacefully into the world he had panted to know.

21. Death had at last come under the roof of William Halleck, and summoned the young, fair, and good; but he had come in visible kindness. When the dispensation is dark, dreadful, and mysterious, latent good is still there; and the true Christian seeks for it—and, if he finds it not, still adores without doubting.

Questions.—What is the meaning of *turbid*, in paragraph 3? of *main*—"main support of the bridge," in paragraph 6? Meaning of *descried*, in paragraph 8? of *resuscitation*, in paragraph 10? of *demolished*, in paragraph 11? *extricated*, in paragraph 12? How should we feel when we see those who are deprived of the use of some of the senses we possess, or have lost the use of limbs?

LESSON XLVI.

Letter-Writing.

1. When Rollo was about nine years old, he was unwell for a day or two; and one evening, after his mother had sat by his bedside, talking with him until he had fallen asleep, she wrote him a letter, telling him the advantages of being sick, and that we learn by experience how others feel when they are sick, and how they like quiet and gentle treatment, and kind and soothing words.

2. Rollo was much pleased when he awoke in the morning, and found the letter in a chair by his bedside, so placed that he could read the word "Rollo," which was written very legibly upon it.

3. After breakfast, his mother, on going to the door, found that a bleak wind was blowing; and she thought that it would be better for Rollo to remain in the house. She moved her little desk into the parlor, and put it by the side

of the fire; and she told him that he might sit at it, and amuse himself in any way he pleased.

4. "You may read," she said, "in some story-book, or you may write, or draw, or paste pictures into your scrap-book." "I'll tell you what I will do, mother," said Rollo. "I will write an answer to your letter." "Very well," replied his mother; "I should like to have you do that, very much."

5. So Rollo began to get out his writing materials to write his letter. His mother went away, and in about ten minutes came back into the room, intending to sit down to her work, and keep Rollo company. She found him just folding up the piece of paper which he had been writing upon. "Have you finished your letter already?" she said. "Yes," he replied; "haven't I been quick?" "Pretty quick," rejoined his mother, "though that is not always the highest praise a letter can receive."

6. "What is not?" asked Rollo. "Its having been written quick," she replied. At the same time she took Rollo's letter, sat down by the side of her work-table, laid her work down, and prepared to read the letter. Rollo stood by her side to look over.

7. The paper was a small, square piece. It was folded over and over once or twice; on the back side was written, "For my Mother," in pretty large letters. They opened it, and Rollo's mother read as follows. It was written very near the upper edge of the paper, and there were some mistakes; but she took no notice of them in reading it. She read it correctly, as Rollo intended it to have been written.

"Dear Mother—

"I am very much obliged to you for sending me a letter. I am going to write you an answer now. I believe I cannot write any more now.

"Your affectionate son,

"Rollo."

8. "O dear me!" said Rollo, "how the *Rollo* is blotted!" "Yes," said his mother, "you folded it up before the ink was dry." "That is because I was in a hurry to get it done," replied Rollo. "Yes," said his mother; and she began then to resume her work.

9. "Well, mother," said Rollo, after a few minutes' pause, "and what do you think of my letter?" "I know

what I *think*," said she, "but I don't know exactly what I had better say." "Why not?" said Rollo. "Because I don't know which you most desire, praise' or improvement'." "I don't understand exactly what you mean," said Rollo.

10. "Why, if you have written this letter only to be praised for it, and are in such a state of mind as to be satisfied, yourself, with this first attempt, and wish to find me satisfied with it, then I must praise it; and I can praise it very easily and honestly, for, considering that it is the first attempt, it is really very well.

11. "But, on the other hand, if your mind is more inten on future improvement than on present praise, then I must look over the letter, and find out all the faults, and tell you of them, so that you may improve, and become a good letter-writer. But then, if I do that, it will disturb the satisfaction which you now feel with your letter; for I should find a good many faults."

12. Rollo hesitated. He hardly knew which view he should prefer to have his mother take of the case. He had written the letter to please his mother, and he wanted very much to have her express herself pleased and satisfied with it; but then, on the other hand, he wanted to make improvement, and so he wished to have the faults pointed out.

13. "Mother," he said at length, after thinking of the subject a few minutes, "I wish you would do both. First tell me about the letter, as if you thought I wanted praise, and then, afterwards, tell me the faults."

14. "Very well," said his mother, "I will. In the first place, then, I think you was a good boy to think of writing me an answer, of your own accord. It showed that you felt some gratitude to me for writing the letter. Then it is written neatly. 'Tis true you blotted the *Rollo* a little in folding it up; but then you seem to have taken pains and care to write it well, and to keep it clean. Then you finished it all, complete, folding and addressing it; and you made no fretful complaints about your pen and ink, or your writing, while you were at work."

15. While his mother was saying this, Rollo leaned upon the arm of her chair, looking down upon her work, but with an evident expression of pleasure upon his countenance. When his mother had finished, he paused a moment, and then, looking up, he said,

16. "And now, mother, tell me what you would say if I

wanted improvement." "Very well, I will," she said. "In the first place, the form of the paper would have been better if you had folded it once, before you began to write, like a sheet of paper, so as to make four pages. It would then have looked more like a real letter."

17. "Well, mother," said Rollo, "I will fold over the next one."

18. "Then you have not written any date. The date, you know, is a memorandum of the place and time where the letter was written, and is placed upon the upper corner, towards the right hand." "But, mother, you knew where the letter was written, and when." "Yes, but your object is improvement, and so it is best to write the letter according to all the usual forms. Besides, it is specially important to be in the habit of always putting in the date to a letter. Some persons very frequently forget it."

19. Here Rollo went to his desk, and looked at his mother's letter, which was lying open there, and said, "Yours is dated, 'At my Work-Table.' I thought we ought to put in the name of the town."

20. "We must put in such a designation of the place as will be sufficient for the information of the person whom we are writing to. As you knew perfectly well what town I was writing in, I thought it would be more interesting to you to know that I was writing at my work-table." "Yes, mother, it was," said Rollo.

21. "So, sometimes, people date a letter 'At Sea,' or 'Newgate Prison,' or 'On board ship Bellerophon,' or put any other designation of the place which they think will be most interesting to their correspondent."

22. "Newgate Prison?" repeated Rollo. "Yes," replied his mother; "if a person was in Newgate Prison, which is in London, he would be likely to date his letter in those words, rather than by the word 'London.' So you might date a letter to Jonas, if you should write one to him, 'In the Parlor,' or wherever you might write it."

23. "I will," said Rollo, his eye brightening up at the idea. "I will write Jonas a letter. Perhaps he will answer it."

24. "Perhaps he will; but now I am going on to tell you of the points in which you can improve, in writing your letters."

25. "Well, mother," said Rollo, "what is the next?"

26. "The next point is, that I would advise you, after you have written a letter, always to look it over very carefully yourself, before you send it, and correct all the mistakes you can find in it." "Are there any mistakes in my letter to you, mother?" said Rollo. "Yes," replied his mother, "there are several."

27. Rollo looked over his letter carefully, as his mother had suggested, and he found quite a number of mistakes. Some words were misspelt; commas and periods were omitted, and in one case a whole word was left out. Rollo corrected these errors, and he determined that when he had finished his letter to Jonas, he would revise it very carefully, before it was sent.

28. "I have one thing more to tell you," resumed his mother, "and that relates to the subject matter of your letter. It contains three sentences. The first tells me that you were very glad to receive a letter from me. That is very well, for I should naturally be glad to have evidence that the letter pleased you. The second sentence tells me you were going to write me an answer. Now, it was of no consequence to say that, for of course, on receiving your answer, I should know that you concluded to write me one. And the last sentence tells me that you cannot write any more now. This I should know too, of course, by finding that the letter was ended. So that two sentences out of three were of no use."

29. Rollo smiled at the emptiness of his epistle. After a minute or two, however, he attempted to excuse it, by remarking that he did not know what else to say.

30. "O, yes," replied his mother; "you might have told me how you felt this morning, or what you were intending to do to-day; or have given me an account of something you had seen or done before you were sick; or asked me some questions. There are a thousand things you might have written about. You never have any trouble in finding something to talk about.

31. "What should you think, if you should come down some morning, and find Nathan in the parlor, and should say something to him, and then he should answer, 'Rollo, I am glad you spoke to me, and I am going to say something to you in answer. That is all I am going to say now.'" Rollo laughed outright at the idea of such a speech from

Thanny; but his mother told him it would be almost exactly like his letter.

32. "A great many people," said she, "fill up their letters with utterly useless matter, which gives their correspondents no information, and affords them no pleasure;—such as apologies for not having written before; or telling them that they have concluded to write now; or that they mean to write more frequently hereafter; or that they have a bad pen, or are in a hurry; or that their hand trembles; or other similar things. I advise you to fill up your letters with something more interesting than such things."

LESSON XLVII.

Good Advice.

Rollo's Father to Rollo.

"DEAR ROLLO— Jan. 12.

"You know I have been very busy lately, and I have not been able, before this, to answer your little note, though I have been intending to write you a letter of advice, according to your request. I, however, regret this the less, for now I can write it on your birth-day, and that will be as well as if it had been written at New Year's. To-day you are ten years old.

2. "In the first place, I thank you very much for the pen-wiper. It will be very convenient for me, indeed, and I shall often think of you when I am using it. I do not see, however, that I have now any thing to give you in return, except some of the advice you asked me for; but I can give you plenty of that. For, as this is a very important birth-day of yours, and as I am at leisure this evening, I am going to write you a pretty long letter.

3. "I say this is an important birth-day of yours; but perhaps you have never supposed that one birth-day is any more important than another. The circumstance which leads me to consider this peculiarly important, is, that it is the commencement of your second *decade*. A decade of years is a period of ten years. You have completed one decade, and now commence another. And the one which you now commence is, probably, the most important of all the decades of life; that is, your character and happiness for the rest of life depend more upon it than upon any other

4. "Hitherto you have been merely a boy. Now, although you will continue for some time longer to be a boy, you are, nevertheless, beginning to form the character of the man. A child only spends two decades under his father's care. One of yours is already gone;—and now I see very clearly that your whole character, your standing in life, your happiness, your usefulness, every thing depends upon the means of improvement which I shall provide for you for the ten years to come, and the manner in which you avail yourself of them.

5. "I have been thinking of the subject myself, and have resolved to do the best that I can, to furnish you with the facilities for moral and intellectual progress;—and I want you to see the subject in the same light that I do, and so do the best that *you* can to improve them. For, if either of us fail to do so, when this decade is once passed, it will be forever too late to repair the injury. I am going to give you advice in respect to three particulars.

6. "*First*, Your *Studies*.—During the ten years now past, you have laid a foundation for future improvement, and that is all. You have learned to read, and write, and spell, and to calculate in figures. These attainments are the instruments with which you are now going on to acquire knowledge. Hereafter, you will have to study more regularly and systematically than you have done.

7. "We do not confine a young child very closely to study, because we wish his health and strength to become firmly established; and this can be effected only by a good deal of exercise in the open air. But henceforth I shall make arrangements for you to study with more regularity and system than you have done, both at home and in the schools that you will be sent to.

8. "And you must not expect that these studies will always be interesting or agreeable. It is true that, in advancing in knowledge, we find, in general, that our progress becomes more and more easy and pleasant, as we go on; and there is, perhaps, no part of one's education more irksome than the very beginning of it,—the learning of the A B C. Still, your studies will not yet be alluring enough for you to go forward efficiently of your own accord.

9. "You will get tired of them a great many times; but still you must persevere. You must not feel discouraged because you are tired of them; but press on. Acquire knowledge as fast as you can, and lay broad and deep founda-

tions for future acquisitions. Knowledge will be more valuable to you than any other worldly advantage which you can possess.

10. "Knowledge, of the right kind, will always command subsistence, respect, influence, and honor. And it is a very *safe* possession. Thieves cannot steal it; fire cannot burn it; storms at sea cannot sink it. Men cannot deprive you of it in any way. God only can take it away from you by bodily or mental disease. I hope, then, that for the ten years to come, you will coöperate pleasantly and perseveringly with me, in my efforts to store your mind with useful knowledge.

11. "Secondly, *Manners.*—I want to have you acquire, during the next ten years, not only the knowledge of a scholar, but the manners of a gentleman. A gentleman is one whose manners and habits are such as tend to promote the happiness of those who have intercourse with him. Some persons contrive to make those around them feel uncomfortable or unhappy, by neglecting them, or not showing proper regard to their wishes or feelings, or saying unkind or disagreeable things, or being rude or noisy, or in any way unpleasant in manners. Others are so kind, and attentive, and gentle, and unassuming, that their very appearance and address give pleasure.

12. "This is being gentlemanly. Now, perhaps, the best period of life for the formation of gentlemanly manners and habits, is the very period which you are now entering upon, viz., the second ten years of life. So that I hope you will now pay more strict and careful attention than ever before to this subject, so as to form and fix the very best of manners and habits, and thus carry with you, and diffuse around you, as you go on through life, a constant atmosphere of enjoyment.

13. "Thirdly, *Character.*—Your moral and religious feelings and character will probably be fixed during the next ten years. Shall you form the habit of humbly looking to God, through the Saviour, for the forgiveness of your sins, and for your future protection, and try to live in obedience to his commands,—denying yourself every improper pleasure, and seeking the happiness of others? Or shall you live without God in the world, and be left to wander away into the paths of sin and vice?

14. "This great question you will begin now to settle;

and it will, probably, be finally settled before this ten years have passed away. *We* try to train you up in the fear of God, and in habits of obedience to his commands. It gives us great pleasure to perceive that you generally coöperate with us in these efforts. We hope you will do so more and more; so that, when this next ten years are gone, we can see that you are growing up to be a well-educated, gentlemanly, virtuous, and pious man."

"I am

"Yours, very affectionately,

"FATHER."

LESSON XLVIII.

Letter from a Student at College to his Mother.

"MY DEAR MOTHER—

"Though I am sitting with my back towards you, yet I love you none the less; and what is quite as strange, I can see you just as plainly as if I stood peeping in upon you. I can see you all just as you sit round the family table. Tell me if I do not see you. There is mother, on the right of the table, with her knitting, and a book open before her; and anon she glances her eyes from the work on paper to that on her needles; now counts the stitches, and then puts her eye on the book, and starts off for another round.

2. "There is Mary, looking wise, and sewing with all her might, now and then stopping to give Sarah and Louisa a lift in getting their lessons, and trying to initiate them into the mysteries of geography. She is on the left of the table. There, in the back ground, is silent Joseph, with his slate, now making a mark, and then biting his lip, or scratching his head, to see if the algebraic expression may have hidden in either of these places.

3. "George is in the kitchen, tinkering his skates, or contriving a trap for that old offender of a rat, whose cunning has so long brought mortification on all his boastings. I can now hear his hammer, and his whistle—that peculiar, sucking sort of whistle, which always indicates a puzzled state of the brain.

4. "Little William and Henry are snug in bed, and, if you will just open their bedroom door, you will barely hear them breathe. And now mother has stopped, and is absent and thoughtful, and my heart tells me that she is thinking

of her only absent child. Who can he be? Will you doubt any more that I have studied magic, and can see with my back turned to you, and many a hill and valley between us?

5. "You have been even kinder than I expected, or you promised. I did not expect to hear from you till to-morrow, at the earliest. But, as I was walking to-day, one of my class-mates cries, 'A bundle for you at the stage-office!' and away I went, as fast as the dignity of a sophomore* would allow me. The bundle I seized, and muffled it under my cloak, though it made my arms ache, and, with as much speed as my 'conditions' would permit me, I reached my room.

6. "Out came my knife, and, forgetting all your good advice about 'strings and fragments,' the said bundle quickly owned me victor, and opened its very heart to me; and it had a warm heart, too, for there were the stockings, and there were the flannels, and the bosoms, and the gloves, and the pin-cushion from Louisa, and the needle-book from Sarah, and the paper from Mary, and the letters and love from all of you. I spread open my treasures, and both my heart and feet danced for joy, while my hands rubbed each other out of sympathy.

7. "Thanks to you all, for bundle, and letters, and love. One corner of my eye is moistened, while I say, 'Thank ye all, gude folks.' I must not forget to mention the apples—'the six apples, one from each'—and the beautiful little loaf of cake. I should not dare to call it little, if it had not brought the name from you. The apples I have smelled of, and the cake I have just nibbled a little, and pronounced it to be 'in the finest taste.'

8. "Now, a word about your letter. I cannot say much, for I have only read mother's three times, and Mary's twice. Those parts which relate to my own acts and doings, greatly edify me. Right glad to find that the spectacles fitted mother's eyes so well. You wondered how I hit it. Why, have I not been told, from my very boyhood, 'You have your mother's eyes'? And what is plainer than that, if I have her eyes, I can pick out glasses that will fit them?

* Students are called *freshmen*, during their first year in college; in the second, *sophomores;* in the third, *juniors;* and in the last year, *seniors*.

9. "I am glad, too, that the new book is a favorite. I shall have to depend on you to read for me, for here I read nothing but my lesson, and, peradventure, dip into mathematics. Joseph's knife shall be forthcoming, and the orders of William and Henry shall be honored, if the apothecary has the pigments. 'George is delighted with his sled'—a cheering item; for my thumb has retired into his cot, and growled and ached ever since, and even now, ever and anon, gives me a twinge, by way of recalling the feat of building the sled.

10. "And you really think that the pigs have profited by my labors, and that though they have forgotten *me*, yet they like the sty! If they do well, I shall be paid next fall, whether they are grateful or not. Old Charley should be kept warm. He has carried me too many miles to be neglected now. I am sorry I did not have his condition more in mind when at home. Poor fellow! I enjoyed his aid, and helped to make him grow old.

11. "And old Rover, let him have his kennel warm; and if he thinks so much of me, as to 'go to my room' after me, let him have my old wrapper. One member more,—tell Sukey, that, though I mention her after horses and dogs, it is not out of any want of respect. I will wear the mittens which she knit and sent, and, in return, though I cannot approve, will send as much, at least, of 'real Scotch,' as will fill her box.

12. "I suppose the pond is all frozen over, and the skating good. I know it is foolish; yet, if mother and Mary had skated as many 'moony' nights as I have, they would sigh, not at the *thought*, but at the *fact*, that skating days are over. Never was a face more bright and beautiful than the face of that pond, in a clear, cold night, under a full moon.

13. "Do the boys go down by my willow still? and do they still have the flag on the little island in the centre, where I used to rear the flag-staff once a year? I was going to tell you all about college. But when I think I will begin, poh! my thoughts are all at home! What a place home is! I would not now exchange ours for wealth enough to make you all kings and queens.

14. "I am warm, well, and comfortable: we all study some; and dull fellows like me have to confess that we study hard. We have no genius to help us. My chum is

a good fellow.—he now sits in yonder corner—his feet poised upon the stove in such a way, that the dullness seems to have run out of his heels into his head, for he is fast asleep.

15. "I have got it framed, and there it hangs, the picture of my father!—I never look up without seeing it, and I never see it without thinking that my mother is a widow, and that I am her eldest son. What more I think, I will not be foolish enough to say; you will imagine it better than I can say it.

16. "Your gentle hint, dear mother, about leaving my Bible at home, was kind; but it will relieve you to know, that I left it designedly, and, in its place, took my dear father's from the upper shelf in your little library room; and what is more, I read it every day.

17. "I need not say, Write! write! for I know that some of you will, at the end of three weeks. But love to you all, and much too. I shall tell you of my methods of economy in my next."

LESSON XLIX.

Anecdote of Chief Justice Marshall.

1. It is not long since a gentleman was travelling in one of the counties of Virginia, and, about the close of the day, stopped at a public house, to obtain refreshment, and spend the night. He had been there but a short time, before an old man alighted from his gig, with the apparent intention of becoming his fellow guest, at the same house.

2. As the old man drove up, he observed that both of the shafts of his gig were broken, and that they were held together by withes formed from the bark of a hickory sapling. Our traveller observed further, that he was plainly clad, that his knee-buckles were loosened, and that something like negligence pervaded his dress. Conceiving him to be one of the honest yeomanry of our land, the courtesies of strangers passed between them, and they entered the tavern.

3. It was about the same time, that an addition of three or four young gentlemen was made to their number,—most, if not all of them, of the legal profession. As soon as they became comfortably accommodated, the conversation was turned by one of the latter upon a display of eloquence

which he had that day heard at the bar. It was replied by the other, that he had witnessed, the same day, a degree of eloquence no doubt equal, but that it was from the pulpit.

4. Something like a sarcastic rejoinder was made to the eloquence of the pulpit; and a warm and able altercation ensued, in which the merits of the Christian religion became the subject of discussion. From six o'clock until eleven, the young champions wielded the sword of argument, adducing with ingenuity and ability every thing that could be said, *pro* and *con*.

5. During this protracted period, the old gentleman listened with all the meekness and modesty of a child, as if he was adding new information to the stores of his own mind; or perhaps he was observing, with philosophic eye, the faculties of the youthful mind, and how energies are evolved by repeated action; or, perhaps, with patriotic emotion, he was reflecting upon the future destinies of his country, and on the rising generation on whom these future destinies must devolve; or, most probably, with a sentiment of moral and religious feeling, he was collecting an argument, which (characteristic of himself) no art would be "able to elude, and no force to resist." Our traveller remained a spectator, and took no part in what was said.

6. At last, one of the young men, remarking that it was impossible to combat with long and established prejudices, wheeled around, and with some familiarity exclaimed, "Well, my old gentleman, what think you of these things?" If, said the traveller, a streak of vivid lightning had at that moment crossed the room, their amazement could not have been greater than it was with what followed.

7. The most eloquent and unanswerable appeal was made by the old gentleman, for nearly an hour, that he ever heard or read. So perfect was his recollection, that every argument urged against the Christian religion was met in the order in which it was advanced.

8. Hume's sophistry on the subject of miracles, was, if possible, more perfectly answered than it had already been by Campbell. And in the whole lecture there was so much simplicity and force, pathos and energy, that not another word was uttered. An attempt to describe it, said the traveller, would be an attempt to paint the sunbeams.

9. It was now matter of curiosity and inquiry, who the old gentleman was. The traveller concluded that it was the

preacher from whom the pulpit eloquence was heard:—but no—it was the CHIEF JUSTICE OF THE UNITED STATES.

LESSON L.

Control your Temper.

1. THERE is much said about the natural disposition and temper of men; and the fact, that any one has a temper which is unhappy and unpleasant, is both accounted and apologized for, by saying that his temper is "naturally" unpleasant. It is a comfortable feeling to lay as much blame upon nature as we can; but the difficulty is, that the action, to use a law term, will not lie.

2. No one has a temper naturally so good that it does not need attention and cultivation; and no one has a temper so bad, but that, by proper culture, it may become pleasant. One of the best-disciplined tempers ever seen, was that of a gentleman who was, naturally, quick, irritable, rash, and violent; but, by having the care of the sick, and especially of deranged people, he so completely mastered himself, that he was never known to be thrown off his guard.

3. The difference in the happiness which is received or bestowed by the man who guards his temper, and that by the man who does not, is immense. There is no misery so constant, so distressing, and so intolerable to others, as that of having a disposition which is your master, and which is con tinually fretting itself. There are corners enough, at every turn in life, against which we may run, and at which we may break out in impatience, if we choose.

4. Look at Roger Sherman, who rose from a humble occupation, to a seat in the first Congress of the United States, and whose judgment was received with great deference by that body of distinguished men. He made himself master of his temper, and cultivated it as a great business in life. There are one or two instances which show this part of his character in a light that is beautiful.

5. One day, after having received his highest honors, he was sitting and reading in his parlor. A roguish student, in a room close by, held a looking-glass in such a position as to pour the reflected rays of the sun directly in Mr. Sherman's face. He moved his chair, and the thing was repeat

ed. A third time the chair was moved, but the looking-glass still reflected the sun in his eyes.

6. He laid aside his book, went to the window, and many witnesses of the impudence expected to hear the ungentlemanly student severely reprimanded. He raised the window gently, and then—shut the window-blind! I cannot forbear adducing another instance of the power he had acquired over himself.

7. He was naturally possessed of strong passions; but over these he at length obtained an extraordinary control. He became habitually calm, sedate, and self-possessed. Mr. Sherman was one of those men who are not ashamed to maintain the forms of religion in his family. One morning, he called them together, as usual, to lead them in prayer to God; the 'old family Bible' was brought out and laid on the table.

8. Mr. Sherman took his seat, and beside him placed one of his children, a small child—a child of his old age; the rest of the family were seated round the room; several of these were now grown up. Besides these, some of the tutors of the college were boarders in the family, and were present at the time alluded to.

9. His aged and now superannuated mother occupied a corner of the room, opposite the place where the distinguished Judge of Connecticut sat. At length he opened the Bible, and began to read. The child, who was seated beside him, made some little disturbance, upon which Mr. Sherman paused, and told it to be still. Again he proceeded; but again he paused, to reprimand the little offender, whose playful disposition would scarcely permit it to be still. At this time, he gently tapped its ear.

10. The blow, if it might be called a blow, caught the attention of his aged mother, who now, with some effort, rose from her seat, and tottered across the room. At length she reached the chair of Mr. Sherman, and, in a moment, most unexpectedly to him, she gave him a blow on the ear, with all the power she could summon. "*There*," said she, "*you strike your child, and I will strike mine!*"

11. For a moment, the blood was seen rushing to the face of Mr. Sherman; but it was *only* for a moment, when all was calm and mild as usual. He paused—he raised his spectacles—he cast his eye upon his mother—again it fell upon the book, from which he had been reading. Not a

word escaped him; but again he calmly pursued the service, and soon after sought, in prayer, an ability to set an example before his household, which should be worthy of their imitation. Such a victory was worth more than the proudest one ever achieved in the field of battle.

LESSON LI.

Superstition.

1. "Don't put those hams in salt to-day, whatever you do," said self-conceited Mary to the cook, who was preparing the ingredients for that purpose.

2. "Why not?" asked the cook.

3. "Because it is Friday," answered the silly girl, "and no good luck ever comes to any thing begun on a Friday."

4. "And are you really weak enough to believe that can have any thing to do with the matter?" asked her mistress, who happened to be passing the pantry door at the moment.

5. "Every body knows that's true, ma'am; at least all country people do. There is not a farmer's wife round, that would put hams in salt, or begin making cheeses, on a Friday. It is certainly true that they never prosper."

6. "And, pray, do you know the reason why Mrs. Thomson's bacon was spoiled last autumn, which she was so very careful to put in salt on a Saturday?"

7. "No, ma'am, I do not know."

8. "Then I will tell you. It was because the weather was warm, and the meat was not salted early enough to preserve it. If it had been salted on the Friday, it is very likely it would have proved good bacon; but it was sacrificed to the silly prejudice of not putting it in salt on Friday.

9. "Much in the same manner, Mrs. Taylor suffered her babe to scratch and disfigure its face, because she had a notion that it is unlucky to cut the nails of a child under a year old; and Nanny Scott, the old washer-woman, is sure that another death will happen this year in the family, because, when her sister-in-law was taken out to be buried, somebody shut the door before the corpse was under ground, and so shut death into the house. Another neighbor expects a similar event, because a single raven flew over the house, and the cricket chirped on the hearth, and she saw a wind ing-sheet in the candle.

10. "My dear women," continued the lady, "how can you be so silly as to embitter your lives by such foolish superstition? It is very likely that death will enter the house within the year, for no doors nor bolts can keep it out, and it is very likely that you may be its victim. You have more reason to think so than any of your silly omens can give you."

11. "Dear, ma'am, what reason?" asked one of the women, in terror.

12. "Because the Bible tells us that it is appointed to *all men* once to die, and warns us to be *always* ready, because we know not the day nor the hour when we shall be called."

13. "But, ma'am, don't you believe in any thing that is a token of death, or of good or ill luck?"

14. "In nothing whatever. There is no such thing as luck, either good or bad; for luck means chance; but every thing, great and small, is under the wise and gracious direction of God; nothing can happen without his permission, and He permits nothing but what, in his wonderful plans, He designs to work for good. We are kept in ignorance of the particular events that are to befall us, in order to keep up in us a constant sense of our dependence on God, and a constant obedience to the directions of his word, by which alone we can be prepared for the dispensations of his providence.

15. "When you have a mind to do a foolish thing, do not fancy you are *fated* to do it; this is tempting providence, not trusting God. It is indeed charging him with folly; prudence is his gift, and you obey him better when you make use of prudence, under the direction of prayer, than when you madly rush into ruin, and think you are only submitting to your fate. Never fancy you are compelled to undo yourself, or to rush upon your own destruction, in compliance with any supposed fatality.

16. "Never believe that God conceals his will from a sober Christian, who obeys his laws, and reveals it to a vagabond, who runs up and down breaking the laws both of God and man. King Saul never consulted the witch till he left off serving God; the Bible will direct us best; conjurers are impostors; and there are no days unlucky but those which we make so by our vanity, folly, and sin."

LESSON LII.

The Idle School-Boy.

1. "COME, George, it is time for us to be moving on; the bell will ring now in a few minutes, and you know what we shall catch if we come in late."

2. "Oh, Tom, how I do hate school! Don't let's go yet, it wants a quarter to nine, I'm sure; and it's such fun watching these little terrapins as they scramble out of the water to sun themselves on the logs! Don't go yet, Tom."

3. "Oh, but we must, George. I like to see the terrapins, as well as you; but I don't like the master's black looks, or a punishment either; and I know it wants only a few minutes to nine. Come along, George."

4. "Well, if I must, I suppose I must. But I think it's very hard, Tom. I can't see what father makes me go to school for; I guess he wouldn't like it himself."

5. "Oh, but you know, George, we must learn writing and arithmetic, and other things. My father says, that a man might almost as well be without hands, as without education; and if it was not likely to be good for me, I don't believe he would go to the expense; for you know he can't afford it very well, any more than yours. So come along, George."

6. This little dialogue passed, one fine morning in the beginning of summer, between two lads whose parents lived in a beautiful village on the west bank of the Hudson. Their names were George Wilson and Thomas Macfarlane. They were both tolerably good boys—that is, they never fought, or told lies, or took what did not belong to them, or did mischief for mischief's sake, as too many lads often do; they were good-natured, industrious, and obedient to their parents, respectful to their elders, and cheerful and obliging among their school-fellows and play-mates.

7. So far, there was but little difference between them; but there was one point in which one boy could hardly be more at variance with another, than was George Wilson from his friend and companion. Thomas loved books with a resistless passion, while to George they were the most wearisome things in the world.

8. Thomas delighted in reading accounts of travels, and, above all, works that treated of natural history—of the

habits and instincts of the various beasts—the beautiful plumage and melodious song of birds—the wonderful and ingenious contrivances of insects—of the huge elephant, mightiest of all that treads the earth—the sagacious marmot—the insatiable otter—the fierce eagle, and the humming-bird, that loveliest of the feathered kind—the methodical bee, and the precious silk-worm, with all their admirable works and modes of providing for their own wants, and the safety of their progeny.

9. He had little time to read, for his father was a poor farmer, and there was work enough for him to do in every season of the year except the winter; it is true, that he was but a boy, and could not undertake hard work, such as ploughing, or mowing, or building fences, or getting in the crops; but there are many things to be done upon a farm, which even young boys can undertake; and Thomas was never idle.

10. This summer was the first in which he had been spared for school; and, although he did not like grammar, and arithmetic, and geography, so well as he did the books for which we have already mentioned his fondness, yet he gave them up cheerfully, and devoted all his leisure time at home to his lessons, because he knew that it would please his father, in the first place, and in the second, because he could not be sure of going to school another year, except in the three winter months, and therefore had no time to lose.

11. Besides, he had sense enough to reflect, that what he learned at school was likely to be more useful to him than what he read in his favorite books, although not quite so pleasant; and his father had early made him understand, that out of useful things acquired in youth, grow pleasant things to be enjoyed in manhood.

12. As we have already said, George Wilson was in many things as good a boy as his companion, Thomas; but he disliked books in general, and school-books in particular, with an aversion that almost amounted to hatred. He was not an idle boy; he would work from morning till night, as hard as his years and strength would permit—go any where—do any thing—even go without his dinner, rather than be "stuck down," as he called it, to a book, no matter how pleasant and entertaining it might be.

13. His father was but very little richer than Thomas

Macfarlane's; but he was equally desirous that his son should enjoy the advantages of education, and when his neighbor told him that he had resolved to strain a point, and let Tom go to school for at least one summer, he made up his mind at once to do as much for George, however inconvenient the expense might be.

14. But this was dreary tidings for George. School was quite bad enough, he thought, in winter; but to be cooped up in a little room every day, in the bright, pleasant summer, poring over a stupid grammar, or horrible slate, or the "hard maps," when he would rather be scampering over the hills, or down by the river-side fishing, or helping his father in the hay-field, or going into the woods to bring home the cows, or lying at full length upon his back, listening to the song of the gay birds, and the chirp of the grasshoppers, or, in short, working or playing at any thing out of doors,—was, in his estimation, the very perfection of hardship.

15. It may well be supposed that, with such feelings, going to school was of no real service to George. Learning is not to be won by a reluctant mind; and reluctant his was, in the fullest sense of the word. He was always the last to come in, and the last of his class when he got there; his lessons were seldom well learned, his sums seldom finished, except when he obtained help from his friend Tom, and his copy-books always lasted the longest.

16. The least and most trivial object or incident was enough to retard him in his way to the school; and, even when he kept on without stopping, his movement was sluggish and indolent. In all other directions he went skipping gaily along, as full of life and activity as a squirrel leaping from tree to tree in its sportive gambols; but, with study before him, his pace was that of a snail.

17. The way from his house ran through a number of fields, and by the side of a pond; and it came into the road that led to the school-house, just at the end of a high stone wall, by the side of which was a stile that had to be got over before he came into the road. That pond, and that stile, were sore hindrances to poor George.

18. When the weather was fine, the odd-looking little tortoises used to crawl out of the water, and lie all about on the logs, and stones, and little hillocks of turf, basking in the warm sunshine, and poking their heads out from their shells

as far as their long necks would allow; and George could not resist the temptation to linger a while, and enjoy the fun of seeing them go, scrambling, and slipping, and splashing, tail foremost, into the water, when he sent stones at them, or frightened them by a too near approach. The turtles were seldom got by in less than a quarter of an hour, and the stile was almost sure to come in for another quarter.

19. The top-rail made such a nice seat, and the wall so projected beyond, that, without coming forward a little, he could not be seen from the school; and on the other side of the road was a barn, that had a weathercock stuck on a pole, standing up from the peak of the roof—one of those whimsical figures, so often produced by the ingenuity of the country lads,—a fierce warrior, with a monstrous cocked hat, and a sword in each hand, which he flourishes as he turns, with a most ferocious dexterity.

20. And there George would sit, with his satchel dangling over his shoulders, admiring the valiant soldier fighting the wind, or watching the cows and the sheep, and the swallows that twittered about the eaves of the barn, and the pigeons that wheeled over his head, and the horses cropping the grass—or, perhaps, thinking what a pity it was that boys had to go to school, whether they liked it or not.

21. The summer passed away, and winter came and went. Thomas Macfarlane made good use of his time and opportunity; but George was still the idle school-boy, and his year of education scarcely added to his stock of learning. He had become a tolerable reader, but gained no increase of taste or inclination for the practice; of grammar and geography, he knew almost nothing; and his writing might still have passed for the first efforts of a better penman, driven to the employment of his left hand, by the loss or mutilation of the right.

22. As for arithmetic, that he never could get on with—at least, so he declared, himself—and he could apply to himself literally, and with perfect truth, the well-known school-boy rhymes, in which the torments of Multiplication, Division, Practice, and the Rule of Three, are specifically designated. His father's circumstances, and his own increased strength, denied him another complete year of trial, and the little schooling he was able to gain during the next three or four winters, did scarcely more than serve to enable him to retain the very scanty acquirements we have described.

23. Years rolled on, and George, from an idle school-boy, grew to be an ignorant young man. He was frugal and industrious, and, in other respects, a well-disposed and well-behaved person; but he knew scarcely any thing beyond the mere mechanical routine of his daily occupation; and, even when he had nothing else to do, books were the very last expedient to which he thought of resorting, for pleasure or employment.

24. As it was, he had to work hard all day, and, when his work was done, if he had nobody to talk with through the long evenings, nor any place to go to, nor amusement to beguile the time, he would either go to bed, or else sit dozing by the fireside, with no more thought of cultivating his mind, than if he had no such thing in his possession.

LESSON LIII.

The Idle School-Boy—(continued.)

1. Time passes, and so do the lives of men. Old Mr Wilson died, and George, now twenty-six years of age, succeeded him in the farm. He married a wife, and children were born unto him; and in other respects his career was for many years almost the counterpart of his father's.

2. He continued to labor in the same field, and send his produce to the same markets; living in the same little old house; and like him, too, found himself, year after year, just as poor on the last day of December as he had been on the previous first of January.

3. He saw his neighbors increasing in wealth and prosperity; boys who had gone to the same school, and at the same time, with himself, and, like him, the sons of poor farmers, rising above their original sphere—their possessions enlarged by judicious enterprise, their enjoyments augmented, not only by the increase of means, but still more by the improved taste and expanded knowledge, for the acquisition of which competence gives facilities.

4. He saw their children preparing, by a liberal and complete education, for a career of usefulness, and, perhaps, the attainment of the highest honors, accessible, in this favored land, to all men of intelligence and talent, whatever may be their origin or station.

5. George was not of a complaining or envious disposi-

tion; but he could not help noticing the contrast between his own unimproving fortunes, and those of almost every one around him. All seemed to be thriving but himself; and the older he grew, the more he saw reason to repine at what he called "the difference of luck," to which he ascribed their growing wealth and his continued poverty.

6. It did not occur to him, that the real cause was to be found in their greater intelligence and knowledge. The seeds which had been planted in their minds in youth, had been kept alive by nourishment, and cherished in their springing up and progress to maturity, while his understanding had lain fallow; and the harvest showed who had pursued the wiser course.

7. He did not reflect, or perhaps he did not know, that time employed in youth in gaining knowledge is time well spent, not merely because the acquisition is valuable, but still more from the improvement of the mind itself, which inevitably follows the very act of making it; that the intellect, like the bodily frame, acquires strength by exercise; and that the boy who improves his opportunities, is certain to become not only a better informed, but a better judging and more prosperous man, than the boy who idles them away.

8. One who has been accustomed to any particular kind of labor, as, for example, wielding the hammer, like the blacksmith, will possess more strength of arm, not only for that, but for every other species of exertion that requires strength, than another, whose muscles have never been invigorated by exercise; and it is just so with the mind. The boy who acquires knowledge, is not only laying up a store of material with which to work for his own future benefit and honor, but at the same time gaining skill and power to employ that material to the best advantage.

9. But all this was lost philosophy to poor George Wilson. He only saw that his condition remained just the same, while that of all his neighbors was improving; and he considered it altogether the result of their good fortune, although, if he had had eyes to see, and intelligence to understand, there was no secret in the matter. The means of their prosperity were as open as the daylight.

10. Their superior knowledge and judgment enabled them to take advantage of the various improvements in agriculture, and in farming utensils, that were made from time

to time; to avail themselves of new and more profitable markets for the sale of their grain, and wool, and other produce; and to engage in safe and prudent speculations, such as frequently present themselves to almost every man, but are appreciated and made use of only by the alert and the judicious.

11. All this was above George Wilson's comprehension; his neglected education had left him a mere laborer, without sagacity to understand advantages offered for his acceptance, or to foresee those which might be obtained in future; and he had no thought beyond ploughing, sowing, and reaping, just as his father had done before him, while his neighbors successfully adopted newer and better systems, and were prompt to seize all the opportunities afforded by an improving state of science and society.

12. Thus he went on for several years, working hard and living frugally, yet gaining nothing more than a bare subsistence by his toil; and thus perhaps he would have continued till his death, had no misfortune overtaken him. But a life without misfortune seldom falls to the lot of man, and that of George Wilson was no exception to the general rule. An unproductive season plunged him into debt, and the loss of a few hundred dollars by the failure of a merchant, to whom he had sold a quantity of produce upon credit, for the sake of getting a higher price, completed his embarrassment.

13. Ruin stared him in the face, and his creditors becoming urgent for the payment of their claims against him, he was compelled to think of selling his farm, and preparing himself for still greater privations than even those he had been accustomed to encounter and endure. It was a painful extremity, and George could hardly bear to think of it at first; but necessity is a stern master, and before many months had passed away, he was constrained not only to dwell upon the measure in his mind, but to take the necessary steps for putting it in execution.

14. He happened, at this period, to receive a visit from an uncle whom he had never seen, and who was residing in one of the Western States. He consulted his visiter, of course, and the immediate reply was, "Come to Ohio." But little argument was needed to persuade one so totally impoverished, and so little capable of judging for himself; and he determined to emigrate thither as soon as he could

settle up his affairs, and convert his whole property into money.

15. A few months sufficed to accomplish this last requisite; and, early in the spring, George Wilson departed with his family, and his little stock of wealth, from the village in which his life had hitherto been passed. When approaching the place of their destination, the travellers arrived at B——, a flourishing little town in the northwestern part of Ohio, a little before evening, and were surprised to find the inhabitants engaged in a general demonstration of joy, as if some happy event had occurred, in which all were interested, and by which all were very much delighted.

16. The bells were sending out loud and merry peals from the steeples of the only two churches in the place—a gun was repeatedly fired upon the green before the court-house—the people thronged the streets with glad looks, uttering frequent shouts of congratulation—flags were waving from high poles, set up at the corners—a band of music was playing in the great room of the principal hotel—and the usual appearance of bustle and activity in business seemed to have given place to a general expression of public satisfaction.

17. The curiosity of our emigrant was, of course, much excited; and, as soon as he had established his family in the hotel, at which they were to pass the night, and he could gain the attention of the landlord, who seemed as much delighted as the rest, he begged to know the occasion of all this gladness and rejoicing. "We have just got through our county election," said the host, "and the successful candidate is a great favorite. There was great opposition in other parts of the county, where the people do not know him so well as we do; but all is right now, and so we are burning a little powder for joy."

18. "I suppose he is a townsman of yours, then."

19. "Yes: he has lived here almost from the time of the very first house-raising; for you see our B—— is but a young place, although it is so flourishing."

20. "And what was the election for, if I may ask?"

21. "Member of congress."

22. "And the candidate is a lawyer, I suppose."

23. "No: he is a farmer; owns that large and thriving estate you passed just before you came into the town. He is one of our richest men, and one that has go' more learn-

ing, too, than nine-tenths of the lawyers in this vicinity; but it is not for his money, nor his learning, that we are glad to have him for our representative; it is because he is a smart, sensible man, in the first place, and a right up-and-down honest man into the bargain. That is the reason why we all stood up for him."

24. "Is he a native of this State?"

25. "No: he is from New York; he came out here more than twenty years ago, and settled down where he is now: in fact, we consider him almost the founder of this town. When he first came here, he was poor, and there were only a few farm-houses scattered about; he and the town have grown up into consequence together."

26. "Well, he must be considerable of a man, from your account; what is his name, pray?"

27. "Macfarlane."

28. "Macfarlane? from York State, you say; not Thomas Macfarlane, surely—my old school-mate?"

29. "Yes: his name is Thomas, sure enough; and if you were a school-mate of his, you have something to be proud of, I can tell you."

30. And it was indeed Thomas Macfarlane; that same Thomas, who, thirty years before, had so improved the time which George had wasted. His manhood had fulfilled the promise of his youth, and the seed then sown had taken root, and sprung up, green and flourishing; and these were the fruits it had brought forth—wealth, respect, the esteem and confidence of his fellow-citizens, and an honorable place in the councils of the nation.

31. "Alas!" thought George, when he was again alone, "I see now the truth of what Tom said to me, that 'one might almost as well be without hands as without education.' He made good use of his time and opportunities, and he is rich, useful, honored, and happy; I am a poor, worthless creature, struggling with hardship almost at the close of life, and scarcely hoping to be any better than I am; for there is no time now to amend the errors of my youth. This is my reward for having been an IDLE SCHOOL-BOY."

Questions.—Is the question asked in the 24th paragraph, a direct or an indirect one?—i. e. can it be answered by saying *yes*, or *no*, or not? Is the rising or falling inflection required upon the word *State*, in that par.? What in similar cases? What inflection upon *pray*, in par. 26? Is that the direct or indirect question? What inflection in all similar cases? What did Thomas tell George one might almost as well be without as without education?

LESSON LIV.

Hafed's Dream.

1. At the foot of one of those gigantic mountains in Asia, which lift up their heads so far above the clouds that the eye of man never saw their summits, stood a beautiful cottage, facing the east. The mountain stream leaped and murmured on the north; the verdant plain, where the bright-eyed gazelle sported, lay spread out in front; the garden and the olive-yard, filled with every flower and every fruit which an oriental sun could pencil and ripen, lay on the south; while back, on the west, rose the everlasting mountain.

2. Here were walks, and shades, and fruits, such as were found nowhere else. The sun shone upon no spot more luxuriant; the moonbeams struggled to enter no place more delightful; and the soft wings of the breezes of evening fanned no such abode in all the east.

3. The howl of the wolf was never heard here; the sly fox never came here to destroy; and here the serpent's hiss was never heard. This cottage was the home of Hafed, the aged and the prosperous. He reared this cottage; he adorned this spot; and here, for more than fourscore years, he had lived and studied.

4. During all this time, the sun had never forgotten to visit him daily; the harvest had never failed, the pestilence had never destroyed, and the mountain stream had never dried up. The wife of his youth still lived to cheer and bless him; and his son and daughter were such as were not to be found in all that Province.

5. No youth could rein the horse, hurl the javelin, chase the lion, or delight the social circle, like this son. No daughter of kings could be found so beautiful and perfect, as was this daughter, with an eye so bright and joyous, and a form so symmetrical, as hers.

6. But who can insure earthly happiness? In one short week, Hafed was stripped of all his joys. His wife went to see a new white peacock, which it was said a neighbor, who lived a mile off in the ravine, had just brought home. She took cold, and a quick fever followed; and on her return, Hafed saw that she must die.

7. Before two days were gone, the old man was standing at her open grave. He gazed long, and said impatiently—"Cover her,—cover the only woman that I ever loved!"

8. The son and the daughter both returned from the burial of their mother, fatigued and sick. The nurse gave them, as she thought, a simple medicine. In a few hours, it was found to be poison. Hafed saw that they *must* die; for the laws of nature are fixed, and poison kills.

9. He buried them in one wide, deep grave, and it seemed as if in that grave he buried his reason and his religion. He tore his gray hair,—he cursed the light of day, and wished the moon turned into blood; and above all, he blasphemed his God, declaring that the laws which he had established were all wrong, useless, and worse than none.

10. He wished the world were governed by chance; but, as this was a hopeless wish, he wished that at his death he might go to a world where there was no God to fix unalterable laws. He arraigned the wisdom of God in his government over this world, declaring that his plans were weak, and worse than none, and that it would be far better to have no God in the universe!

11. In the centre of Hafed's garden stood a large, beautiful palm-tree. Under it was Hafed sitting, the second evening after closing the grave over his children. The seat on which he sat had been reared by his son. On the leaf of the tree which lay before him, were some exquisite verses, written by the pencil of his daughter.

12. Before him lay the beautiful country, covered with green, sprinkled here and there, as far as the eye could see, with the habitations of men; and upon this great landscape the shadows of the mighty mountains were now setting.

13. In the east, the moon was just pushing up her modest face, and the gold of day was softening into the silver of night. While Hafed looked on all this, grief began to swell in his throat; his tongue murmured; his heart was full of hard thoughts of God, which nearly amounted to blasphemy.

14. As the night deepened, Hafed, as he then thought, fell asleep with a heavy heart. When he supposed he awoke, it was in a new spot. The mountain, the landscape, the home, were all gone. All was new.

15. As he stood wondering where he was, he saw a creature approaching him, which, at first, he mistook for a baboon; but, on its coming near, he discovered that it was a creature somewhat resembling a man, but every way malformed, ill-shaped, and monstrous.

16. He came up and walked around Hafed, as he would a superior being, exclaiming, "Beautiful, beautiful creature!"

17. "Shame, shame on thee!" said Hafed; "dost thou treat a stranger thus with insults? Leave off thy jests, and tell me where I am, and how I came here!"

18. "I do not know how you came here, but here you are, in our world, which we call *chance-world*, because every thing happens here by chance."

19. "Ah! is it so? This must be delightful! This is just the world for me. Oh! had I always lived here, my beautiful children would not have died under a foolish and inexorable law! Come, show me this world,—for I long to see it. But have ye really no God, nor any one to make laws and govern you just as he sees fit?"

20. "I don't know what you mean by God: we have nothing of that kind here,—nothing but chance; but go with me, and you will understand all about it."

21. As they proceeded, Hafed began to notice that every thing looked queer and odd. Some of the grass was green, some red, some white, some new, and some dying; some grew with the top downward: all kinds were mingled together; and on the whole, the sight was very painful.

22. He stopped to examine an orchard; here chance had been at work. On a fine-looking apple-tree, he saw no fruit but large, coarse cucumbers. A small peach-tree was breaking down under its load of gourds. Some of the trees were growing with their tops downwards, and the roots branching out into the air. Here and there were great holes dug, by which somebody had tried to get down twenty or thirty feet, in order to get the fruit.

23. The guide told Hafed that there was no certainty about these trees; and you could never tell what fruit a tree would happen to bear. The tree which this year bears cucumbers, may bear potatoes next year, and perhaps you would have to dig twenty feet for every potato you obtained.

24. They soon met another of the "chance-men." His legs were very unequal in length; one had no knee, and the other no ankle. His ears were set upon his shoulders, and around his head was a thick, black bandage. He came groping his way, and Hafed at once asked him how long since he had lost his sight.

25. "I have not lost it," said he; "but when I was born,

my eyeballs happened to be turned *in* instead of out, and the back parts, being outward, are very painful in the light, and so I put on a covering."

26. "Well, but canst thou see any thing? Methinks thou mayest see strange things within."

27. "True, but the difficulty is to get any light in there I have contrived various ways to do so,—have had it poured into my ears and nose; but all will not do. Yet I am as well off as others. My brother has one good eye on the top of his head; but he only looks directly up with it to the clouds; and the sun almost puts it out. He shuts it most of the time during the day; but it happens to be one of those eyes that will not stay shut, and so when he sleeps the flies trouble him badly."

28. They stopped to look at some "chance-cattle" in a yard. Some had but three legs; some had the head on the wrong part of the body; some were covered with wool, under which they were sweltering in a climate always tropical. Some were half horse and half ox.

29. One cow had a young dwarf of a camel following her, and claiming her as his mother. Young elephants were there with the flocks of sheep; horses with claws like a lion, and geese clamping round the yard with hoofs like horses. It was all the work of chance.

30. "This," said the guide, "is a choice collection of cattle. You never saw the like before."

31. "That is true,—truth itself," cried Hafed.

32. "Ah! but the owner has been at almost infinite pains and expense to collect them. I don't believe there is another such collection any where in all this 'chance-world.'"

33. "I hope not," said Hafed.

LESSON LV.

Hafed's Dream—(continued.)

1. Just as they were leaving the premises, the owner came out, to admire, and show, and talk over his treasures. He wanted to gaze at Hafed; but his head happened to be near the ground, between his feet, so that he had to mount up on a wall, before he could get a fair view of the stranger.

2. "Don't think I am a happy man," said he to Hafed,

"in having so many and such perfect animals. Alas! even in this happy and perfect world, there are always drawbacks. That fine-looking cow yonder happens to give nothing but warm water for milk; and her calf, poor thing, died the first week.

3. "Some of them have good-looking eyes, but from some defect are stone blind. Some cannot live in the light, and few of them can hear. No two eat the same food, and it is a great labor to take care of them. I sometimes feel as if I had almost as lief be a poor man."

4. "I think I should rather," said Hafed.

5. While they were talking, in an instant, they were in midnight darkness. The sun was gone, and Hafed could not for some time see his guide.

6. "What *has* happened?" said he.

7. "Oh! nothing uncommon," said the guide. "The sun happened to go down now. There is no regular time for him to shine; but he goes and comes just as it happens, and leaves as suddenly as you see."

8. "As I *don't* see," said Hafed; "but I hope he will come back at an *appointed* time, at any rate."

9. "That, sir, will be just as it happens. Sometimes he is gone for months, and sometimes for weeks, and sometimes only for a few minutes, just as it happens. We may not see him again for months, but perhaps he will come soon."

10. As the guide was proceeding, to the inexpressible joy of all, the sun at once broke out. The light was so sudden, that Hafed at first thought he must be struck with lightning, and actually put his hands up to his eyes, to see if they were safe. He then clapped his hands over his eyes, till he could gradually bear the light. There was a splendor about the sun which he had never before seen; and it was intolerably hot. The air seemed like a furnace.

11. "Ah!" said the owner of the cattle, "we must now scorch for it. My poor wool-ox must die at once! Bad luck, bad luck to us! The sun has come back much nearer than he was before. But we hope he will happen to go away again soon, and then happen to come back further off the next time."

12. The sun was now pouring down his heat so intensely, that they were glad to go into the house for shelter—a miserable looking place indeed. Hafed could not but compare it with his own beautiful cottage. Some timbers were rot-

ten; for the tree was not, as it happened, the same thing in all its parts. Some of the boards happened to be like paper, and the nails tore out; and these were loose and coming off.

13. They invited Hafed to eat. On sitting down at table, he noticed that each one had a different kind of food, and that no two could eat out of the same dish. He was told that it so happened, that the food which one could eat, was poison to another, and what was agreeable to one, was nauseating to another.

14. Selecting the food which looked most inviting, Hafed attempted to eat. What was his surprise when he found that his hands did not happen to be under the control of his will, and, instead of carrying the food to his mouth, these active servants put it into his right ear!

15. On examining, he found it was so with all the rest; and by imitating the company, and twisting his head round over his right shoulder, and placing his mouth where the ear was, he managed to eat. In amazement, he asked how this happened.

16. "Ah!" said they, laughing at his ignorance of the world, "we have no fixed laws here. All is chance. Sometimes we have one or more limbs for a long time which are not under the control of our will. It is just as it happens."

17. "I suppose that to be coffee," said Hafed, "and I will thank you for a cup."

18. It was handed him. He had been troubled with a tooth-ache for some hours; and how did he quail, when, on filling his mouth, he found it was ice, in little pieces about as large as pigeon-shot!

19. "Do you call ice-water, coffee, here?" said Hafed, pressing his hand upon the cheek where the tooth was now dancing with pain.

20. "That is just as it happens. We put water over the fire, and sometimes it heats it, and sometimes it freezes it. How can it be otherwise, when we have here no fixed laws of any kind? It is all chance-work."

21. Hafed rose from the table in anguish of spirit. He remembered the world where he *had* lived, and all that was past. He had desired to live in a world where there was no God,—where all was governed by chance, so far as there

was any thing that looked like government. Here he was, and here he must live.

22. He threw himself on a bed, and recalled the past—the beautiful world in which he had once lived; his ingratitude,—his murmurings, and his blasphemy against the wisdom and the goodness of God. He wept like infancy. He would have prayed, and even began a prayer; but then he recollected that there was no God here—nothing to direct events—nothing but chance. He shed many and bitter tears of repentance. At last he wept himself asleep.

23. When Hafed again awoke, he was sitting under his palm-tree in his own beautiful garden. It was morning. At the appointed moment, the glorious sun rose up in the east;—the fields were all green and fresh; the trees were all right end upwards, and covered with blossoms; the beautiful deer were bounding, in their gladness, over the lawn; and the songsters in the trees, which, in plumage and sweetness, might have vied with those that sang in Eden, were uttering their morning song.

24. Hafed arose,—recalled that ugly dream, and then wept for joy. Was he again in a world where chance does not reign? He looked up, and then turned to the God of heaven and earth,—the God of laws and of order. He gave glory to him, and confessed that his ways, to us unsearchable, are full of wisdom. He was a new man.

25. Tears, indeed, fell at the graves of his family; but he now lived to do good to men, and to make others happy. He called a young and worthy couple, distant relatives, to fill his house. His home again smiled, and peace and contentment came back, and were his abiding guests.

26. Hafed would never venture to affirm whether this was a dream, or a reality. On the whole, he was inclined to think it real, and that there is, somewhere, a "chance-world;" but he always shook his head, and declared that, so far from wishing to live there, nothing gave him greater cause of gratitude, as he daily knelt in prayer, than the fact, that he lived in a world where God ruled,—and ruled by laws, fixed, wise, and merciful.

LESSON LVI.

An Incident in the early History of New England.

1. On the 15th of March, 1697, a body of Indians made a descent on Haverhill, Mass., and approached the house of Mr. Thomas Dustin. They came, as they were wont, arrayed with all the terrors of a savage war dress, with their muskets charged for the contest, their tomahawks drawn for the slaughter, and their scalping-knives unsheathed and glittering in the sunbeams. Mr. Dustin at the time was engaged abroad in his daily labor. When the terrific shouts of the blood-hounds first fell on his ear, he seized his gun, mounted his horse, and hastened to his house, with the hope of escorting to a place of safety his family, which consisted of his wife and eight young children.

2. Immediately upon his arrival, he rushed into his house, and found it a scene of confusion—the women trembling for their safety, and the children weeping and calling on their mother for protection. He instantly ordered seven of his children to fly in an opposite direction from that in which the danger was approaching, and went himself to assist his wife. But he was too late. Before she could rise from her bed, the enemy were upon them.

3. Mr. Dustin, seeing there was no hope of saving his wife from the clutches of the foe, flew from the house, mounted his horse, and rode with full speed after his flying children. The agonized father supposed it impossible to save them all, and he determined to snatch from death the child which shared the most of his affections. He soon came up with the infant brood; he heard their glad voices, and saw the cheerful looks that overspread their countenances; for they felt themselves safe while under his protection.

4. He looked for the child of his love—where was it? He scanned the little group from the oldest to the youngest; but he could not find it. They all fondly loved him—they called him by the endearing title of father, were flesh of his flesh, and stretched out their little arms towards him for protection. He gazed upon them, and faltered in his resolution, for there were none whom he could leave behind; and,

indeed, what parent, in such a situation, could select the child which shared the most of his affections? He could not do it, and therefore resolved to defend them from the murderers, or die at their side.

5. A small party of the Indians pursued Mr. Dustin as he fled from the house, and soon overtook him and his flying children. They did not, however, approach very near,—for they saw his determination, and feared the vengeance of a father,—but skulked behind the trees and fences, and fired upon him and his little company. Mr. Dustin placed himself in the rear of his children, and returned the fire of the enemy, often, and with good success.

6. In this manner he retreated for more than a mile, alternately encouraging his terrified charge, and loading and firing his gun, until he lodged them safely in a forsaken house. The Indians, finding that they could not conquer him, returned to their companions, expecting, no doubt, that they should there find victims, on whom they might vent their savage cruelty.

7. The party which entered the house when Mr. Dustin left it, found Mrs. Dustin in bed, and the nurse attempting to fly, with the infant in her arms. After plundering the house, they set it on fire, and commenced their retreat, though Mrs. Dustin had but partly dressed herself and was without a shoe on one of her feet. Mercy was a stranger to the breasts of the conquerors, and the unhappy women expected to receive no kindness from their hands. The weather at the time was exceedingly cold, the March wind blew keen and piercing, and the earth was alternately covered with snow and deep mud.

8. They travelled twelve miles the first day, and continued their retreat, day by day, following a circuitous route, until they reached the home of the Indian who claimed them as his property, which was on a small island, now called Dustin's Island, at the mouth of the Contoocook River, about six miles above the state-house, in Concord, New Hampshire.

9. Notwithstanding their anxiety for those whom they had left behind, and who, they supposed, had been cruelly butchered—their sufferings from cold and hunger, and from sleeping on the damp earth, with nothing but an inclement sky for a covering—and their terror for themselves, lest the arm that,

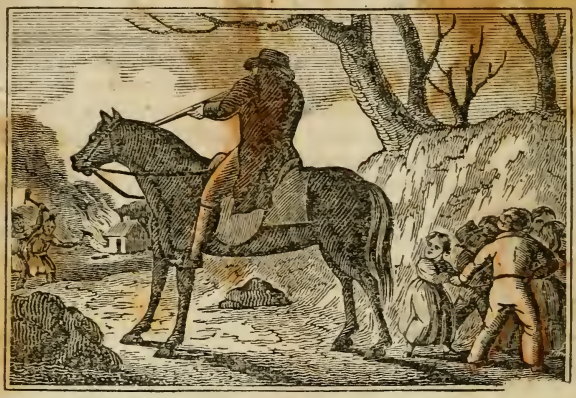
as they supposed, had slaughtered those whom they dearly loved, would soon be made red with their blood,—notwithstanding all this, they performed the journey without yielding, and arrived at their destination in comparative health.

10. These unfortunate women had been but a few days with the Indians, when they were informed that they must soon start for a distant Indian settlement, and that, upon their arrival, they would be obliged to conform to the regulations always required of prisoners, whenever they entered the village, which was, to be stripped, scourged, and run the gantlet.

11. The gantlet consisted of two files of Indians, of both sexes, and of all ages, containing all that could be mustered in the village; and the unhappy prisoners were obliged to run between them, when they were scoffed at and beaten by each one as they passed, and were sometimes marks at which the younger Indians threw their hatchets This cruel custom was often practised by many of the tribes, and not unfrequently the poor prisoner sunk beneath it. As soon as the two women were informed of this, they determined to escape as speedily as possible.

12. They effected their escape, accordingly, in the night, and embarked in an open boat on the river. A long and weary journey was before them; but they commenced it with cheerful hearts, each alternately rowing and steering their little bark. Though they had escaped from the clutches of their unfeeling master, still they were surrounded with dangers. They were thinly clad, the sky was still inclement, and they were liable to be re-captured by strolling bands of Indians; and, were they again made prisoners, they well knew that a speedy death would follow.

13. This array of danger, however, did not appal them; for home was their beacon-light, and the thoughts of their firesides nerved their hearts. They continued to drop silently down the river, keeping a good look-out for strolling Indians; and in the night, two of them only slept, while the third managed the boat. In this manner they pursued their journey, until they arrived safely at their homes, totally unexpected by their mourning friends, who supposed that they had been butchered by their ruthless conquerors.



LESSON LVII.

The Father's Choice.

[Founded on the incidents narrated in the preceding Lesson.]

1. Now fly, as flies the rushing wind—
   Urge, urge thy lagging steed!
   The savage yell is fierce behind,
   And life is on thy speed.

2. And from those dear ones make thy choice;
   The group he wildly eyed,
   When "father!" burst from every voice,
   And "child!" his heart replied.

3. There's one that now can share his toil,
   And one he meant for fame,
   And one that wears her mother's smile,
   And one that bears her name;—

4. And one will prattle on his knee,
   Or slumber on his breast;
   And one whose joys of infancy
   Are still by smiles expressed.

5. They feel no fear while he is near;
   He'll shield them from the foe;
   But oh! his ear must thrill to hear
   Their shriekings, should he go.

6. In vain his quivering lips would speak;
No words his thoughts allow;
The burning tears are on his cheek—
Death's marble on his brow.

7. And twice he smote his clenched hand—
Then bade his children fly!
And turned, and e'en that savage band
Cowered at his wrathful eye.

8. Swift as the lightning, winged with death,
Flashed forth the quivering flame!
Their fiercest warrior bows beneath
The father's deadly aim.

9. Not the wild cries, that rend the skies,
His strength of purpose move;
He saves his children, or he dies,
The sacrifice of love.

10. Ambition goads the conqueror on,
Hate points the murderer's brand—
But love and duty, these alone
Can nerve the good man's hand.

11. The hero may resign the field,
The coward murderer flee;
He cannot fear, he will not yield,
That strikes, sweet love, for thee.

12. They come, they come—he heeds no cry,
Save the soft, child-like wail;
"Oh, father, save!" "My children, fly!"
Were mingled on the gale.

13. And firmer still he drew his breath,
And sterner flashed his eye,
As fast he hurls the leaden death,
Still shouting, "Children, fly!"

14. No shadow on his brow appeared,
Nor tremor shook his frame,
Save when at intervals he heard
Some trembler lisp his name.

15. In vain the foe, those fiends unchained,
Like famished tigers chafe;
The sheltering roof is neared, is gained,
All, all the dear ones safe!

LESSON LVIII.

The Family Meeting.

1. We are all here!
Father, Mother,
Sister, Brother,
All who hold each other dear:
Each chair is filled; we're all at home:
To-night let no cold stranger come.
It is not often thus around
Our old, familiar hearth we're found:
Bless, then, the meeting and the spot;
For once be every care forgot;
Let gentle peace assert her power,
And kind affection rule the hour.
We're all—all here.

2. We're *not* all here!
Some are away—the dead ones dear,
Who thronged with us this ancient hearth,
And gave the hour to guiltless mirth;
Death, with stern, relentless hand,
Looked in and thinned our little band;
Some like a night-flash passed away,
And some sank, lingering day by day;
The quiet graveyard—some lie there,
And cruel ocean has his share—
We're *not* all here.

3. We *are* all here!
Even they—the dead—though dead, so dear,—
Fond memory, to her duty true,
Brings back their faded forms to view.
How life-like, through the mist of years,
Each well-remembered face appears!
We see them as in times long past;
From each to each kind looks are cast;
We hear their words, their smiles behold;
They're round us as they were of old—
We *are* all here.

4. We are all here!
Father, Mother,
Sister, Brother,

You that I love with love so dear—
This may not long of us be said.
Soon must we join the gathered dead,
And by the hearth we now sit round,
Some other circle will be found.
Oh, then, that wisdom may we know,
That yields a life of peace below;
So, in the world to follow this,
May each repeat, in words of bliss,
We're all—all *here!*

LESSON LIX.

Flower upon the Green Hill Side

1. "FLOWER upon the green hill side,
Thou, to shun the threatening blast,
In the grass thy head dost hide,
By the tempest overpast.
Then, to greet the azure skies,
And to feel the soothing sun,
Brighter, sweeter thou dost rise;
Tell me, flower, how this is done."

2. "I will tell thee as thy friend,
Artless, timid, whispering low;
To the blast 'tis good to bend;
He who made me taught me so!
While his teaching I obey,
I but fall to rise and stand,
Brighter for the stormy day,
Leaning on his viewless hand.

3. "When to Him I've lowly bowed,
He with freshness fills my cup
From the angry, scowling cloud;
Then he gently lifts me up.
So I fall; and so I rise;
In the dark or sunny hour
Minding Him who rules the skies!
He's my God, and I'm his flower!"

LESSON LX.

Uncle Abel and Little Edward.

1. Were any of you born in New England, in the good old catechising, school-going, orderly times? If you were, you must remember my Uncle Abel; the most perpendicular, rectangular, upright, *downright* good man, that ever labored six days and rested on the Sabbath.

2. You remember his hard, weather-beaten countenance, where every line seemed to be drawn with a pen of iron and the point of a diamond;—his considerate gray eyes, that moved over objects as if it were not best to be in a hurry about seeing;—the circumspect opening and shutting of his mouth;—his down-sitting and up-rising;—all of which appeared to be performed with conviction aforethought.

3. Now, if you supposed from all this triangularism of exterior that this good man had nothing kindly within, you were much mistaken. You often find the greenest grass under a snow-drift; and, though my uncle's mind was not exactly of the flower-garden kind, still there was an abundance of wholesome and kindly vegetation there.

4. It is true, he seldom laughed, and never joked—*himself;* but no man had a more serious and weighty conviction of what a good joke was in another; and, when some exceeding witticism was dispensed in his presence, you might see Uncle Abel's face slowly relax into an expression of solemn satisfaction, and he would look at the author with a certain quiet wonder, as if it was astonishing how such a thing could ever come into a man's head.

5. Uncle Abel also had some relish for the fine arts; in proof whereof I might adduce the pleasure with which he gazed at the plates in his family Bible, the likeness whereof I presume you never saw—and he was also such an eminent musician, that he could go through the singing-book at a sitting, without the least fatigue, beating time like a windmill all the way.

6. Every thing in Uncle Abel's house was in the same time, place, manner, and form, from year's end to year's end. There was old Master Bose, a dog after my uncle's own heart, who always walked as if he were learning the multiplication table. There was the old clock, forever ticking in the kitchen corner, with a picture on its face of

the sun forever setting behind a perpendicular row of poplars.

7. There was the never-failing supply of red peppers and onions, hanging over the chimney. There were the yearly hollyhocks and morning-glories, blooming around the windows. There was the "best room," with its sanded floor, and evergreen asparagus bushes—its cupboard with a glass door in one corner—and the stand, with the great Bible and almanac on it, in the other.

8. There was Aunt Betsey, who never looked any older, because she always looked as old as she could—who always dried her catnip and wormwood the last of September, and began to clean house the first of May. In short, this was the land of continuance. Old Time never seemed to take it into his head to practise either addition, subtraction, or multiplication, on its sum total.

9. Little Edward was the child of my uncle's old age, and a brighter, merrier little blossom never grew up on the verge of an avalanche. He had been committed to the nursing of his grandmamma, until he had arrived at the age of *in*discretion, and then my old uncle's heart yearned towards him, and he was carried home.

10. His introduction into the family excited a terrible sensation. Never was there such a contemner of dignities —such a violator of all high places and sanctities, as this very Master Edward. It was all in vain to try to teach him decorum. He was the most outrageously merry little elf that ever shook a head of curls, and it was all the same to him, whether it was "*Sabba-day*" or any other day.

11. He laughed and frolicked with every body, and every thing, that came in his way, not even excepting his solemn old father; and when you saw him with his arms round the old man's neck, and his bright blue eyes and blooming cheek pressing out by the bleak face of Uncle Abel, you almost fancied that you saw spring caressing winter.

12. Uncle Abel's metaphysics were sorely puzzled to bring this sparkling, dancing compound of spirit and matter, into any reasonable shape, for he did mischief with an energy and perseverance that was truly astonishing. Once he scoured the floor with Aunt Betsey's very best Scotch snuff, and once he washed up the hearth with Uncle Abel's most immaculate clothes-brush, and once he spent half an hour in trying to make Bose wear his father's spectacles.

13. In short, there was no use, but the right one, to which he did not put every thing that came in his way. But Uncle Abel was most of all puzzled to know what to do with him on the Sabbath, for on that day Master Edward seemed to exert himself particularly to be entertaining.

14. "Edward, Edward, must not play Sunday," his father would say; and then Edward would shake his curls over his eyes, and walk out of the room as grave as the catechism; but the next moment you might see pussy scampering in all dismay through the "*best room*," with Edward at her heels, to the manifest discomposure of Aunt Betsey, and all others in authority.

15. At last my uncle came to the conclusion that "it wasn't in natur to teach him any better," and that "he would no more keep Sunday, than the brook down the lot." My poor uncle! he did not know what was the matter with his heart, but certain it was that he lost all faculty of scolding when little Edward was in the case, though he would stand rubbing his spectacles a quarter of an hour longer than common, when Aunt Betsey was detailing his witticisms and clever doings.

16. But in process of time our hero compassed his third year, and arrived at the dignity of going to school. He went illustriously through the spelling-book, and then attacked the catechism; went from "man's chief end" to "the commandments" in a fortnight, and at last came home, inordinately merry, to tell his father he had got to "*Amen.*"

LESSON LXI.

Uncle Abel and Little Edward—(continued.)

1. After this, he made a regular business of saying over the whole every Sunday evening, standing with his hands folded in front, and his checked apron smoothed down, occasionally giving a glance over his shoulder, to see whether pussy was attending. Being of a very benevolent turn of mind, he made several very commendable efforts to teach Bose the catechism, in which he succeeded as well as could be expected.

2. In short, without further detail, Master Edward bade fair to be a literary wonder. But alas, for poor little Edward! his merry dance was soon over. A day came when

he sickened. Aunt Betsey tried her whole herbarium, but in vain; he grew rapidly worse and worse. His father sickened in heart, but said nothing; he only staid by his bedside day and night, trying all means to save, with affecting pertinacity.

3. "Can't you think of any thing more, doctor?" said he to the physician, when every thing had been tried in vain. "Nothing," answered the physician. A slight convulsion passed over my uncle's face. "Then the Lord's will be done!" said he.

4. Just at that moment a ray of the setting sun pierced the checked curtains, and gleamed like an angel's smile across the face of the little sufferer. He awoke from disturbed sleep.

5. "Oh dear! oh, I am so sick!" he gasped feebly. His father raised him in his arms; he breathed easier, and looked up with a grateful smile.

6. Just then his old play-mate, the cat, crossed the floor. "There goes pussy," said he. "Oh dear, I shall never play with pussy any more."

7. At that moment a deadly change passed over his face; he looked up to his father with an imploring expression, and put out his hands. There was one moment of agony, and then the sweet features all settled with a smile of peace, and "mortality was swallowed up of life."

8. My uncle laid him down, and looked one moment at his beautiful face; and "he lifted up his voice and wept." —The next morning was the Sabbath—the funeral day—and it rose "with breath all incense, and with cheek all bloom." Uncle Abel was as calm and collected as ever, but in his face there was a sorrow-stricken expression that could not be mistaken.

9. I remember him at family prayers, bending over the great Bible, and beginning the psalm, "Lord, thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations." Apparently he was touched by the melancholy splendor of the poetry; for after reading a few verses, he stopped. There was a dead silence, interrupted only by the tick of the clock. He cleared his voice repeatedly, and tried to go on, but in vain. He closed the book, and knelt to prayer.

10. The energy of sorrow broke through his usual formal reverence, and his language flowed forth with a deep and sorrowful pathos, which I have never forgotten. The God

so much reverenced, so much feared, seemed to draw near to him as a friend and comforter, to be his refuge and strength, "a very present help in time of trouble."

11. My uncle arose, and I saw him walk toward the room of the departed one. I followed, and stood with him over the dead. He uncovered the face. It was set with the seal of death, but oh, how surpassingly lovely was the impression! The brilliancy of life was gone, but the face was touched with the mysterious, triumphant brightness, which seems like the dawning of heaven.

12. My uncle looked long and steadily. He felt the beauty of what he gazed on; his heart was softened, but he had no words for his feelings. He left the room unconsciously, and stood in the front door.

13. The bells were ringing for church; the morning was bright, the birds were singing merrily, and the little pet squirrel of little Edward was frolicking about the door. My uncle watched him as he ran, first up one tree, and then another, and then over the fence, whisking his brush, and chattering just as if nothing was the matter.

14. That day the dust was committed to dust, amid the lamentations of all who had known little Edward. Years have passed since then, and my uncle has long been gathered to his fathers; but his just and upright spirit has entered the liberty of the sons of God.

15. Yes, the good man may have opinions which the philosophical scorn, weaknesses at which the thoughtless smile; but death shall change him into all that is enlightened, wise, and refined. "He shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and as the stars forever and ever."

LESSON LXII.

Migration of Birds.

[*Migration*, the act of removing from one country to another, for the purpose of residence.]

1. The whole feathered family is more or less organized for flight. But we shall find a marked organic difference * between those destined to emigration, and far and frequent

* *Organic difference*, difference in the organs, that is, in the size, shape, &c., of the bones, and other parts of the body.

flights, and those which are seldom disposed to quit the ground, and soar towards the clouds. If we carefully scrutinize the structure of the former, we shall find their bones slender, hollow, and deprived of marrow.

2. We shall discover skilfully contrived cavities communicating with the lungs, by means of which they are inflated* with warm and rarefied air,† which increases their lightness. They are universally penetrated with these cavities, all capable of voluntary dilatation;‡ and by these means they become almost capable of rising in the air, like balloons. Such is the admirable structure of the eagle and the lark.

3. They thus escape bondage to man, to whom they would have been useless; while the birds that subserve our necessities, such as the turkey and the domestic fowls, have large bones, with no uncommon cavity, and seem constrained to sojourn with us, even by the necessity of their organization.

4. The most interesting phenomenon in the history of birds, is their migration. Naturalists have puzzled themselves in attempting to account for the restlessness which impels these aërial travellers § to commence these distant journeys. Unable to explain the fact, some have denied it. Others have believed, that the swallows sleep out the winter with the fishes, at the bottoms of the lakes and rivers.

5. Dr. Mather, in a number of the "Philosophical Transactions" of England, seriously maintains, that these travelling birds retire, during the winter, into a satellite|| of our earth, which, though not far distant, is as yet unknown to us. These conjectures are well known to be the mere coinage of the imagination, having been entirely refuted by more accurate observation. There are few travellers who have not noted the migrating birds, in the intermediate stages of their journey, over the midst of the seas, or on foreign plains.

6. Our own vast country, which embraces two climates, furnishes ample demonstrations of this sort. The hectic invalid, who departs from the remote north of our republic, with the first menace of winter, to breathe the milder air of the south, finds that the robin and the oriole of his native

* *Inflated*, swelled out. † *Rarefied air*, air made lighter by heat.
‡ *Dilatation*, expansion, swelling out.
§ *Aërial travellers*, travellers in the air.
|| *Satellite*, a small planet that revolves round a larger; the moon is satellite to the earth.

orchards have emigrated before him. Their note in these far countries is the note of a stranger; for they sing their real domestic songs only in the regions where they reared their young.

7. Who teaches the birds of the north when the figs of the south ripen? How do they divine the prevalent winds, and the vicissitudes of the seasons in distant countries? Who teaches them to fly from region to region, and from harvest to harvest, every where to levy a tribute upon the labors of man, or the bounties of nature, and thus keep pace with spring, or harvest, over the whole globe? But though the earth is their country, we find that one consecrated nook in it, is the place of their songs, their domestic bowers, and their loves.

8. Reckless as they seem, and the plunderers of all harvests, these Arabs of the air still have their home. Obeying the intimation of Providence, they execute their great voyages at the return of the equinoxes,* when unvarying winds prevail with great force in the direction of their migration. They sail upon the winds over mountains, rivers, and seas, as if these aërial currents had no other purpose than to convey them from one country to another.

9. There is not another more striking proof of the infinite intelligence of Providence, than this apparent understanding between the order of nature, and the wants of all animals, by which they are enabled to avail themselves of its powers.

10. At the return of spring, when the re-animated earth decks itself anew with flowers, Providence awakens a gentle breeze upon the shores of Asia and Africa. It blows steadily westward, and becomes a zephyr upon the isles of the ocean. The battalions of emigrating birds, attentive to the mysterious signal, assemble upon the ruins of Thebes and Memphis, form in martial phalanxes, or long triangles, the more easily to traverse the plains of the air, and gaily commence their voyage.

11. In no part of the globe are these migrations more marked with beautiful regularity, than in our American climate. The meadows of New England, desolate and ice-clad during the long winter, scarcely put forth the yellow

* *Equinox*, from two Latin words which mean equal night; a point which the earth reaches in its annual course round the sun, when the days and nights are of equal length. It occurs twice in the year—about the 20th of March and of September.

cowslip and the first-born spring flowers; scarcely has nature decked their nuptial couch with verdure,—before the sky is enlivened with the aërial legions.

12. The robin sings his own welcome to his native bowers. The boblink chatters in the meadows an air of inexpressible gladness and gaiety. The perwink and the thrasher draw out their canzonette* among the birchen thickets. The martin chatters under his accustomed window. The swallow skims the surface of the streams.

13. The night-hawk darts down the sky, proud of his feeble imitation of thunder, and the whip-poor-will again soothes the laborers to their evening rest. Every meadow, stream, and field, has its musician; and the fair girl, who watched the oriole in its hanging nest the preceding year, sees the same gilded traveller return to build again on the pensile branches of the whispering elm.

14. Poets have seen, in these migrating travellers of the air, only the desire to live in the bosom of eternal spring. "They come to us," say they, "with the month of flowers, dwell in their peaceful groves while they are green, and disappear with their verdure." We have here attempted to point out the secret purpose of Nature, and the harmony and benevolence of her design. It is admirable to see her sending, with the unvarying regularity of the seasons, armies of birds feeding upon grain and insects, precisely at the epoch when the earth seems to implore their assistance.

15. The autumnal departure of these aërial voyagers has always been, to me, a period of not unpleasing melancholy. Many of them, in our climate, as the boblink, the oriole, the robin-red-breast, mount the air for departure, with a business note indeed, but not of song. There is a plaintive sadness in it. They sail over the bowers where they were born, where they have found their loves, and reared their young.

16. Their note seems to me the dirge of exile. In my ear it sounds as if questioning, whether, at the renewal of spring, they shall return to their natal bowers. Between their departure and the settled reign of winter, we have our flocks of plovers and ducks, of sand-hill cranes and pelicans, of geese, brants, and swans, that descend upon the western prairies.

17. They are joined by armies of ravens and vultures. They complete gathering the harvest of seeds and fruit,

* *Canzonette*, a short song

and cleansing away the last remains of decaying animals. Having finished their work, enveloped with fogs, they mount the wintry winds, and push their southern course, raising their sinister croakings, and winter resumes its reign of silence and sadness.

Questions.—What is meant by *feathered family*, in par. 1? *cavities*, *inflated*, in par. 2? *menace*, in 6th par.? *emigrated?* of *vicissitudes*, in par. 7? What time in the year do the *equinoxes* occur? the meaning of *equinox?* of *aërial?* the meaning of *pensile*, in par. 13? *epoch*, in par. 14? *dirge*, in par. 16? *natal* bowers?

Who taught the birds at what time in autumn to migrate to a warmer climate, and when to return, as spring approaches? Who directs them in their course? Does the youngest bird know as well before it has ever made the voyage, as after it has passed over the route many times? What is that called, which God has thus implanted within the animals, that leads them to provide for their safety and support?

LESSON LXIII.

The Birds in Autumn.

1. November came on with an eye severe,
And his stormy language was hoarse to hear—
And the glittering garland of brown and red,
Which he wreathed for a while round the forest's head,
With sudden anger he rent away,
And all was cheerless, and bare, and gray.

2. Then the houseless grasshopper told his woes,
And the humming-bird sent forth a wail for the rose;
And the spider, that weaver, of cunning so deep,
Rolled himself up like a ball to sleep;
And the cricket his merry horn laid by,
On the shelf, with the pipe of the dragon-fly.

3. Soon voices were heard at the morning prime,
Consulting of flight to a warmer clime;
"Let us go! let us go!" said the bright-winged jay;
And his gay spouse sang from a rocking spray,
"I'm tired to death of this hum-drum tree;
I'll go—if 'tis only the world to see."

4. "Will you go?" said the robin, "my only love?"
And a tender strain from the leafless grove
Responded, "Wherever your lot is cast,
'Mid summer skies or the northern blast,
I am still at your side, your heart to cheer,
Though dear is our nest in this thicket here."

5. The oriole told, with a flashing eye,
How his little one shrank from the frosty sky—
How his mate with an ague had shaken the bed,
And lost her fine voice by a cold in her head—
And their oldest daughter, an invalid grown,
No health in this terrible climate had known.

6. "I am ready to go," said the plump young wren,
"From the hateful home of these northern men;
My throat is sore, and my feet are blue—
I'm afraid I have caught the consumption too;
And then I've no confidence left, I own,
In the doctors out of the southern zone."

7. Then up went the thrush, with a trumpet call;
And the martins came forth from their box on the wall,
And the owlet peeped from his secret bower,
And the swallows convened on the old church tower;
And the council of blackbirds was long and loud—
Chattering and flying from tree to cloud.

8. "The dahlia is dead on her throne," said they;
"And we saw the butterfly cold as clay;
Not a berry is found on the russet plains—
Not a kernel of ripened maize remains—
Every worm is hid—shall we longer stay,
To be wasted with famine? Away!—away!"

9. But what a strange clamor, on elm and oak,
From a bevy of brown-coated mocking-birds broke
The theme of each separate speaker they told,
In a shrill report, with such mimicry bold,
That the eloquent orators stared to hear
Their own true echo, so wild and clear.

10. Then tribe after tribe, with its leader fair,
Swept off through the fathomless depths of air.
Who marketh their course to the tropics bright?
Who nerveth their wing for its weary flight?
Who guideth their caravan's trackless way,
By the star at night, and the cloud by day?

11. Some spread o'er the waters a daring wing,
In the isles of the southern sea to sing;
Or where the minaret, towering high,
Pierces the gold of the western sky;

Or amid the harem's haunts of fear,
Their lodges to build, and their nurslings to rear.

12. The Indian fig, with its arching screen,
Welcomes them into its vistas green;
And the breathing buds of the spicy tree
Thrill at the burst of their revelry;
And the bulbul starts 'mid his carol clear,
Such a rushing of stranger wings to hear.

13. Oh, wild-wood wanderers! how far away
From your rural homes in our vales ye stray!
But when they are waked by the touch of Spring,
We shall see you again, with your glancing wing—
Your nests 'mid our household trees to raise,
And stir our hearts in our Maker's praise.

LESSON LXIV.

Winter Song.

1. Now the summer days are past,
Pleasant fruits and beauteous flowers,
Hear the cold and cheerless blast
Whistling through the leafless bowers.
Silent is the insect hum,
Now the wintry time has come.

2. Short and gloomy are the days;
Oft the storm roars round our dwelling:
How the snow fills up the ways!
List the winds, of sorrow telling;
Telling of the shivering poor,
Oh, what hardships they endure!

3. Come around the pleasant fire;
See how sprightly it is burning!
Evening lights the tall church spire;
All are to their homes returning:
Let us try to spend it well,
Till we hear its closing bell.

4. Soon the spring of life will end;
Fast our youthful days are flying!
To the grave our footsteps tend,
Where the frozen snows are lying:
Father, when our age is past,
Oh, receive our souls at last.

LESSON LXV.

It Snows.

1. "It snows!" cries the School-boy,—"Hurrah!" and his shout
Is ringing through parlor and hall,
While, swift as the wing of a swallow, he's out,
And his play-mates have answered his call;
It makes the heart leap but to witness their joy—
Proud wealth has no pleasures, I trow,
Like the rapture that throbs in the pulse of the boy,
As he gathers his treasures of snow;
Then lay not the trappings of gold on thine heirs,
While health, and the riches of Nature, are theirs.

2. "It snows!" sighs the Imbecile,—"Ah!" and his breath
Comes heavy, as clogged with a weight;
While, from the pale aspect of Nature in death,
He turns to the blaze of his grate;
And nearer and nearer, his soft, cushioned chair
Is wheeled tow'rds the life-giving flame—
He dreads a chill puff of the snow-burdened air,
Lest it wither his delicate frame:
Oh! small is the pleasure existence can give,
When the fear we shall die only proves that we live!

3. "It snows!" cries the Traveller,—"Ho!" and the word
Has quickened his steed's lagging pace;
The wind rushes by, but its howl is unheard—
Unfelt the sharp drift in his face;
For bright, through the tempest, his own home appeared—
Ay, through leagues intervened, he can see:
There's the clear, glowing hearth, and the table prepared,
And his wife with her babes at her knee:
Blest thought! how it lightens the grief-laden hour,
That those we love dearest are safe from its power!

4. "It snows!" cries the Belle,—"Dear, how lucky!" and turns
From her mirror to watch the flakes fall;
Like the first rose of summer, her dimpled cheek burns,
While musing on sleigh-ride and ball:
There are visions of conquests, of splendor, and mirth,
Floating over each drear winter's day;

But the tintings of Hope, on this storm-beaten earth,
Will melt, like the snow-flakes, away:
Turn, turn thee to Heaven, fair maiden, for bliss;
That world has a pure fount ne'er opened in this.

5. "It snows!" cries the Widow,—"Oh God!" and her sighs
Have stifled the voice of her prayer;
Its burden ye'll read in her tear-swollen eyes,
On her cheek, sunk with fasting and care.
'Tis night—and her fatherless ask her for bread—
But "He gives the young ravens their food,"
And she trusts, till her dark hearth adds horror to dread,
And she lays on her last chip of wood.
Poor sufferer! that sorrow thy God only knows—
'Tis a most bitter lot to be poor, when it snows!

Questions.—What is the meaning of *trow*, in the first verse? What is an *imbecile*, ver. 2? What are the emphatic words in the last line of this verse? How far is a league, ver. 3? What is meant in this verse, when it is said, that, though leagues were between him and his home, the traveller could see "the clear, glowing hearth, the table prepared," &c.?

LESSON LXVI.

Charles II. and William Penn.

Charles. Well, friend William! I have sold you a no ble province in North America; but still I suppose you have no thoughts of going thither yourself.

Penn. Yes, I have, I assure thee, friend Charles; and I am just come to bid thee farewell.

Char. What! venture yourself among the savages of North America! Why, man, what security have you that you will not be in their war-kettle in two hours after setting foot on their shores?

Penn. The best security in the world.

Char. I doubt that, friend William; I have no idea of any security, against those cannibals, but in a regiment of good soldiers, with their muskets and bayonets. And mind I tell you beforehand, that, with all my good will for you and your family, to whom I am under obligations, I will not send a single soldier with you.

Penn. I want none of thy soldiers, Charles: I depend on something better than thy soldiers.

Char. Ah! and what may that be?

Penn. Why, I depend upon themselves—on the workings of their own hearts—on their notions of justice—on their moral sense.

Char. A fine thing, this same moral sense, no doubt; but I fear you will not find much of it among the Indians of North America.

Penn. And why not among them, as well as others?

Char. Because, if they had possessed any, they would not have treated my subjects so barbarously as they have done.

Penn. That is no proof to the contrary, friend Charles. Thy subjects were the aggressors. When thy subjects first went to North America, they found these poor people the fondest and kindest creatures in the world. Every day they would watch for them to come ashore, and hasten to meet them, and feast them on the best fish, and venison, and corn which was all that they had. In return for this hospitality of the savages, as we call them, thy subjects, termed Christians, seized on their country and rich hunting grounds, for farms for themselves! Now, is it to be wondered at, that these much injured people should have been driven to desperation by such injustice; and that, burning with revenge, they should have committed some excesses?

Char. Well, then, I hope you will not complain when they come to treat you in the same manner.

Penn. I am not afraid of it.

Char. Ah! how will you avoid it? You mean to get their hunting grounds too, I suppose?

Penn. Yes, but not by driving these poor people away from them.

Char. No, indeed! How then will you get the lands?

Penn. I mean to buy their lands of them.

Char. Buy their lands of them! Why, man, you have already bought them of me.

Penn. Yes, I know I have, and at a dear rate, too; but I did it only to get thy good will, not that I thought thou hadst any right to their lands.

Char. How, man! no right to their lands!

Penn. No, friend Charles, no right at all: what right hast thou to their lands?

Char. Why, the right of discovery, to be sure; the

right which the pope and all Christian kings have agreed to give one another.

Penn. The right of discovery! A strange kind of right, indeed! Now, suppose, friend Charles, that some canoe loads of these Indians, crossing the sea, and discovering thy island of Great Britain, were to claim it as their own, and set it up for sale over thy head,—what wouldst thou think of it?

Char. Why—why—why—I must confess, I should think it a piece of great impudence in them.

Penn. Well, then, how canst thou, a Christian, and a Christian prince too, do that which thou so utterly condemnest in these people, whom thou callest savages? Yes, friend Charles; and suppose, again, that these Indians, on thy refusal to give up thy island of Great Britain, were to make war on thee, and, having weapons more destructive than thine, were to destroy many of thy subjects, and drive the rest away,—wouldst thou not think it horribly cruel?

Char. I must say that I should, friend William: how can I say otherwise?

Penn. Well, then, how can I, who call myself a Christian, do what I should abhor even in heathen? No, I will not do it. But I will buy the right of the proper owners, even of the Indians themselves. By doing this, I shall imitate God himself, in his justice and mercy, and thereby insure his blessing on my colony, if I should ever live to plant one in North America.

LESSON LXVII.

Dialogue on Physiognomy.

Frank. It appears strange to me that people can be so imposed upon. There is no difficulty in judging folks by their looks. I profess to know as much of a man, at the first view, as by half a dozen years' acquaintance.

Henry. Pray, how is that done? I should wish to learn such an art.

Fr. Did you never read Lavater on Physiognomy?

Hen. No. What do you mean by such a hard word?

Fr. Physiognomy means a knowledge of men's hearts,

thoughts, and characters, by their looks. For instance, if you see a man with a forehead jutting over his eyes like a piazza; with a pair of eyebrows heavy like the cornice of a house; with full eyes, and a Roman nose,—depend on it, he is a great scholar, and an honest man.

Hen. It seems to me I should rather go below his nose, to discover his scholarship.

Fr. By no means: if you look for beauty, you may descend to the mouth and chin; otherwise never go below the region of the brain.

Enter George.

George. Well, I have been to see the man hanged. And he has gone to the other world, with just such a great forehead, and Roman nose, as you have always been praising.

Fr. Remember, George, all signs fail in dry weather.

Geor. Now, be honest, Frank, and own that there is nothing in all this science of yours. The only way to know men is by their actions. If a man commit burglary, think you a Roman nose ought to save him from punishment?

Fr. I don't carry my notions so far as that; but it is certain that all the faces in the world are different; and equally true that each has some marks about it, by which one can discover the temper and character of the person.

Enter Peter.

Peter. [*to Frank.*] Sir, I have heard of your fame from Dan to Beersheba; that you can know a man by his face, and can tell his thoughts by his looks. Hearing this, I have visited you, without the ceremony of an introduction.

Fr. Why, indeed, I profess something in that way.

Pet. By that forehead, nose, and those eyes of yours, one might be sure of an acute, penetrating mind.

Fr. I see that *you* are not ignorant of physiognomy.

Pet. I am not; but still I am so far from being an adept in the art, that unless the features are very remarkable, I cannot determine with certainty. But yours is the most striking face I ever saw. There is a certain firmness in the lines which lead from the outer verge to the centre of the apple of your eye, which denotes great forecast, deep thought, bright invention, and a genius for great purposes.

Fr. You are a perfect master of the art. And to show you that I know something of it, permit me to observe, that the form of your face denotes frankness, truth, and honesty.

Your heart is a stranger to guile, your lips to deceit, and your hands to fraud.

Pet. I must confess that you have hit upon my true character, though a different one from what I have sustained in the view of the world.

Fr. [*to Henry and George.*] Now see two strong examples of the truth of physiognomy. [*While he is saying this, Peter takes out his pocket-book, and makes off with himself.*] Now, can you conceive, that, without this knowledge, I could fathom the character of a total stranger?

Hen. Pray, tell us by what marks you discovered that in his heart and lips were no guile, and in his hands no fraud?

Fr. Ay, leave that to me; we are not to reveal our secrets. But I will show you a face and character which exactly suit him. [*Feels for his pocket-book in both pockets, looks wild and concerned.*]

Geor. [*Tauntingly.*] Ay, "in his heart is no guile, in his lips no deceit, and in his hands no fraud! Now we see a strong example of the power of physiognomy!"

Fr. He is a wretch! a traitor against every good sign! I'll pursue him to the ends of the earth. [*Offers to go.*]

Hen. Stop a moment. His fine, honest face is far enough before this time. You have not yet discovered the worst injury he has done you.

Fr. What's that? I had no watch or money for him to steal.

Hen. By his deceitful lips, he has robbed you of any just conception of yourself; he has betrayed you into a foolish belief that you are possessed of most extraordinary genius and talents. Whereas, separate from the idle whim about physiognomy, you have no more pretence to genius or learning, than a common school-boy. Learn henceforth to estimate men's hands by their deeds, their lips by their words, and their hearts by their lives.

LESSON LXVIII.

Solomon Packwell.

1. In the long winter evenings which we were accustomed to spend over my grandfather's fire, I have often heard him tell the story of the family of the Packwells; and as it illus-

trates the alternation of wealth and poverty in the same household in New England, I beg leave briefly to repeat it.

2. Old David Packwell was a man who blew a fisherman's horn through the roads of Bundleborough, for nearly sixty years. It was his custom to run in debt for the necessaries of life, and for one article he thought more necessary than all the rest—rum—as long as any one would trust him. Then he would go out on the water and catch a fare of fishes, and sell them, to make himself, as he called it, square with the world, and prepare the way for a new stock of credit.

3. He was a short, thick, hard, weather-beaten man, never known to be intoxicated, though he poured down his throat a constant stream of strong water, at the rate of nearly two gallons per week. In short, he was wretchedly poor, and hardened to drinking; though never drunk, because the spirit had no more efficacy on his carcass, than on a well-seasoned cask.

4. He lies buried in Bundleborough graveyard, under a flat gravestone, with this singular epitaph: what it had to do with his character, no man could ever imagine.

> The sweet remembrance of the just
> Shall flourish when he sleeps in dust.

5. His son Solomon was a very different character. Old Packwell always had a notion that children should be educated well; and of education he had no other conception than sending them constantly to school. Solomon was not a very apt scholar, so far as books were concerned; he never read for amusement or information, but he was always in his place.

6. He learned to read, write, and cipher, with decency; he was sensible, shrewd, and observing; and, above all, he had a peculiar tact in getting money. Long before the close of his school-boy days, he had discovered the art of catching birds in a trap-cage, and carrying them into Boston and selling them; of collecting dandelions in the spring, and carrying them to the market with other vegetables; so that it was as natural for money to collect around his fingers, as it was for it to fly from those of his father.

7. When he became eighteen years old, he went to Boston, and began a series of exertions, which ended in the accumulation of a splendid fortune. His first business was to drive round a single-horse cart, loaded with sand, which he dealt out to families at three or four coppers the half-

peck. But whatever was his occupation, he was sure to gather money, under those powerful brokers, enterprise and economy.

8. One anecdote has often been told of him, from which a plain old woman predicted his future affluence. He had brought her some sand, and received his pay, when she, noticing his diligence and exertion, asked him if he would not *take something to drink;* which phrase, by the way, always, in New England, implies something more than water.

9. It was before the temperance reformation commenced "And, madam," said he, "how much will this something cost you?" "Perhaps three coppers," the lady replied. "Well, madam," said he, "give me the three coppers, and I will take my draught at your pump." From that time, it was foreseen that his prudence would end in wealth.

10. Packwell soon after accumulated capital enough to set up a wood-wharf; and here the same enterprise and shrewdness followed him. Whether measuring sand, or cording wood, he never lost sight of the main chance. He was just a hard dealer enough to escape the character of a cheat.

11. Some complained of him, to be sure, for buying at a wholesale price in the summer season, and selling off his piles, by the foot, or half foot, for whatever they would *fetch.* But this is the very policy of trade; and Packwell had very little to do with generosity or pity. It was about the time that the British army was in Boston, that his business was in its most flourishing state.

12. He puzzled his head very little about the idle notions of liberty; whether the stamp act was right or wrong, he never knew; and if his wood brought him British gold, he never troubled himself about the political principles of the man to whom he sold it. Hancock deserted his house, and found, on his return to Boston, that it was torn to pieces; but Solomon Packwell staid by, and made hay while the sun shone on him. Hancock got fame, and Packwell got money.

13. In all the subsequent commotions, Mr. Packwell never burnt his fingers by sticking them too far into the political furnace. If he met with a warm tory, he would hear him talk; would nod and wink; would turn off his questions by some sideway remark, which meant any thing and

every thing; would always profess himself a warm believer in all the truisms which no party disputed; and if he met a whig, he would deal exactly so with him.

14. In like manner, in Shays's rebellion—at the formation of the federal constitution—and during the hot contest which followed afterwards—though the country was in a blaze, and every man, from the lawyer to the scavenger, thought it necessary to dispute, Mr. Packwell minded his own business, and kept his eye on the main chance.

15. He went to no caucuses, made no speeches, scarcely went to a town-meeting. The only office to which he was ever elevated, was that of fire-ward. Here, every body saw he was trustworthy, because he owned a great many wooden buildings in a particular street; and so they gave him the long pole.

16. In the mean time, riches flowed in upon him in an increasing ratio. First, he could reckon his ten thousands, then his hundred thousands, and finally, his property rose to half a million. He now began to shine out in his dress and equipage; for, strictly speaking, he was no miser. He added to his single-horse chaise a carriage; enlarged his house; increased his furniture; and wore ruffles around his wrists.

17. He bought him a country-seat in Bundleborough, his native town, and spent his summer months there, cracking his jokes among the farmers and mechanics. He was popular, though no man thought him a Solomon, except in his *given* name. He would never injure you, unless you made a bargain with him; and then he was sure, by hook or by crook, to get the best end of the stick.

18. Packwell had a large family of children, and a wife whose history was similar to his own. Having struggled with the evils of poverty, and being somewhat deficient in the accomplishments of the circles with which they were now called to mingle, they resolved that their children should be effectually preserved from all these evils.

19. They accordingly sent them to the best schools, that is, the most expensive; hired private tutors for them; bought pianos for the daughters, and whole libraries for the sons; in short, supposed themselves to be educating them, because they concluded they never could be educated enough.

20. In the mean time, they made no small display of their wealth in the sight of these children; they were rolled in

carriages, and galloped in riding-schools, and taught to expect mines of gold which never could be exhausted. Thus all the stamina of character were destroyed, and, like hop-vines or pea-stems, they could only creep up with something to lean on.

21. Strictly speaking, in all the substantials of an active character, they were not half so well educated as their parents, in their original poverty. They had no self-reliance; no self-dependence; and all they knew was to spend the inheritance their father had acquired.

22. Their eldest son, Harry Packwell, I remember—a boy who boasted that he could eat four biscuit, toasted, for his breakfast; and afterwards he became corpulent, and died of his own fat. The second son was prematurely put into the command of a vessel, which he got on to the rocks, and perished in her.

23. Four of the daughters married four bankrupts; the remaining daughter was a miser, who hoarded her property, to be sure, and almost starved herself in a voluntary poverty; but finally she died, and her ill-kept wealth went to a host of dissipated nephews and nieces; and so ended the accumulations of the Packwell family. They are all now wretchedly poor, and may go, if they would act wisely, to their grandfather's original occupation of selling sand for their own support.

24. This is the round which is run through in Boston by thousands of families. It is as regular as the ebbing and flowing of the sea. But will not men learn, that life was given for higher purposes than to gather wealth, and that wealth can be appropriated in a better way than to corrupt their children?

25. "My hearers," said an Episcopal clergyman in Boston, now dead, "you might give ten thousand dollars more a year, in charity, and yet keep enough in your purses to corrupt all your posterity." The science of statistics might be applied to teach the lessons of morality.

LESSON LXIX.

Politeness.

1. The students of a certain literary institution were assembled in commons at tea, at the commencement of a new

academical year. A new class were thus, for the first time, brought to eat together. Their advancement in life and in education was such, that each ought to have been a gentleman. As they sat down, one said to his friend at his right, "We shall soon see who is who."

2. Presently a large, brawny hand came reaching along up the table, pushing by two or three, and, seizing the brown loaf, in a moment peeled it of all its crust, and again retired with its booty to the owner. "Hold there!" cries one; "to say nothing about the politeness, where is the justice of such a seizure?"

3. "Oh! I love the crust the best." "Very like; and perhaps others may also have the same taste." Here the conversation ended. But that unfortunate onset fixed an impression concerning that student which was never removed. He was at once marked as a man destitute of politeness, and justly, too. All believed that his heart was more to blame than his hand.

4. If my readers have ever watched at the door of the stage-office, as the load of wearied passengers came out, one by one, they are aware that we almost instinctively, and almost invariably, judge of men by their first appearance—their address. They will notice, too, as they enter a stage for a journey, that the inquiring glance goes eagerly round the circle; and at once, unhesitatingly, and almost intuitively, each one has made up his mind who are, and who are not, polite men in the company.

5. In any company, a polite man will be selected as the one in whom they all feel that they have a kind of friend and protector—one who will neither disregard their rights, nor suffer others to do so. When among strangers, at the public table, the most polite man is selected to carve and distribute to the company, because all have confidence in the uprightness and goodness of his heart. And such a man always carries, in his very manners, what is better than a letter of commendation. The letter may deceive, or it may be seen but by few, while his manners will be seen by all.

6. Nations and communities differ as widely in respect to politeness, perhaps, as any one thing. The French are polite to a proverb; but we, as a people, seem to be characterized as being a very impolite nation. I need not stop to vindicate our national character, even if it can be vindi-

cated. But this is certain, that we can lay no claims to be considered in danger of being too polite.

7. I have seen a gentleman in a large circle, in attempting to sit down, supposing a chair stood behind him, fall flat on his back. The company all laughed or tittered at his awkward situation, excepting a French gentleman present, who ran to him, helped him up, hoped it had not hurt him, gave him his own chair, and at once entered into a lively conversation, to make him forget the accident.

8. The company all felt rebuked by the politeness of the Frenchman; but I doubt whether, had the same accident recurred the next evening, they would not have repeated the same conduct. Politeness was a *habit* with him; but with the rest of us, it was not a habit.

9. In the same walk in a city, I have inquired at an American store for a place which I wished to find, and received an answer that was hardly civil, and no direction that was of any use. On inquiring at a French store, a few rods distant, the polite owner came out, showed me the street, and even went with me till the house was in sight. Which of these was the polite man?—and at which shop should I be likely to stop and make purchases in future? Yet it was not this motive that induced the man to be polite. It was his habit.

10. Some trample on all the forms of politeness, for the purpose of challenging and receiving attentions, especially in public places. But they greatly mistake human nature. Who does not know that he receives, and welcomes, and waits on, a polite man, at his own house, with much more cheerfulness and alacrity than he does on one who has an opposite character? If you would be waited on, and receive the attentions of others, by all means be a man of politeness yourself.

11. Some think that politeness is inconsistent with independent feeling. The reverse is true. He who can but half respect himself, and place in himself but half a confidence, is the man to be jealous of others, and to demand of them, by impudence, what he fears they will not yield him without.

12. "An envious and unsocial mind, too proud to give pleasure, and too sullen to receive it, always endeavors to hide its malignity from the world, and from itself, under the plainness of simple honesty, or the dignity of haughty independence." You may regard the convenience of others,

and do all that politeness requires, and your own independence will be actually strengthened by it.

13. Others feel that it is the mark of genius, or of a great mind, to be slovenly in appearance, and uncouth in manners. If this be a sure index, the world is certainly in no danger of suffering for the want of genius and talents. A man may be great and influential in spite of his manners; and so can the elephant do wonders with his trunk. The most refined lady cannot thread her needle quicker than he can; but would she be improved by exchanging her hands for his trunk? If genius requires such manners, the Graces should have been hawkers of fish in the streets, and Genius himself a canal-digger.

14. No station, rank, or talents, can ever excuse a person for neglecting the civilities due from man to man. When Clement XIV. ascended the papal chair, the ambassadors of the several states, represented at his court, waited on him with their congratulations. As they were introduced, and severally bowed, he also bowed, to return the compliment. On this the master of ceremonies told him, that he should not have returned their salute. "Oh, I beg your pardon," said he; "I have not been pope long enough to forget good manners."

LESSON LXX.

Punctuality.

1. No system can be carried on without both order and punctuality. I have already said something, incidentally, on both of these topics; but their importance entitles them to a separate consideration.

2. The importance of strict punctuality could be shown by appealing to hundreds of authorities; but I prefer an appeal to the good sense of my readers. How painful it is, in a thousand instances of life, to be but one minute too late! and how much evil it may, indeed often does, occasion, both to ourselves and others!

3. "Think of the difference," says a spirited writer, "between arriving with a letter one minute before the post-office is closed, and arriving one minute after; between being at the stage-office a quarter of an hour too soon, and reaching there a quarter of an hour too late; between shak-

ing a friend heartily by the hand as he steps on board his vessel bound to the Indies, and arriving at the pier when the vessel is under weigh, and stretching her wide canvass to the winds! Think of this, and a thousand such instances, and be determined, through life, to be in time."

4. Allow me to illustrate the important subject of which I am now treating, by the case of a young mother. She wishes to go from Boston to Lowell. She leaves Boston in the cars, which go at eleven, and reach Lowell soon after twelve. She goes to spend the afternoon with a sick friend there, resolving to return at five—the hour when the last cars leave Lowell for Boston. Her infant is left for the time in the hands of a maiden sister—the husband being engaged in his shop, and hardly knowing of her departure.

5. She spends the afternoon with her friend, and her services are very acceptable. But ere she is aware, the bell at the railroad depot * rings for passengers to Boston. A few moments are spent in getting ready and in exchanging the parting salutation with those friends who, though aware of the danger of her being left, have not the honest plainness to urge her to make speed. She is, at length, under way; but on arriving at the depot, lo! the cars have started, and are twenty or thirty rods distant.

6. What can she do? "Time and tide," and railroad cars, "wait for none." It is in vain that she waves her handkerchief; the swift-moving vehicles roll on, and are soon out of sight! She returns, much distressed, to the house of her sick friend, unfit to render her any further service—to say nothing of the mischief she is likely to do by exciting her painful sympathies.

7. But how and when is she to get home? There are no public means of conveyance back to the city till to-morrow morning, and the expense of a private conveyance seems to her quite beyond her means.

8. How could I be so late? she says to herself. How could I run the risk of being thus left? Why was I not in season? What will my husband think—especially as I came off without saying any thing to him about coming? But this, though much to distress her, is not all, nor the most. Her poor babe! what will become of that? Her friends endeavor to soothe her by diverting her mind—but

* Pronounced *de-po*, a place or house at a railroad, where passengers take seats in the cars

to no purpose, or nearly none: she is half distracted, and can do nothing but mourn over her folly in being so late.

9. But the weather is mild, and all is propitious without, except that it is likely to be rather dark; and by means of the efforts of thoughtful friends, a coach is fitted out with a careful driver, to carry her home this very evening. It will take five hours in all; and as it is now six, she will reach home at about eleven. The infant will not greatly suffer before that time.

10. Finding herself fairly on the road, her feelings are somewhat composed, and she just now begins to think what her husband will do, when he comes from the shop at seven, and finds she has not arrived. She is afraid he will be at the extra pains and expense of coming after her; and perhaps, in the darkness, pass by her, and go on to Lowell.

11. And her fears are partly realized. After much anxiety and some complaining,—which, however, I will not undertake to justify,—the husband is on the road with a vehicle, going to Lowell to assist her in getting home. They meet about half way from place to place, and the drivers recognize each other—though rather more than, in the darkness, could have been expected. The coach from Lowell returns, and that from Boston, taking in both passengers, wheels them back in haste to their home.

12. In their joy to find matters no worse, they forget to recriminate each other, and think only of the timid sister with whom the infant was left in charge; for, in the hurry of getting off, the husband had made no provision for quieting her fears of being alone.

13. She passes the time, however, in much less mental agitation than might have been expected, and takes as good care as she can of a fretful, crying, half-starved babe. As the clock strikes one, the family are all quiet in bed, and endeavoring to sleep.

14. How much uneasiness is here caused by being just about one minute (and no more) too late! And whence came it? Not by her not knowing she was running a risk by being tardy. Not that she had no apprehensions of evil. Not because her conscience was uneducated, or unfaithful. It was neither, nor any of these.

15. There was, in the first place, a little want of decision. She suffered herself to vacillate between a sense of duty and the inclination to say a few words more, or to bestow

another parting kiss. And in the second place, it was the wretched habit she had always indulged, of delaying and deferring every thing she put her head or her hand to, till the very last moment.

16. I will give you a brief but correct account of her general habits. Not that the picture is a very uncommon one, but that you may view it in connection with the anecdote I have related, and thus get a tolerable idea of the inconveniences to which the wretched habit of which I have spoken, is continually exposing her.

17. She makes it a rule—no, I will not say that, for she has no rules, but she has a sort of expectation on the subject—to rise at five o'clock. Yet I do not suppose she is up at five, six times in the year. She is never awake at that time, or but seldom, unless she is awakened.

18. Her husband, indeed, makes it a *sort* of rule to wake her at that hour; but he, alas, poor man! has no fixed rules for himself or others; and if he undertakes to awaken her at five, it is usually ten or fifteen minutes afterward; and, if she is let alone, she is often in bed till half past five—oftener, indeed, than up earlier.

19. The breakfast hour is six; but I never knew the family to sit down at six. It is ten minutes, fifteen minutes, thirty minutes, and sometimes forty-five minutes after six, before the breakfast is on the table. The fire will not burn, and the tea is not ready; or the milk or cream for the latter has not arrived; or something or other is the matter—so she says, so she believes—and indeed sometimes so it is.

20. The dinner time is half past twelve—that is, professedly so; but it is not once in twenty times, that they sit down much before one o'clock—and often even later. So it is with supper; and I might add, with every thing else. If an engagement is made, directly or indirectly, positively or only implied, it is never fulfilled at the time.

21. She is never in her seat at church, till almost every body else is in, and the services have commenced; although the kind, but too indulgent parson waits some five or ten minutes for his whole congregation—whom, alas! he has unwittingly trained to delay. In short, she does nothing, and performs nothing, punctually, not even going to bed; for this is deferred to a very late hour—sometimes till near midnight.

22. Now, herein is the secret—the foundation, rather—of

her trouble at Lowell. Had she been trained to punctuality in other things, she would, in all probability, have been punctual there. The misfortune which I have described, is but a specimen of what is ever and anon occurring in the history of her life.

23. The late principal of a very highly distinguished female school in Boston, used to have every exercise regulated by a clock kept in the room; and whatever else was going on—whether it was finished or unfinished—whenever the hour for another exercise arrived, it was attended to. The whole school, as if with one impulse, seemed to obey the hour, rather than the teacher.

24. Such order and punctuality, every where and in every thing, constitute the beauty of life; and I was going to say, the beauty of heaven, of which this life should be a sort of emblem. Heaven, in any event, is not only a world of order, but of punctuality also; and he who goes there, must be prepared to observe both, or it will be no heaven to him

LESSON LXXI.

The Miracle.—A GERMAN PARABLE.

1. One day in Spring, Solomon, then a youth, sat under the palm-trees, in the garden of the King, his father, with his eyes fixed on the ground, and absorbed in thought. Nathan, his preceptor, went up to him, and said, Why sittest thou thus, musing under the palm-trees?

2. The youth raised his head, and answered Nathan, I am exceedingly desirous to behold a miracle.

3. A wish, said the prophet, with a smile, which I entertained myself, in my juvenile years.

4. And was it granted? hastily asked the Prince.

5. A man of God, answered Nathan, came to me, bringing in his hand a pomegranate seed. Observe, said he, what this seed will turn to! He thereupon made with his fingers a hole in the earth, and put the seed into the hole, and covered it. Scarcely had he drawn back his hand, when the earth parted, and I saw two small leaves shoot forth—but no sooner did I perceive them, than the leaves separated, and from between them arose a round stem, covered with bark, and the stem became every moment higher and thicker.

6. The man of God thereupon said unto me, Take notice! And while I observed, seven shoots issued from the stem, like the seven branches on the candlestick of the altar.

7. I was astonished, but the man of God motioned to me, and commanded me to be silent, and to attend. Behold, said he, new creations will soon make their appearance.

8. He thereupon brought water in the hollow of his hand from the stream which flowed past; and lo! all the branches were covered with green leaves, so that a cooling shade was thrown around us, together with a delicious odor.—Whence, exclaimed I, is this perfume, amid the refreshing shade?

9. Seest thou not, said the man of God, the scarlet blossom, as, shooting forth from among the green leaves, it hangs down in clusters?

10. I was about to answer, when a gentle breeze agitated the leaves, and strewed the blossoms around us, as the autumnal blast scatters the withered foliage. No sooner had the blossoms fallen, than the red pomegranates appeared suspended among the leaves, like the almonds on the staves of Aaron. The man of God then left me in profound amazement.

11. Nathan ceased speaking. What is the name of the godlike man? asked Solomon, hastily. Doth he yet live? Where doth he dwell?

12. Son of David, replied Nathan, I have related to thee a vision.

13. When Solomon heard these words, he was troubled in his heart, and said, How canst thou deceive me thus?

14. I have not deceived thee, son of Jesse, rejoined Nathan. Behold, in thy father's garden, thou mayest see all that I have related to thee. Doth not the same thing take place with every pomegranate, and with the other trees?

15. Yes, said Solomon, but imperceptibly, and in a long time.

16. Then answered Nathan—Is it therefore the less a divine work, because it takes place silently and insensibly? Study nature and her operations; then wilt thou easily believe those of a higher power, and not long for miracles wrought by a human hand.

Questions.—What is a *parable?* What is the miracle recorded in the Bible, which is referred to in par. 10th—"like the almonds on the staves of Aaron?" What is the meaning of *juvenile*, par. 3? *perfume*, par. 8? *clusters*, par. 9? What inflection on *man*, par. 11? *live? dwell?* What is the Rule?

LESSON LXXII.

Selections from the Proverbs of Solomon.

[Observe that the words printed in *italic* in the Bible are not always the emphatic words, but are so printed because words corresponding to them are not found in the passage as originally written, in Hebrew or Greek, but such words are inserted by the translator, to convey more clearly the meaning of the writer.]

1. A *good* name *is* rather to be chosen than great riches, *and* loving favor rather than silver and gold.

2. The rich and poor meet together: the LORD *is* the maker of them all.

3. A prudent *man* foreseeth the evil, and hideth himself: but the simple pass on, and are punished.

4. By humility *and* the fear of the LORD *are* riches, and honor, and life.

5. Thorns *and* snares *are* in the way of the froward: he that doth keep his soul shall be far from them.

6. Train up a child in the way he should go; and when he is old, he will not depart from it.

7. The rich ruleth over the poor, and the borrower *is* servant to the lender.

8. He that soweth iniquity shall reap vanity; and the rod of his anger shall fail.

9. He that hath a bountiful eye shall be blessed; for he giveth of his bread to the poor.

10. Cast out the scorner, and contention shall go out; yea, strife and reproach shall cease.

11. He that loveth pureness of heart, *for* the grace of his lips the king *shall be* his friend.

12. The eyes of the LORD preserve knowledge, and he overthroweth the words of the transgressor.

13. The slothful *man* saith, *There is* a lion without; I shall be slain in the streets.

14. Foolishness *is* bound up in the heart of a child; *but* the rod of correction shall drive it far from him.

15. He that oppresseth the poor to increase his *riches*, *and* he that giveth to the rich, *shall* surely *come* to want.

16. Bow down thine ear, and hear the words of the wise, and apply thy heart unto knowledge.

17. For *it is* a pleasant thing if thou keep them within thee; they shall withal be fitted in thy lips.

18. That thy trust may be in the LORD, I have made known to thee this day, even to thee.

19. Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his color in the cup, *when* it moveth itself aright.

20. At the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder.

21. Rob not the poor, because he *is* poor: neither oppress the afflicted in the gate:

22. For the LORD will plead their cause, and spoil the soul of those that spoiled them.

23. Make no friendship with an angry man; and with a furious man thou shalt not go;

24. Lest thou learn his ways, and get a snare to thy soul.

25. Be not thou *one* of them that strike hands, *or* of them that are sureties for debts.

26. If thou hast nothing to pay, why should he take away thy bed from under thee?

27. Remove not the ancient landmark which thy fathers have set.

28. Seest thou a man diligent in his business? he shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean *men*.

LESSON LXXIII.

A Mother's Influence.

1. "I WAS a dull boy," said Judge B——, in answer to some remarks of Mrs. Wentworth, referring to the usual precocity of genius, and hinting the display which the learned and celebrated Judge must have made in his juvenile studies—"I was a very dull boy. Till I was full nine years old, I dreaded the name of book and school.

2. "It is true I had made some progress in the first rudiments of English, and had begun the Latin Grammar; but this was wholly owing to the constant instruction and personal influence of my mother. It was only in obedience to her that I attended school. I would have preferred a severe whipping every day of my life, if by that means I might have been exempted from the task of study. I was the drone of the school.

3. "My mother began my education very early; I was her only child, and she a widow, (my father dying before I

was born;) you may easily imagine, therefore, how eager she must have been for my improvement. She tried every means that love, faith, and patience could suggest, to instruct me in my lessons and my duties. In the latter she was not disappointed. I may say, without boasting, that I was an obedient boy, for I loved my mother so well that it was a pleasure to do her bidding.

4. "But I could not learn my book; the fountain of knowledge was, to my taste, bitter waters, and all the devices which ingenuity has invented to make learning easy, failed in my case; I had to wear the dunce cap at school, and so sluggish was my mind, that I did not care a straw for the disgrace, till I found it made my mother weep when she heard of it. Indeed, I preferred to be at the foot of my class, for then I had no trouble about trying to keep my station; and even at the opening of the school, I always took my place at the foot; it seemed to fall naturally to me; I was as contented as Diogenes in his tub.

5. "Thus the time passed till the winter I entered my enth year. The school-master was preparing for a famous exhibition; and as he knew how solicitous my mother was for my improvement, he called on her to ascertain if she thought it possible I could take a part. She did think it possible—what mother would despair of her only child?—she undertook to teach me the piece I was to speak.

6. "The teacher had selected that pithy little poem so appropriate for the young tyro, beginning—

> 'You'd scarce expect one of my age
> To speak in public on the stage,
> And if I chance to fall below
> Demosthenes or Cicero,
> Don't view me with a critic's eye,
> But pass my imperfections by,' &c.

7. "Those six lines were my first lesson; and after tea my mother sat down to the task of teaching it, telling me that I must learn to recite those six lines during that and the following evening. You smile, ladies, but it seemed an Herculean task to me, and it was only my strong affection for my mother that would have induced me to undertake it.

8. "The teacher had promised that, if I spoke my piece well, he would give me a silver medal. I cared nothing for that, till my mother drew me to her, and, as she put back my hair and kissed my forehead in her loving manner, said,

'Oh, Robert! how happy I shall be to see you come home with the medal on!'—I thought then that I would try to obtain it. So I sat down cheerfully to my task.

9. "I recollect the scene as though it were but yesterday. My mother read the six lines to me a number of times over, and then she explained the meaning of the words. She told me of Demosthenes, and the efforts he made to overcome his natural defects. I remember asking her if I should get some pebbles to hold in my mouth—whether it would do me any good;—and how happy her laugh rang out at my witticism! Then she told me of Cicero, and of the great services he rendered his country by his oratory and learning,—thus endeavoring to awaken my mind to some effort of imitation.

10. "I like to listen to stories, and it was in this manner that I had been taught what little I knew; for I could not comprehend words. I wanted images, and these my mother, by her manner, and the comparisons she would draw from familiar things, could succeed in picturing to my imagination. In books I found nothing but words, and those I could not remember. But I am growing tedious, I fear, as that evening was to my mother and myself.

11. "For two long hours she patiently taught me. I read over the lines a hundred times; I recited them after her; sometimes I would repeat two or three consecutive words; and I could see her face brighten with hope; but when she took the book for the last recitation, and after I had been studying most intently for some minutes, I could not repeat a single word. I can recollect now my sensations at that time. It seemed to me that I knew all my mother wished me to say; but a kind of wavering shadow would come between me and my lesson, and make all the words indistinct, and my will had no power to control these fancies.

12. "When my mother had vainly tried every possible method to make me recollect the two first lines, she was quite overcome. I believe her hope of my intellect was extinguished, and that she felt, for the first time, what all who knew me had predicted, that I would be a dunce. It must be a terrible trial for a sensible mother to think that her only child is a fool. She burst into a passion of tears; covered her face with her hands, and sunk on her knees beside the sofa where we were sitting.

13. "I started up in amazement at her grief, for I had nev-

er before seen her so moved: she was habitually calm as a summer morning; but now her sobs and groans seemed bursting her heart. My knees trembled, and a burning heat rushed over my frame. At that moment something seemed to open in my head, and a light—I can compare it to nothing else—was let into my brain.

14. "I saw, or felt,—that perhaps would be more proper,—every word of the lesson I had been learning, as though it were graven with a pen of fire. I knew that I could repeat my lesson; and many other lessons that I had vainly tried to learn, now all were present to my memory in perfect arrangement. I stood in a state of entrancement, almost, as these new and clear ideas came thronging on my mind, till my dear mother arose from her kneeling posture, and stretched out her hand to draw me to her.

15. "Her face was deadly pale, but perfectly calm and resigned. I have her countenance now before me, mild and beautiful as an angel's. She had given up her hope of my mind, but her love was deeper and more tender, perhaps, because her pride in me had been utterly humbled. Oh, there is no earthly passion so disinterested as a mother's love! She thought, from my countenance, that I was frightened; and, drawing me to her, she caressed me, and murmured, "My son, my dear son."

16. "'I can say my lesson, mother, I can say my lesson now'—I broke out—and instantly repeated not only the six lines, but the whole poem which I had heard her read, but had never read myself. She was astonished; but when I went on to repeat hymns and poems which she had in vain tried to teach me for months and years, her joyful exclamations were raised in thanks to God; and her tears again flowed like rain.

17. "I do not think she retired that night at all; for she was kneeling by my bedside when I went to sleep, and when I opened my eyes in the morning, she was bending over me. Probably she feared I might lose my memory, and watched my first awaking to confirm her hopes. She was gratified. I recollected more clearly that morning than the previous evening. My whole being seemed changed. Every object looked brighter, every word sounded with a new meaning."

18. "Do you believe that any new faculty of mind was given you?" asked Mrs. Wentworth.

19. "No—surely not—but my intellect was aroused and enlightened. How this was effected, I do not pretend to say; but it appeared to me at the time, that something in my head had enlarged, or opened. However that may be, I have never since found any difficulty in literary pursuits; the exercise of my mind is my most pleasurable employment. I gained the medal with great applause; and was sweetly rewarded by the praises and kisses of my mother.

20. "How happy she was!—too happy for this world. I fear the alternations of grief and joy had an injurious effect on her health. She passed away in a few months—and left me an orphan indeed. But her memory can never pass from me, while my reason remains. To her I am indebted for all my enjoyments of intellect. I have no doubt that, had a severe and chilling discipline been pursued with me at home, as it was at school, I should always have been a dull and ignorant being, perhaps an idiot. To a good, faithful, intelligent mother, what gratitude and respect do not her children owe?—I shall always vindicate the cause of woman."

LESSON LXXIV.

A Mother's Love.

1. Hast thou sounded the depths of yonder sea,
And counted the sands that under it be?
Hast thou measured the height of heaven above?
Then mayest thou mete out the mother's love.

2. Hast thou talked with the blessed of leading on
To the throne of God some wandering son?
Hast thou witnessed the angels' bright employ?
Then mayest thou speak of a mother's joy.

3. Evening and morn hast thou watched the bee
Go forth on her errands of industry?
The bee, for herself, hath gathered and toiled,
But the mother's cares are all for her child.

4. Hast thou gone with the traveller, Thought, afar
From pole to pole, and from star to star?
Thou hast; but on ocean, earth, or sea,
The heart of a mother has gone with thee.

5. There is not a grand, inspiring thought,
There is not a truth by wisdom taught,
There is not a feeling, pure and high,
That may not be read in a mother's eye.

6. There are teachings on earth, and sky, and air;
The heavens the glory of God declare;
But louder than voice beneath, above,
He is heard to speak through a mother's love.

LESSON LXXV.

The Mother's Tears.

1. I saw, beside a grassy tomb,
A little coffin fair;
And many gazed, as if the bloom
Of Eden withered there.

2. The little vessel, short and wide,
Received a sigh from all;
For two sweet infants, side by side,
Were shrouded in one pall.

3. And now the mother, at their head,
Like marble stood with grief;
And every pearly tear she shed
Then seemed to give relief.

4. She raised the napkin, o'er them spread,
Which hid them from her view;
Then, bending o'er the coffin's head,
She gazed a last adieu.

5. And on their faces, cold and fair,
She pressed the last, fond kiss;
And often would she then declare—
"No grief was e'er like this!

6. "What have I done to anger God?
Oh! tell me now, I pray:—
Why must I bear his heavy rod,
Or see my infants' clay?"

7. I saw the aged Pastor weep,
When closely standing by;
And long shall memory safely keep
His answer in reply:—

8. "A shepherd long had sought, in vain,
To call a wandering sheep:
He strove to make its pathway plain,
Through dangers thick and deep.

9. "But still the wanderer stood aloof,
And still refused to come;
Nor would she ever hear reproof,
Or turn to seek her home.

10. "At last the gentle shepherd took
Her little lambs from view;
The mother turned with anguished look—
She turned—and followed too!"

LESSON LXXVI.

My Mother's Voice.

1. My mother's voice! I hear it now;
I feel her hand upon my brow,
As when, in heartfelt joy,
She raised her evening hymn of praise,
And called down blessings on the days
Of her loved boy.

2. My mother's voice! I hear it now;
Her hand is on my burning brow,
As in that early hour,
When fever throbbed in all my veins,
And that kind hand first soothed my pains
With healing power.

3. My mother's voice! it sounds as when
She read to me of holy men,
The Patriarchs of old;
And, gazing downward in my face,
She seemed each infant thought to trace,
My blue eyes told.

4. It comes—when thoughts unhallowed throng,
Woven in sweet, deceptive song—
And whispers round my heart;
As when at eve it rose on high,
I hear, and think that she is nigh,
And they depart

5. Though round my heart, all, all beside,
The voice of Friendship, Love, had died,
That voice would linger there;
As when, soft pillowed on her breast,
Its tones first lulled my infant rest,
Or rose in prayer.

LESSON LXXVII.

Honesty.

1. "I AM going to buy some marbles, Sam; will you go with me?" said Robert Ellis to the boy who occupied the desk next his, as they left the school-room together.

2. The two boys were soon standing at Mr. Moore's counter, discussing with great animation the merits and prices of the marbles offered for their inspection. The important selection was at length made, and the marbles paid for.

3. "I gave you a ten cent piece," said Robert to the shopman, as he looked at his change, "and you have given me back four cents."

4. "Was it ten cents?" said the man, looking at it again. "I thought it was twelve and a half."

5. As he said this, he swept the two cents which Robert handed back to him into the drawer, and the two boys left the shop.

6. "That's an honest little fellow," said a man who sat behind the counter, reading the newspaper,—"a *very* honest little fellow; who is he?"

7. Robert's companion, however, expressed a different opinion. As soon as they left the shop, he called out—"Why, Robert, what a fool you were, to tell that man you only gave him ten cents!"

8. Robert stared. "Why, you would not have had me cheat him, would you?" said he.

9. "Cheat! no, but you did not cheat him; he cheated himself."

10. "Don't you think it would have been cheating if I had taken four cents when he only owed me two? I don't see what you call cheating, if that is not."

11. "I don't see why you should trouble yourself to cor-

rect his mistakes. If he chooses to be so careless, *it is his own lookout.*"

12. They had by this time joined the group of boys who were playing marbles on the meeting-house steps, and the conversation was dropped; but Robert did not forget it. He was a boy of good sense and sound principles, and Samuel's arguments did not convince him. Samuel was a new acquaintance. His father and mother had lately moved into the village, and as Samuel was very lively and entertaining, he soon became a favorite among the boys.

13. Robert had liked him as well as others; but now his confidence in him sensibly diminished. The new doctrine he had advanced this evening appeared to Robert nothing less than downright dishonesty; and he began to look upon his new friend somewhat suspiciously. Unwilling, however, to think ill of him, he endeavored to persuade himself that it was only *his odd way of talking;* and, when he took his seat in school the next morning, he felt almost as cordially towards him as ever.

14. "I have not done my sums," said Samuel, in recess; "I couldn't do them last night, and I have not time now;—what shall I do?"

15. "Do as many of them as you can," replied Robert, "and perhaps Mr. French will excuse your not doing the rest."

16. "That plan won't do," replied Samuel. "I tried it yesterday; but I'll tell you what *will.* If you will only do part of them while I do the rest, we shall get them all done in time, and then I can copy them off."

17. "Oh! that would be cheating," cried Robert; "I can't do that; I shouldn't think you'd want to have me, Sam."

18. "Cheating! you are always talking about cheating. Pray, what cheating is there in that?"

19. "Why, wouldn't it be deceiving Mr. French, to make him think you had done all?"

20. "Well, don't stand here preaching," interrupted Samuel; "I might have finished half of them while we have been talking. Say at once, yes or no."

21. "*No,*" said Robert, firmly.

22. Samuel walked off in high indignation, and Robert, too, was not a little angry. After school, he did not join Samuel as usual, but walked home alone. His thoughts were still occupied with Samuel's conduct, and he felt more

unhappy than he had done before for a long time. Finally he concluded to tell his father the whole affair, and ask him if he did not think it would have been dishonest for him to perform another person's task, for the purpose of deceiving his teacher.

23. "But, then, I was angry with Sam," thought he, "when he told all the boys that I was cross; and father will say that was very wrong. But I know it was wrong myself; and I will tell him the whole, if I tell any." This resolution taken, he again felt easy; and in the evening he related to his father the circumstances we have mentioned.

24. "I am glad, Robert," said Mr. Ellis, "that you have told me all this: I should be sorry to have you led away by a bad boy, or puzzled by his arguments. You see, in the first instance, that it is no less dishonesty to retain what does not belong to you when given to you by mistake, than to take it yourself.

25. "I am glad that you had principle enough to refuse to do Samuel's sums, for you were right in thinking it *dishonest* to abuse Mr. French's confidence in this way. Some people think, Robert, that those only ought to be called *dishonest*, who deceive others in regard to property; but it is the same spirit which leads a boy to present the compositions and sums of another to his teacher, as his own, which would lead him to pass a five cent piece for a six cent piece."

26. "So I thought, father, only I did not know exactly how to say it; but I ought to tell you that I did wrong too, for I was angry when Sam told me not to stand preaching to him; and I can't help feeling a little angry now, when I think of it."

27. "And why should you feel angry with him, Robert? Do *you* never do wrong?"

28. "Yes, father, but not like Sam."

29. "Think, my son, of all the wrong feelings and actions which you have indulged to-day, and which are all known to your heavenly Father; and do you find such a wide difference between your sins and Samuel's?"

30. Robert said nothing; and, after a pause, his father continued, "I do not wish you to make a *friend* of Samuel, because I think, from what I hear, that his influence will be a bad one; but I *do* wish you to treat him kindly wherever you meet him, and let *your* influence and *your* example be good."

LESSON LXXVIII.

Effects of Universal Falsehood.

1. Let us consider, for a little, some of the effects which would inevitably follow were the law of truth *universally* violated. In this case, a scene of horror and confusion would ensue, of which it is difficult for the mind to form any distinct conception.

2. It is obvious, in the first place, that rational beings could never improve in knowledge, beyond the range of the sensitive objects that happened to be placed within the sphere of their personal observation; for by far the greater part of our knowledge is derived from the communications of others, and from the stimulus to intellectual exertion which such communications produce.

3. Let us suppose a human being trained up, from infancy, in a wilderness, by a bear or a wolf,—as history records to have been the case of several individuals in the forests of France, Germany, and Lithuania,—what knowledge could such a being acquire beyond that of a brute? He might distinguish a horse from a cow, and a man from a dog, and know that such objects as trees, shrubs, grass, flowers, and water, existed around him; but knowledge, strictly so called, and the proper exercise of his rational faculties, he could not acquire, so long as he remained detached from other rational beings.

4. Such would be our situation, were falsehood universal among men. We could acquire a knowledge of nothing but what was obvious to our senses, in the objects with which we were surrounded. We could not know whether the earth were twenty miles, or twenty thousand miles, in extent, and whether oceans, seas, rivers, and ranges of mountains, existed on its surface, unless we had made the tour of it in person, and, with our own eyes, surveyed the various objects it contains.

5. Of course, we should remain in absolute ignorance of the existence and the attributes of God, of the moral relations of intelligent beings to their Creator, and to one another, and of the realities of a future state. For it is only, or chiefly, through the medium of *testimony*, combined with the evidence of our senses, that we acquire a knowledge of such truths and objects.

6. In the next place, all confidence among intelligent beings would be completely destroyed. Disappointment would *invariably* attend every purpose and resolution, and every scheme we wished to execute, if it depended in the least degree upon the direction or assistance of others. We durst not taste an article of food which we received from another, lest it should contain poison; nor could we ever construct a house to shelter us from the storm, unless our own physical powers were adequate to the work.

7. Were we living in Edinburgh, we could never go to Musselburgh and Dalkeith, if we were previously ignorant of the situation of those places; or were we residing in London, it would be impossible for us ever to find our way to Hommerton or Hampstead, unless, after a thousand attempts, *chance* should happen to direct us; and, when we arrived at either of these villages, we should still be in as much uncertainty as ever, whether it was the place to which we intended to direct our steps.

8. Confidence being destroyed, there could be no friendship, no union of hearts, no affectionate intercourse, no social converse, no consolation or comfort in the hour of distress, no hopes of deliverance in the midst of danger, and no prospect of the least enjoyment from any being around us.

9. In such a case, the mind would feel itself as in a wilderness, even when surrounded by fellow-intelligences; and wherever it roamed over the vast expanse of nature, or among the mass of living beings around it, it would meet with no affectionate interchange of feelings and sentiments, and no object on which it could rest for solace and enjoyment. Every one would feel as if he were placed in the midst of an infinite void, and as if he were the only being residing in the universe.

10. In such a case, we would flee from the society of men, as we would do from a lion or a tiger when rushing on his prey; and hide ourselves in dens, and forests, and caverns of the earth, till death should put a period to a cheerless and miserable existence.

11. All social intercourse and relations would cease;—families could not possibly exist, nor any affectionate intercourse between the sexes; for truth, and the confidence which is founded upon it, are implied in all the intercourse of husbands and wives, of brothers and sisters, and of parents and children;—and, consequently, the human race,

dropping into the grave, one after another, like the leaves of autumn, without any successors, would, in a short time, be extirpated from the earth.

12. In such a state, kindness and affection would never be exercised; trade and commerce, buying and selling, social compacts and agreements, would be annihilated; science, literature, and the arts, could not exist; and, consequently, universities, colleges, churches, academies, schools, and every other seminary of instruction, would be unknown.

13. No villages, towns, nor cities would be built; no fields cultivated; no orchards, vineyards, nor gardens, planted; no intercourse would exist between different regions of the globe; and nothing but one dreary, barren waste would be presented to the eye, throughout the whole expanse of nature.

LESSON LXXIX.

What is Education?

1. "WHAT is education?" asked a teacher of a class of girls. Young persons, when asked such general questions, do not reply promptly. They have no thoughts on the subject, and therefore have nothing to say; or, their thoughts not being arranged, they are not ready to answer; or they may be too diffident to answer at all. On this occasion, half the girls were silent, and the rest replied, "I don't know, sir."

2. "Oblige me, girls, by saying something," urged the teacher. "The word is not Greek—surely you have some ideas about it. What is your notion of education, Mary Bliss?"

3. "Does it not mean, sir, learning to read and write?" Mary Bliss paused, and the girl next her added, "and ciphering, sir, and grammar, and geography?"

4. "Yes, it means this, and something more. What is your idea of education, Sarah Johnson?"

5. "I did not suppose education meant much more than the girls have mentioned, sir. Mr. Smith said, at the Lyceum Lecture, that the great mass of the people received their education at the common schools; and the girls have named nearly all that we learn at the common schools."

6. "Does not education mean," asked Maria Jarvis, "the

learning young men get at colleges? I often hear people say of a man that 'he has had an education,' when they mean merely that he has been through college."

7. "You are right, Maria, in believing this to be a commonly received meaning of the term 'education;' but it means much more; and as it is important to you to have right and fixed ideas on this subject, I earnestly beg you all to give me your attention, while I attempt to explain to you its full meaning.

8. "A great man, Mr. Locke, said, 'that the difference to be found in the manners and abilities of men is owing more to their education than any thing else.' Now, as you are all acquainted with men who have never seen the inside of a college, and yet who are superior in 'manners and abilities' to some others who have passed four of the best years of their lives there, you must conclude that education is not confined to college walls.

9. "You are born with certain faculties. Whatever tends to develope and improve these, is education. Whatever trains your mental powers, your affections, manners, and habits, is education. Your education is not limited to any period of your life, but is going on as long as you live.

10. "Whatever prepares you to be a profitable servant of God, and a faithful disciple of Christ; whatever increases your reverence, and love of your Maker; all that in Scripture is called the 'nurture and admonition of the Lord,'—is a part of your religious *education.* Whatever you do to promote your health, to develope and improve the strength and powers of your body, is a part of your physical *education.*"

11. "What, sir!" interrupted little Mary Lewis, "do you mean that running, and jumping rope, and trundling hoops, and clambering over rocks, is a part of *education?*"

12. "I certainly do; but why do you laugh, my dear child?"

13. "Because, sir, I never knew that education meant any thing so pleasant as that. I wish my mother could hear you, sir; she would let me play more, instead of studying all the time, if she only knew that driving hoop was called *education.*"

14. The teacher smiled, and proceeded—"Whatever calls forth your affections, and strengthens them; whatever directs and subdues your passions; whatever cultivates your virtues;

and whatever improves your manners,—is a part of your moral *education.*"

15. "Then," said the same lively little girl, "that is what my mother means when she says, 'There is a *lesson* for you, Anne!' every time any one of the family does any good thing. It seems to me, I am *educating* all the time."

16. "You are, Anne—the world is your school, and good examples are your very best lessons. Whatever unfolds the faculties of your mind, improves your talents, and augments your stores of knowledge, is a part of your intellectual *education.*

17. "Whatever improves your capacity for domestic affairs, or for business of any sort, is a part of your economical education. Now, you will perceive, from what I have said, that education is not confined to schools and colleges, but that, as Anne has very well remarked, we are 'educating all the time.' Nor is the conduct of education confined to professed teachers; we are educating one another.

18. "While I am teaching you geography and arithmetic, you are perhaps trying my patience, or, by your own patience, calling forth my gratitude. If I make progress in these virtues, you are helping on my moral education.

19. "The knowledge you impart to one another, the kindnesses you receive, the loves you exchange, are all a part of your education. When you learn to sweep a room, to make a bed, or a cup of tea, a shirt, or a loaf of bread, you are getting on in your education.

20. "Every thing around us, my children, may help forward this great work. The sun, the moon, and the stars, teach their sublime lessons. 'Day unto day uttereth knowledge.' The seasons make their revelations. The rain and snow, dews and frost, the trees and rocks, fruits and flowers, plants, herbs, the very stones and grass we tread upon, are full of instruction to those who study them.

21. "All the events and circumstances of your lives are contributing to your education. Your class-mate, Lucy Davis, has been absent from school the last two months. Reflect on what I have been saying to you, and then tell me whether Lucy, during this time, though she has not looked into a school-book, has made any progress in her education."

22. The girls were silent and thoughtful for a few moments. Maria Jarvis spoke first. "Lucy's 'economical educa-

tion,' as you call it, sir," she said, "has been going on, for she has had the care of the family, and every thing to do, through all her mother's illness."

23. "'And I guess she has been going forward in her 'moral education,'" said little Mary Lewis, "for I never saw any body so patient as she was with her mother's cross baby."

24. "And she has not lost this opportunity for improving in her 'religious education,'" resumed the teacher. "You all saw her yesterday at her mother's funeral, subduing the grief of her little sisters, by her quiet resignation, and affectionate devotion to them. Ah, she has been taking lessons in more important branches of education, than are taught in schools.

25. "So you see, my dear children, that life is a school —a primary school; and that we are all scholars, and are all preparing for a day of examination, when the infallible, all-seeing Judge will decide how we have profited by our means of *education*."

LESSON LXXX.

Scenes at Sea.

1. Amid the numerous discomforts of a long sea voyage, one is thrown upon his own resources, both for improvement and pleasure. But the mind accustomed to view with intelligent and devout contemplation the works of God, can seldom be without materials for lofty and purifying thought. And surely, the wide ocean and wider sky present a rich field for the expatiation of our noblest thoughts.

2. Pacing the deck, or leaning against the bulwarks, toward the setting sun, it would seem as though the most gross and thoughtless mind must rise, and expand, and feel delight. Far and near rolls "old Ocean." Before Jehovah spread out the fairer scenery of the dry land, these restless billows swelled and sparkled beneath the new-made firmament. Thousands of years their wide expanse remained a trackless waste,

> "Unconquerable, unreposed, untired,
> And rolled the wild, profound, eternal bass,
> In nature's anthem."

3. The storm then found no daring mariner to brave its fury, and the gentle breeze no repose on the fair canvass of the lordly ship. Age after age, the fowls of heaven and the tenants of the deep held undisputed empire. But now, every ocean is added to the dominion of man. He captures its rulers, he makes its surges his highway, and so dexterously adjusts his spreading canvass, as to proceed, in the very face of its winds, to his desired haven.

4. But, oh! how many have found in these same billows a grave! How many a gallant ship has "sunk like lead in the mighty waters," where beauty and vigor, wealth and venerableness, learning and piety, find undistinguished graves! To these lone deserts of pure waters man pursues his brother with murderous intent—the silence is broken by thundering cannon—the billows bear away the stain of gore, and all that storm ever swallowed up, have been outnumbered by the victims of a battle. O war! when will thy horrid banner be forever furled?

5. Reflection, following the chasing waves, passes on to the shores they lave, and there looks over nations, and beholds men in their manners, customs, follies, and crimes, their loves and hates, their joys and sorrows, their enthusiastic pursuit of wealth, and amazing disregard of Heaven. How interminable and salutary are the thoughts thou inspirest, Ocean! whether we regard thy age, thy beauties, thy wrath, thy silence, thy treasures, thy services to man, thy praise to God, or the scenes which have been acted on thy surface!

6. But while we thus muse and speculate, the glories of sunset fade into sober gray, the billows take a deeper tinge, stars multiply, and soon we stand beneath a firmament glowing with ten thousand fires. Here are vaster, sublimer fields for thought.

> "Hail, Source of being! Universal Soul
> Of heaven and earth! Essential Presence, hail!
> To Thee I bend the knee; to Thee my thoughts
> Continual climb; who, with a master hand,
> Hast the great whole into perfection touched."

7. How ennobling and purifying is the study of astronomy! How delicious the Christian's hope of soon roaming among these works of infinite wisdom and power, ever learning, adoring, rejoicing, improving; ever becoming more full of God, and of glory, and of joy!

8. Friday, Oct. 23. Sailing, for the last two days, along the coast of Africa, it is impossible to avoid frequent thoughts of that devoted land. How deep the darkness which covers it! How few the points where Christianity kindles her fire! How wretched, even in temporal things, its thronging millions, and how utterly secluded from the improvements of the age! Yet the word of the Lord once resounded along these shores, and triumphed over the vast interior. African philosophers, ministers, and generals, came not behind the greatest of their time. Why, and how, the dreadful change? "Verily, there is a God, that ruleth in the earth!"

9. Friday, 30. The monotony of a calm—for the trade-wind has already failed us—has been agreeably relieved yesterday and to-day, by the neighborhood of two ships, much larger than our own—the one English, the other American. The English ship—the John Barry, of London—has 260 convicts for Sydney, in New South Wales. They swarmed on the whole deck, and in the rigging, while men under arms stood sentry over them.

10. There were probably some troops also on board, as there were several officers on the quarter-deck, and a fine band of music. This was politely mustered yesterday, when we were as near as we could safely sail, and played for an hour or two very delightfully. As the music swelled and died away in heaving and exquisite cadences, now gay, now plaintive, and now rising into martial pomp,—it not only refreshed, and soothed, and exhilarated, but awakened trains of profitable thought.

11. They belonged to our father-land; they came from the noblest nation earth ever saw; they were but lately arrayed against us in horrid war; they bore to a distant home a motley crew of refined and vulgar, educated and ignorant, now reduced by sin to common convicts and exiles. And was God acknowledged among them? Did any of them go to him in their distresses?

12. Thursday, Nov. 5. Reached the south-east trade-wind, and are going gaily, with a steady breeze, at the rate of seven miles an hour. Those who have not been at sea, can scarcely realize the exhilaration of spirit produced by a strong, favoring wind, after wearisome delays. We had scarcely made any advance for ten days, and were almost weary of delay. When we had wind, it was in severe squalls, accompanied with heavy showers.

13. The majesty of a *few* sharp squalls, however, repays one for the danger they may involve, and tempts the timid passenger to brave the wind and a wetting, for the pleasure of the sight. Every sluggish sailor is converted instantly into a hero. Every order is obeyed on the run. The lofty display of canvass, which had been flapping against the masts, is rapidly reduced, as the threatening cloud draws on. Regardless of the huge drops which now begin to descend, the captain stands at the weather bulwark, peering, through half-closed lids, into the gathering gloom. Fitful gusts herald the approaching gale.

14. More canvass is taken in; the waves are lashed to foam; the wind howls through the rigging; the bulk-heads creak and strain; the ship careens to the water's edge; and the huge spray springs over the weather bow: then comes the rain in torrents; the mainsail is furled, the spanker brailed up, and the man at the wheel is charged to "mind his weather helm." Soon the whole force of the blast is upon us. "*Hard up!*" roars the captain. "*Hard up, sir!*" responds the watchful helmsman. The noble thing turns her back to the tremendous uproar, and away we scud, conscious of safety, and thrilling with emotions of sublimity.

15. The rush is over! The dripping seamen expand again the venturous canvass—the decks are swabbed—the tropical sun comes out gloriously—we pair ourselves to promenade—and evening smiles from golden clouds, that speak of day-gladdened realms beyond. And now the rolling billows, disrobed of their foaming glitter, quiet themselves for the repose of night, while the blessed moon beams mildly from mid-heaven.

16. "Thou art, O God! the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see;
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from thee!
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things bright and fair are thine."

Questions.—What is the meaning of *bass*, in the poetry in par. 2? of *lave*, in the 2d line, par. 5? What country is meant by "*our fatherland*," in the 1st line, par. 11? What is the meaning of "*tropical* sun," in par. 15? *promenade?* What inflection, in par. 16, 3d line, on *day?* on *night?* on *thee*, in the 4th line?

LESSON LXXXI.

The Discontented Pendulum.

1. An old clock, that had stood for fifty years in a farmer's kitchen, without giving its owner any cause of complaint, early one summer's morning, before the family was stirring, suddenly stopped. Upon this, the dial-plate—if we can credit the fable—changed countenance with alarm; the hands made a vain effort to continue their course; the wheels remained motionless with surprise; the weights hung speechless; each member felt disposed to lay the blame on the others. At length the dial instituted a formal inquiry as to the cause of the stagnation, when hands, wheels, weights, with one voice, protested their innocence.

2. But now a faint tick was heard below from the pendulum, who thus spoke:—"I confess myself to be the sole cause of the stoppage; and I am willing, for the general satisfaction, to assign my reasons. The truth is, that I am tired of ticking." Upon hearing this, the old clock became so enraged, that it was on the very point of *striking*.

3. "Lazy wire!" exclaimed the dial-plate, holding up its hands. "Very good!" replied the pendulum; "it is vastly easy for you, Mistress Dial, who have always, as every body knows, set yourself up above me,—it is vastly easy for you, I say, to accuse other people of laziness!—you, who have had nothing to do, all the days of your life, but to stare people in the face, and to amuse yourself with watching all that goes on in the kitchen. Think, I beseech you, how you would like to be shut up for life in this dark closet, and to wag backwards and forwards, year after year, as I do."

4. "As to that," said the dial, "is there not a window in your house, on purpose for you to look through?"—"For all that," resumed the pendulum, "it is very dark here; and, although there is a window, I dare not stop, even for an instant, to look out at it. Besides, I am really tired of my way of life; and if you wish, I'll tell you how I took this disgust at my employment. I happened this morning to be calculating how many times I should have to tick in the course of only the next twenty-four hours; perhaps some of you, above there, can give me the exact sum."

5. The minute hand, being *quick* at figures, presently re-

plied, "Eighty-six thousand four hundred times." "Exactly so," replied the pendulum. "Well, I appeal to you all, if the very thought of this was not enough to fatigue one; and when I began to multiply the strokes of one day by those of months and years, really it is no wonder if I felt discouraged at the prospect; so, after a great deal of reasoning and hesitation, thinks I to myself, I'll stop."

6. The dial could scarcely keep her countenance during this harangue; but, resuming her gravity, thus replied: "Dear Mr. Pendulum, I am really astonished that such a useful, industrious person as yourself, should have been overcome by this sudden action. It is true, you have done a great deal of work in your time; so have we all, and are likely to do; which, although it may fatigue us to *think* of, the question is, whether it will fatigue us to *do*. Would you now do me the favor to give about half a dozen strokes, to illustrate my argument?"

7. The pendulum complied, and ticked six times in its usual pace. "Now," resumed the dial, "may I be allowed to inquire, if that exertion was at all fatiguing or disagreeable to you?"

8. "Not in the least," replied the pendulum; "it is not of six strokes that I complain, nor of sixty, but of *millions*."

9. "Very good," replied the dial; "but recollect that, though you may *think* of a million strokes in an instant, you are required to *execute* but one; and that, however often you may hereafter have to swing, a moment will always be given you to swing in."

10. "That consideration staggers me, I confess," said the pendulum.

11. "Then I hope," resumed the dial-plate, "we shall all immediately return to our duty; for the maids will lie in bed till noon, if we stand idling thus."

12. Upon this the weights, who had never been accused of *light* conduct, used all their influence in urging him to proceed; when, as with one consent, the wheels began to turn, the hands began to move, the pendulum began to swing, and, to its credit, ticked as loud as ever; while a red beam of the rising sun that streamed through a hole in the kitchen, shining full upon the dial-plate, it brightened up, as if nothing had been the matter.

13. When the farmer came down to breakfast that morn-

ing, upon looking at the clock, he declared that his watch had gained half an hour in the night.

MORAL.

14. A celebrated modern writer says, "Take care of the *minutes*, and the *hours* will take care of themselves." This is an admirable remark, and might be very seasonably recollected when we begin to be "weary in well doing," from the thought of having much to do. The present moment is all we have to do with, in any sense; the past is irrecoverable, the future is uncertain; nor is it fair to burden one moment with the weight of the next. Sufficient unto the *moment* is the trouble thereof.

15. If we had to walk a hundred miles, we should still have to set but one step at a time; and this process continued, would infallibly bring us to our journey's end. Fatigue generally begins, and is always increased, by calculating in a minute the exertion of hours. Thus, in looking forward to future life, let us recollect that we have not to sustain all its toil, to endure all its sufferings, or encounter all its crosses, at once.

16. One moment comes laden with its own *little* burdens, then flies, and is succeeded by another, no heavier than the last:—if *one* could be borne, so can another and another. It seems easier to do right to-morrow than to-day, merely because we forget that when to-morrow comes, *then* will be *now*. Thus life passes, with many, in resolutions for the future, which the present never fulfils.

17. It is not thus with those, who, "by *patient continuance in well-doing*, seek for glory, honor, and immortality." Day by day, minute by minute, they execute the appointed task, to which the requisite measure of time and strength is proportioned; and thus, having worked while it was called day, they at length rest from their labors, and their works "follow them." Let us, then, "whatever our hands find to do, do it with all our might, recollecting that *now* is the proper and accepted time."

LESSON LXXXII.

The Four Seasons.

1. Who is this beautiful virgin that approaches, clothed in a robe of light green? She has a garland of flowers on her

head, and flowers spring up wherever she sets her foot. The snow which covered the fields, and the ice which was in the rivers, melt away when she breathes upon them.

2. The young lambs frisk about her, and the birds warble in their little throats to welcome her coming; and when they see her, they begin to choose their mates and to build their nests. Youths and maidens, have ye seen this beautiful virgin? If ye have, tell me who is she, and what is her name.

3. Who is this that cometh from the south, thinly clad in a light, transparent garment? Her breath is hot and sultry; she seeks the refreshment of the cool shade; she seeks the clear streams, the crystal brooks, to bathe her languid limbs. The brooks and rivulets fly from her, and are dried up at her approach. She cools her parched lips with berries, and the grateful acid of all fruits; the seedy melon, the sharp apple, and the red pulp of the juicy cherry, which are poured out plentifully around her.

4. The tanned haymakers welcome her coming; and the sheep-shearer, who clips the fleeces of his flock with his sounding shears. When she cometh, let me lie under the thick shade of a spreading beach-tree,—let me walk with her in the early morning, when the dew is yet upon the grass,—let me wander with her in the soft twilight, when the shepherd shuts his fold, and the star of evening appears. Who is she that cometh from the south? Youths and maidens, tell me, if you know, who is she, and what is her name.

5. Who is he that cometh with sober pace, stealing upon us unawares? His garments are red with the blood of the grape, and his temples are bound with a sheaf of ripe wheat. His hair is thin, and begins to fall, and the auburn is mixed with mournful gray. He shakes the brown nuts from the tree.

6. He winds the horn, and calls the hunters to their sport. The gun sounds. The trembling partridge and the beautiful pheasant flutter, bleeding in the air, and fall dead at the sportsman's feet. Who is he that is crowned with the wheat sheaf? Youths and maidens, tell me, if ye know, who is he, and what is his name.

7. Who is he that cometh from the north, clothed in furs and warm wool? He wraps his cloak close about him. His head is bald; his beard is made of sharp icicles. He loves the blazing fire high piled upon the hearth, and the wine sparkling in the glass. He binds skates to his feet,

and skims over the frozen lakes. His breath is piercing and cold, and no little flower dares to peep above the surface of the ground, when he is by.

8. Whatever he touches, turns to ice. If he were to strike you with his cold hand, you would be quite stiff and dead, like a piece of marble. Youths and maidens, do you see him? He is coming fast upon us, and soon he will be here. Tell me, if you know, who is he, and what is his name.

LESSON LXXXIII.

The Just Judge.

1. A GENTLEMAN who possessed an estate worth about five hundred a year, in the eastern part of England, had two sons. The eldest, being of a rambling disposition, went abroad. After several years, his father died; when the younger son, destroying his will, seized upon the estate. He gave out that his elder brother was dead, and bribed false witnesses to attest the truth of it.

2. In the course of time, the elder brother returned; but came home in destitute circumstances. His younger brother repulsed him with scorn, and told him that he was an impostor and a cheat. He asserted that his real brother was dead long ago; and he could bring witnesses to prove it. The poor fellow, having neither money nor friends, was in a sad situation. He went round the parish making complaints, and, at last, to a lawyer, who, when he had heard the poor man's story, replied, "You have nothing to give me. If I undertake your cause and lose it, it will bring me into disgrace, as all the wealth and evidence are on your brother's side.

3. "However, I will undertake your cause on this condition; you shall enter into an obligation to pay me one thousand guineas, if I gain the estate for you. If I lose it, I know the consequences; and I venture with my eyes open." Accordingly, he entered an action against the younger brother, which was to be tried at the next general assizes at Chelmsford, in Essex.

4. The lawyer, having engaged in the cause of the young man, and being stimulated by the prospect of a thousand guineas, set his wits to work to contrive the best methods to

gain his end. At last, he hit upon this happy thought, that he would consult the first judge of his age, Lord Chief Justice Hale. Accordingly, he hastened up to London, and laid open the cause, and all its circumstances. The judge, who was a great lover of justice, heard the case attentively, and promised him all the assistance in his power.

5. The lawyer having taken leave, the judge contrived matters so as to finish all his business at the King's Bench, before the assizes began at Chelmsford. When within a short distance of the place, he dismissed his man and horses, and sought a single house. He found one occupied by a miller. After some conversation, and making himself quite agreeable, he proposed to the miller to change clothes with him. As the judge had a very good suit on, the man had no reason to object.

6. Accordingly, the judge shifted himself from top to toe, and put on a complete suit of the miller's best. Armed with a miller's hat, and shoes, and stick, he walked to Chelmsford, and procured good lodging, suitable for the assizes, that should come on next day. When the trials came on, he walked, like an ignorant country fellow, backwards and forwards along the county hall. He observed narrowly what passed around him; and when the court began to fill, he found out the poor fellow who was the plaintiff.

7. As soon as he came into the hall, the miller drew up to him. "Honest friend," said he, "how is your cause like to go to-day?" "Why," replied the plaintiff, "my cause is in a very precarious situation, and, if I lose it, I am ruined for life." "Well, honest friend," replied the miller, "will you take my advice? I will let you into a secret, which perhaps you do not know; every Englishman has the right and privilege to except against any one juryman through the whole twelve; now do you insist upon your privilege, without giving a reason why, and, if possible, get me chosen in his room, and I will do you all the service in my power."

8. Accordingly, when the clerk had called over the names of the jurymen, the plaintiff excepted to one of them. The judge on the bench was highly offended with this liberty. "What do you mean," said he, "by excepting against that gentleman?" "I mean, my lord, to assert my privilege as an Englishman, without giving a reason why."

9. The judge, who had been highly bribed, in order to

conceal it by a show of candor, and having a confidence in the superiority of his party, said, "Well, sir, as you claim your privilege in one instance, I will grant it. Whom would you wish to have in the room of that man excepted?" After a short time, taken in consideration, "My lord," says he, "I wish to have an honest man chosen in;" and looking round the court—"My lord, there is that miller in the court; we will have him, if you please." Accordingly, the miller was chosen in.

10. As soon as the clerk of the court had given them all their oaths, a little dexterous fellow came into the apartment, and slipped ten golden guineas into the hands of eleven jurymen, and gave the miller but five. He observed, that they were all bribed as well as himself, and said to his next neighbor, in a soft whisper, "How much have you got?" "Ten pieces," said he. But he concealed what he had got himself. The cause was opened by the plaintiff's counsel; and all the scraps of evidence they could pick up were adduced in his favor.

11. The younger brother was provided with a great number of witnesses, and pleaders, all plentifully bribed, as well as the judge. The witnesses deposed, that they were in the self-same country when the brother died, and saw him buried. The counsellors pleaded upon this accumulated evidence; and every thing went with a full tide in favor of the younger brother. The judge summed up the evidence with great gravity and deliberation;—"and now, gentlemen of the jury," said he, "lay your heads together, and bring in your verdict as you shall deem most just."

12. They waited but a few minutes, before they determined in favor of the younger brother. The judge said, "Gentlemen, are you agreed, and who shall speak for you?" —"We are all agreed, my lord," replied one; "our foreman shall speak for us." "Hold, my lord," replied the miller; "we are not all agreed." "Why?" said the judge, in a very surly manner, "what's the matter with you? What reasons have you for disagreeing?"

13. "I have several reasons, my lord," replied the miller: "the first is, they have given to all these gentlemen of the jury ten broad pieces of gold, and to me but five; which, you know, is not fair. Besides, I have many objections to make to the false reasonings of the pleaders, and the contradictory evidence of the witnesses" Upon this, the mil-

ler began a discourse, which discovered such vast penetration of judgment, such extensive knowledge of law, and was expressed with such energetic and manly eloquence, that it astonished the judge and the whole court.

14. As he was going on with his powerful demonstrations, the judge, in great surprise, stopped him. "Where did you come from, and who are you?" "I came from Westminster Hall," replied the miller; "my name is Matthew Hale; I am Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench. I have observed the iniquity of your proceedings this day; therefore, come down from a seat which you are nowise worthy to hold. You are one of the corrupt parties in this iniquitous business. I will come up this moment and try the cause all over again."

15. Accordingly, Sir Matthew went up, with his miller's dress and hat on, began the trial from its very commencement, and searched every circumstance of truth and falsehood. He evinced the elder brother's title to the estate, from the contradictory evidence of the witnesses, and the false reasoning of the pleaders; unravelled all the sophistry to the very bottom, and gained a complete victory in favor of truth and justice.

LESSON LXXXIV.

Sunday Morning.

1. That is not likely to be a profitable Sabbath which is commenced without some suitable recollection, some sincere desire to improve and to sanctify it. Our first waking thoughts should be thus consecrated; should thus take possession of the mind, and preoccupy it; otherwise those of a worldly kind will soon flow in; so that if we "do not our own *works*," we shall "think our own *thoughts*," which is as great a sin in the sight of God.

2. This Sabbath dawns not on ourselves alone, but also on the millions of our favored land; inviting all to forget the six days, in which they have labored and done their work, and to remember this, and keep it holy. Alas! to multitudes how vain the summons! It is melancholy to reflect on the thousands who welcome it only as a day of indulgence, idleness, or amusement. The Sabbath sun, which

ought to arouse them betimes to its sacred duties, does but witness their longer indulgence.

3. How many, who "rise early and sit up late," on other days, to attend diligently to their worldly affairs, when they awake and recollect that it is *Sunday*, resolve to have "a little more sleep, a little more folding of the hands to sleep"! And when at last they arise, if they do not allow themselves to engage in the business of other days, they do but fill up the heavy hours in the meanest indulgences; in the preparation or enjoyment of a luxurious meal, in the most trifling occupations, or in absolute idleness.

4. Others rise early, indeed, but it is only in order to lengthen their holiday. How many such are now preparing to profane the Sabbath! How are the roads and fields, in almost every part of our beautiful country, disfigured by these unhallowed visitants! How are our streets thronged with Sabbath-breakers! The doors of the houses of God are thrown wide open, and they would be welcome as well as others. "Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by?" In vain is the affectionate invitation! They pass on, resolved to have their pleasure, at whatever price.

5. But there is a brighter view of Sunday morning, to which it is refreshing to turn. How many are there, who have said of it, "Early will I seek thee," and who, from their various and distant dwellings, have been, at the same hour, seeking in their closets a blessing on this welcome Sabbath! Their united supplications, uttered in various accents, and rising from the lowly cottage, the darksome hovel, as well as from abodes of comfort and affluence, ascend together, as an acceptable morning sacrifice to the throne of grace.

6. Again:—see from the streets and lanes, from the courts and alleys, of our crowded cities, from the hamlets and villages, from the highways and hedges, what numbers of decent children now issue forth to their respective Sunday Schools! How many little feet are at the same moment pacing the streets on this blessed errand! What an innumerable multitude would they form, could the whole of them be assembled on some vast plain before our view!

7. The crowded streets of a large city, on a Sunday morning, may also afford another observation which should excite our liveliest gratitude. To see multitudes, of every different denomination, quietly proceeding, in open day, unmo-

lested and unquestioned, to their respective places of worship, is a beautiful evidence of the religious privileges we enjoy. "Every man may now sit under his own vine; and —whoever might wish to do it—none dares to make him afraid." And now the voice of prayer and of praise is heard in our land. What numberless voices unite in that universal chorus which ascends, like a cloud of incense, to the heavens! This, then, is another animating reflection for Sunday morning.

8. But there are many who are absent from these solemnities, not from choice, but necessity. Sunday morning has a peculiar aspect in a sick chamber. Those now on the bed of languishing, who have hitherto neglected their Sabbaths, view it with peculiar emotions, feel its value, and resolve, if they are restored to health, to improve these precious seasons in future; while the true Christian, from his sick bed, hails its cheerful beams, and hopes for a Sabbath of rest, and profit, even there.

9. But let our thoughts—already so excursive—wander from our own happy land to distant climes; recollecting that, within the passage of a few hours, the same sun that beams in so cheerfully at the windows of our sanctuaries, and on the walls of our pleasant school-rooms, shines upon the plains of India—the wilds of Africa—the forests of America;—upon the ices of the North, and the islands of the South.

10. The same rays are reflected from the gilded pagodas, where the millions of China flock to their idolatrous worship;—from the mosques of the false prophet;—from the gaudy temples of India; and light up the hideous features and grotesque shapes of ten thousand idol gods, "which are no gods," in every "dark corner" of our globe. While we are illumined by the rays of the Sun of Righteousness, and are instructed in "the truth as it is in Jesus," the red Indian roams the desert in search of his prey, or of his enemies; the dark Hindoo muses idly on the banks of the Ganges; far in the impenetrable regions of Africa,

"The Negro village swarms abroad to play.

11. The fierce Arab hunts for spoil, or follows the slow caravan of spicy merchandise across the burning sands of the desert; while the hardy Laplander urges his reindeer along the frozen way. Ah, then, what are the privileges of

a Sabbath in America! Here and there, indeed, in those benighted regions, the solitary missionary goes forth, in the midst of hardship and peril, to hold up the light of truth: and would not he unite in the exclamation, surrounded as he is by difficulties and discouragements, and say, What are the privileges of a Sabbath in America!

12. But now let us return nearer home, to make a more practical reflection. This Sabbath sun, that shines on the millions of the human race, beams also on *us;* "on *me*," let every reader say; and to me the question is, How *I* shall employ it.—I am not one of the open Sabbath-breakers of the land; but am I not one of the countless multitude, who, while in form they "keep a holy day," yet secretly say, "What a weariness it is! When will it be over?"

13. If so, reader, no longer, we beseech you, waste your time in pitying or despising the poor Indian and Hindoo; no longer censure the pleasure-taking Sabbath-breaker: let your charity begin at home; and remember, that if your Sabbaths are misimproved, you are in a far more alarming situation than the untaught savage, "who knows not his Lord's will!" Recollect, also, that the period is hastening, when the angel of Death shall swear concerning you, that "Time," and its Sabbaths, "shall be no longer."

LESSON LXXXV.

Pleasantness of God's Service.

1. How amiable *are* thy tabernacles, O LORD of hosts! My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the LORD: my heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God. Yea, the sparrow hath found a house, and the swallow a nest for herself, where she may lay her young, *even* thine altars, O LORD of hosts, my King, and my God.

2. Blessed *are* they that dwell in thy house: they will be still praising thee. Selah. Blessed *is* the man whose strength *is* in thee; in whose heart *are* the ways *of them; who*, passing through the valley of Baca, make it a well; the rain also filleth the pools.

3. They go from strength to strength; *every one of them*

in Zion appeareth before God. O LORD God of hosts, hear my prayer: give ear, O God of Jacob. Selah.

4. Behold, O God, our shield, and look upon the face of thine anointed. For a day in thy courts *is* better than a thousand. I had rather be a door-keeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness.

5. For the LORD God *is* a sun and shield: the LORD will give grace and glory; no good *thing* will he withhold from them that walk uprightly. O LORD of hosts, blessed *is* the man that trusteth in thee.

LESSON LXXXVI.

Purposes of God developed by his Providence.

1. GOD moves in a mysterious way,
   His wonders to perform;
   He plants his footsteps in the sea,
   And rides upon the storm.

2. Deep, in unfathomable mines
   Of never-failing skill,
   He treasures up his bright designs,
   And works his sovereign will.

3. Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
   The clouds ye so much dread
   Are big with mercy, and shall break
   With blessings on your head.

4. Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
   But trust him for his grace;
   Behind a frowning providence,
   He hides a smiling face.

5. His purposes will ripen fast,
   Unfolding every hour;
   The bud may have a bitter taste,
   But sweet will be the flower.

6. Blind unbelief is sure to err,
   And scan his work in vain;
   God is his own interpreter,
   And he will make it plain.

LESSON LXXXVII.

Curiosity.

1. It came from Heaven—it reigned in Eden's shades—
It roves on earth—and every walk invades:
Childhood and age alike its influence own;
It haunts the beggar's nook, the monarch's throne;
Hangs o'er the cradle, leans above the bier,
Gazed on old Babel's tower—and lingers here.

2. To all that's lofty, all that's low it turns,
With terror curdles, and with rapture burns;
Now feels a seraph's throb, now, less than man's,
A reptile tortures and a planet scans;
Now idly joins in life's poor, passing jars,
Now shakes creation off, and soars beyond the stars.

3. 'Tis Curiosity—who hath not felt
Its spirit, and before its altar knelt?
In the pleased infant see its power expand,
When first the coral fills its little hand;
Throned in his mother's lap, it dries each tear,
As her sweet legend falls upon his ear;
Next it assails him in his top's strange hum,
Breathes in his whistle, echoes in his drum;
Each gilded toy, that doting love bestows,
He longs to break, and every spring expose.

4. Placed by your hearth, with what delight he pores
O'er the bright pages of his pictured stores!
How oft he steals upon your graver task,
Of this to tell you, and of that to ask!
And, when the waning hour to-bedward bids,
Though gentle sleep sit waiting on his lids,
How winningly he pleads to gain you o'er,
That he may read one little story more!

5. Nor yet alone to toys and tales confined,
It sits, dark brooding, o'er his embryo mind:
Take him between your knees, peruse his face,
While all you know, or think you know, you trace;
Tell him who spoke creation into birth,
Arched the broad heavens and spread the rolling earth;

Who formed a pathway for the obedient sun,
And bade the seasons in their circles run;
Who filled the air, the forest, and the flood,
And gave man all, for comfort or for food;
Tell him they sprang at God's creating nod—
He stops you short with, "Father, who made God?"

6. Thus through life's stages may we mark the power
That masters man in every changing hour.
It tempts him from the blandishments of home,
Mountains to climb and frozen seas to roam;
By air-blown bubbles buoyed, it bids him rise,
And hang, an atom in the vaulted skies;
Lured by its charm, he sits and learns to trace
The midnight wanderings of the orbs of space;
Boldly he knocks at wisdom's inmost gate,
With nature counsels, and communes with fate;
Below, above, o'er all he dares to rove,
In all finds God, and finds that God all love.

7. Turn to the world—its curious dwellers view,
Like Paul's Athenians, seeking something new.
Be it a bonfire's or a city's blaze,
The gibbet's victim, or the nation's gaze,
A female atheist, or a learned dog,
A monstrous pumpkin, or a mammoth hog,
A murder, or a muster, 'tis the same;
Life's follies, glories, griefs, all feed the flame.

8. Hark, where the martial trumpet fills the air,
How the roused multitude come round to stare!
Sport drops his ball, Toil throws his hammer by,
Thrift breaks a bargain off, to please his eye;
Up fly the windows; even fair mistress cook,
Though dinner burn, must run to take a look.
In the thronged court the ruling passion read,
Where Story dooms, where Wirt and Webster plead;
Yet kindred minds alone their flights shall trace,
The herd press on to see a cut-throat's face.

9. Around the gallows' foot behold them draw,
When the lost villain answers to the law;
Soft souls, how anxious on his pangs to gloat,
When the vile cord shall tighten round his throat!
And ah! each hard-bought stand to quit how grieved,
As the sad rumor runs—"The man's reprieved!"

10. Behold the sick man in his easy chair;
Barred from the busy crowd and bracing air,
How every passing trifle proves its power
To while away the long, dull, lazy hour!
As down the pane the rival rain-drops chase,
Curious he'll watch to see which wins the race;
And let two dogs beneath his window fight,
He'll shut his Bible to enjoy the sight.

11. So with each new-born nothing rolls the day,
Till some kind neighbor, stumbling in his way,
Draws up his chair, the sufferer to amuse,
And makes him happy while he tells—The News.

12. The News! our morning, noon, and evening cry;
Day unto day repeats it till we die.
For this the cit, the critic, and the fop,
Dally the hour away in Tonsor's shop;
For this the gossip takes her daily route,
And wears your threshold and your patience out;—

13. For this we leave the parson in the lurch,
And pause to prattle on the way to church;
Even when some coffined friend we gather round,
We ask, "What news?" then lay him in the ground;
To this the breakfast owes its sweetest zest,
For this the dinner cools, the bed remains unpressed

14. Undraw yon curtain, look within that room,
Where all is splendor, yet where all is gloom:
Why weeps that mother? why, in pensive mood,
Group noiseless round, that little, lovely brood?
The battledoor is still, laid by each book,
And the harp slumbers in its 'customed nook.
Who hath done this? what cold, unpitying foe
Has made this house the dwelling-place of wo?

15. 'Tis he, the husband, father, lost in care,
O'er that sweet fellow in his cradle there:
The gallant bark that rides by yonder strand,
Bears him to-morrow from his native land.
Why turns he, half unwilling, from his home,
To tempt the ocean, and the earth to roam?
Wealth he can boast, a miser's sigh would hush,
And health is laughing in that ruddy blush;

Friends spring to greet him, and he has no foe—
So honored and so blessed,—what bids him go?—

16. His eye must see, his foot each spot must tread,
Where sleeps the dust of earth's recorded dead;
Where rise the monuments of ancient time,
Pillar and pyramid in age sublime;
The Pagan's temple and the Churchman's tower,
War's bloodiest plain and Wisdom's greenest bower;
All that his wonder woke in school-boy themes,
All that his fancy fired in youthful dreams.

17. Where Socrates once taught he thirsts to stray,
Where Homer poured his everlasting lay;
From Virgil's tomb he longs to pluck one flower,
By Avon's stream to live one moonlight hour;
To pause where England "garners up" her great,
And drop a patriot's tear to Milton's fate;
Fame's living masters, too, he must behold,
Whose deeds shall blazon with the best of old;
Nations compare, their laws and customs scan,
And read, wherever spread, the book of man;—
For these he goes, self-banished from his hearth,
And wrings the hearts of all he loves on earth

18. Yet say, shall not new joy those hearts inspire,
When, grouping round the future winter fire,
To hear the wonders of the world they burn,
And lose his absence in his glad return?—
Return? alas! he shall return no more,
To bless his own sweet home, his own proud shore

19. Look once again—cold in his cabin now,
Death's finger-mark is on his pallid brow;
No wife stood by, her patient watch to keep,
To smile on him, then turn away to weep;
Kind woman's place rough mariners supplied,
And shared the wanderer's blessing when he died

20. Wrapped in the raiment that it long must wear,
His body to the deck they slowly bear;
Even there the spirit that I sing is true;
The crew look on with sad, but curious view;
The setting sun flings round his farewell rays,
O'er the broad ocean not a ripple plays;

How eloquent, how awful in its power,
The silent lecture of death's Sabbath-hour!

21. One voice that silence breaks—the prayer is said,
And the last rite man pays to man is paid;
The plashing waters mark his resting-place,
And fold him round in one long, cold embrace;
Bright bubbles for a moment sparkle o'er,
Then break, to be, like him, beheld no more;
Down, countless fathoms down, he sinks to sleep,
With all the nameless shapes that haunt the deep.

LESSON LXXXVIII.

Washing-Day.

1. The Muses are turned gossips; they have lost
The buskined step, and clear, high-sounding phrase,
Language of gods. Come, then, domestic Muse,
In slipshod measure loosely prattling on
Of farm or orchard, pleasant curds and cream,
Or drowning flies, or shoe lost in the mire
By little, whimpering boy, with rueful face;
Come, Muse, and sing the dreaded Washing-Day.

2. Ye who beneath the yoke of wedlock bend,
With bowed soul, full well ye ken the day
Which week, smooth sliding after week, brings on
Too soon;—for to that day nor peace belongs
Nor comfort;—ere the first gray streak of dawn,
The red-armed washers come and chase repose.

3. Nor pleasant smile, nor quaint device of mirth,
E'er visited that day: the very cat,
From the wet kitchen scared, and reeking hearth,
Visits the parlor,—an unwonted guest.

4. The silent breakfast meal is soon dispatched;
Uninterrupted, save by anxious looks
Cast at the lowering sky, if sky should lower.
For should the skies pour down, adieu to all
Remains of quiet: then expect to hear
Of sad disasters,—dirt, and gravel stains
Hard to efface, and loaded lines at once
Snapped short,—and linen-horse by dog thrown down,
And all the petty miseries of life.

Saints have been calm while stretched upon the rack,
And Guatimozin smiled on burning coals;
But never yet did housewife notable
Greet with a smile a rainy washing-day.

5. But grant the welkin fair; require not thou,
Who call'st thyself perchance the master there,
Or study swept, or nicely dusted coat,
Or usual 'tendance;—ask not, indiscreet,
Thy stockings mended, though the yawning rents
Gape wide as Erebus; nor hope to find
Some snug recess impervious:

6. Shouldst thou try
The 'customed garden walks, thine eye shall rue
The budding fragrance of thy tender shrubs,
Myrtle or rose, all crushed beneath the weight
Of coarse, checked apron,—with impatient hand
Twitched off when showers impend; or crossing lines
Shall mar thy musings, as the wet, cold sheet
Flaps in thy face abrupt.

7. Wo to the friend
Whose evil stars have urged him forth to claim
On such a day the hospitable rites!
Looks, blank at best, and stinted courtesy,
Shall he receive. Vainly he feeds his hopes
With dinner of roast chickens, savory pie,
Or tart or pudding:—pudding he nor tart
That day shall eat; nor, though the husband try,
Mending what can't be helped, to kindle mirth
From cheer deficient, shall his consort's brow
Clear up propitious:—the unlucky guest
In silence dines, and early slinks away.

8. I well remember, when a child, the awe
This day struck into me; for then the maids,
I scarce knew why, looked cross, and drove me from them:
Nor soft caress could I obtain, nor hope
Usual indulgences; jelly or creams,
Relic of costly suppers, and set by
For me, their petted one; or buttered toast,
When butter was forbid; or thrilling tale
Of ghost, or witch, or murder—so I went
And sheltered me beside the parlor fire.

9. There my dear grandmother, eldest of forms,

Tended the little ones, and watched from harm,
Anxiously fond, though oft her spectacles
With elfin cunning hid, and oft the pins
Drawn from her ravelled stockings, might have soured
One less indulgent.—

10. At intervals my mother's voice was heard,
Urging dispatch: briskly the work went on,
All hands employed to wash, to rinse, to wring,
To fold, and starch, and clap, and iron, and plait.
Then would I set me down and ponder much
Why washings were.

11. Sometimes through hollow bowl
Of pipe amused we blew, and sent aloft
The floating bubbles; little dreaming then
To see, Mongolfier, thy silken ball
Ride buoyant through the clouds—so near approach
The sports of children and the toils of men.
Earth, air, and sky, and ocean, hath its bubbles,
And verse is one of them—this most of all.

LESSON LXXXIX.

The Western Emigrant.

1. An axe rang sharply 'mid those forest shades
Which from creation toward the skies had towered,
In unshorn beauty.—There, with vigorous arm
Wrought a bold Emigrant, and by his side
His little son, with question and response,
Beguiled the toil.

2. "Boy, thou hast never seen
Such glorious trees. Hark, when their giant trunks
Fall, how the firm earth groans! Rememberest thou
The mighty river, on whose breast we sailed,
So many days, on toward the setting sun?
Our own Connecticut, compared to that,
Was but a creeping stream."

3. "Father, the brook
That by our door went singing, where I launched
My tiny boat, with my young playmates round,
When school was o'er, is dearer far to me,
Than all these bold, broad waters. To my eye

They are as strangers. And those little trees
My mother nurtured in the garden bound,
Of our first home, from whence the fragrant peach
Hung in its ripening gold, were fairer, sure,
Than this dark forest, shutting out the day."

4. —"What, ho!—my little girl," and with light step
A fairy creature hasted toward her sire,
And, setting down the basket that contained
His noon repast, looked upward to his face
With sweet, confiding smile.

5. "See, dearest, see
That bright-winged paroquet, and hear the song
Of yon gay red-bird, echoing through the trees,
Making rich music. Didst thou ever hear,
In far New England, such a mellow tone?"

6. "I had a robin that did take the crumbs
Each night and morning, and his chirping voice
Did make me joyful, as I went to tend
My snow-drops. I was always laughing then
In that first home. I should be happier now,
Methinks, if I could find among these dells
The same fresh violets."

7. Slow night drew on,
And round the rude hut of the Emigrant
The wrathful spirit of the rising storm
Spake bitter things. His weary children slept,
And he, with head declined, sat listening long
To the swoln waters of the Illinois,
Dashing against their shores.

8. Starting he spake—
"Wife! did I see thee brush away a tear?
'Twas even so. Thy heart was with the halls
Of thy nativity. Their sparkling lights,
Carpets, and sofas, and admiring guests,
Befit thee better than these rugged walls
Of shapeless logs, and this lone, hermit home."

9. "No—no. All was so still around, methought
Upon mine ear that echoed hymn did steal,
Which 'mid the church, where erst we paid our vows
So tuneful pealed. But tenderly thy voice
Dissolved the illusion."

10. And the gentle smile
Lighting her brow, the fond caress that soothed
Her waking infant, reassured his soul
That, wheresoe'er our best affections dwell,
And strike a healthful root, is happiness.
Content, and placid, to his rest he sank;
But dreams, those wild magicians, that do play
Such pranks when reason slumbers, tireless wrought
Their will with him.

11. Up rose the thronging mart
Of his own native city—roof and spire,
All glittering bright, in fancy's frost-work ray.
The steed his boyhood nurtured proudly neighed—
The favorite dog came frisking round his feet,
With shrill and joyous bark—familiar doors
Flew open—greeting hands with his were linked
In friendship's grasp—he heard the keen debate
From congregated haunts, where mind with mind
Doth blend and brighten—and till morning roved
'Mid the loved scenery of his native land.

LESSON XC.

The Philosopher's Scales.

1. In days of yore, as Gothic fable tells,
When learning dimly gleamed from grated cells,
When wild Astrology's distorted eye
Shunned the fair field of true philosophy,
And, wandering through the depths of mental night,
Sought dark predictions 'mid the worlds of light;—
When curious Alchymy, with puzzled brow,
Attempted things that Science laughs at now,
Losing the useful purpose she consults
In vain chimeras and unknown results;—

2. In those gray times there lived a reverend sage,
Whose wisdom shed its lustre on the age.
A monk he was, immured in cloister's walls,
Where now the ivied ruin crumbling falls.
'Twas a profound seclusion that he chose;
The noisy world disturbed not that repose:
The flow of murmuring waters, day by day,
And whistling winds that forced their tardy way

Through reverend trees, of ages' growth, that made
Around the holy pile a deep, monastic shade;
The chanted psalm, or solitary prayer—
Such were the sounds that broke the silence there.

* * * * * * * *

3. 'Twas here when his rites sacerdotal were o'er,
In the depth of his cell, with its stone-covered floor,
Resigning to thought his chimerical brain,
He formed the contrivance we now shall explain;
But whether by magic or alchymy's powers,
We know not; indeed 'tis no business of ours:
Perhaps it was only by patience and care,
At last that he brought his invention to bear.
In youth 'twas projected; but years stole away,
And ere 'twas complete he was wrinkled and gray.
But success is secure unless energy fails;
And at length he produced *The Philosopher's Scales.*

4. What were they?—you ask; you shall presently see;
These scales were not made to weigh sugar and tea;
O no;—for such properties wondrous had they,
That qualities, feelings, and thoughts they could weigh;
Together with articles small or immense,
From mountains or planets, to atoms of sense:
Nought was there so bulky, but there it could lay;
And nought so ethereal but there it would stay;
And nought so reluctant but in it must go;
All which some examples more clearly will show.

5. The first thing he tried was the head of *Voltaire,*
Which retained all the wit that had ever been there;
As a weight, he threw in a torn scrap of a leaf,
Containing the prayer of the penitent thief;
When the skull rose aloft with so sudden a spell,
As to bound like a ball on the roof of the cell.

6. Next time he put in *Alexander the Great,*
With a garment that *Dorcas* had made—for a weight;
And though clad in armor from sandals to crown,
The hero rose up, and the garment went down.

7. A long row of Alms-houses, amply endowed,
By a well-esteemed Pharisee, busy and proud,
Now loaded one scale, while the other was prest
By those mites the poor widow dropped into the chest;—
Up flew the endowment, not weighing an ounce,

And down, down, the farthing's worth came with a bounce.

8. Again, he performed an experiment rare;
A monk, with austerities bleeding and bare,
Climbed into his scale; in the other was laid
The heart of our *Howard*, now partly decayed;
When he found, with surprise, that the whole of his brother
Weighed less, by some pounds, than this bit of the other.

9. By further experiments—no matter how—
He found that ten chariots weighed less than one plough.
A sword, with gilt trappings, rose up in the scale,
Though balanced by only a ten-penny nail;
A shield and a helmet, a buckler and spear,
Weighed less than a widow's uncrystallized tear.
A lord and a lady went up at full sail,
When a bee chanced to light on the opposite scale.

10. A dozen quack doctors, two courtiers, one earl,
Ten counsellors' wigs full of powder and curl,
All heaped in one balance, and swinging from thence,
Weighed less than some atoms of candor and sense;—
A first-water diamond, with brilliants begirt,
Than one good potato, just washed from the dirt;
Yet, not mountains of silver and gold would suffice
One pearl to outweigh—'twas the "pearl of great price."

11. At last the whole world was bowled in at the grate,
With the soul of a beggar to serve for a weight;
When the former sprang up with so strong a rebuff,
That it made a vast rent, and escaped at the roof;
Whence, balanced in air, it ascended on high,
And sailed up aloft, a balloon in the sky;
While the scale with the soul in, so mightily fell,
That it jerked the philosopher out of his cell.

MORAL.

12. Dear reader, if e'er self-deception prevails,
We pray you to try *The Philosopher's Scales;*
But if they are lost in the ruins around,
Perhaps a good substitute thus may be found:—
Let *judgment* and *conscience* in circles be cut,
To which strings of *thought* may be carefully put:
Let these be made even with caution extreme,

And *impartiality* use for a beam ·
Then bring those good actions which pride overrates,
And tear up your *motives* to serve for the weights.

LESSON XCI.

Captain John Smith and Pocahontas.

1. The residence of Powhatan was situated on the north side of York River, in Gloucester County, Virginia, about twenty-five miles below the fork of the river. It was at that time Powhatan's principal place of residence, though afterwards, not being pleased with its proximity to the English, he removed to Orapax. Upon Smith's arrival in the village, he was detained, until the Indian emperor and his court could make suitable preparations to receive their captive in proper state. In the mean while more than two hundred of his "grim courtiers" came to gaze at him, as if he had been a monster.

2. Powhatan, who was at that time about sixty years old, is described as having been, in outward appearance, "every inch a king." His figure was noble, his stature majestic, and his countenance full of the severity and haughtiness of a ruler, whose will was supreme, and whose nod was law He received Captain Smith with imposing, though rude ceremony.

3. He was seated on a kind of throne, elevated above the floor of a large hut, in the midst of which was a fire. He was clothed with a robe of raccoon skins. Two young women, his daughters, sat, one on his right and the other on his left; and on each side of the hut there were two rows of men in front, and the same number of women behind. These all had their heads and shoulders painted red. Many had their hair ornamented with the white down of birds.

4. Some had chains of white beads around their necks, and all had more or less of ornament. When Smith was brought home, they all set up a great shout. Soon after his entrance, a female of rank was directed to bring him water to wash his hands, and another brought a bunch of feathers, instead of a towel, to dry them with. They then feasted him in the best manner they could, and held a long

and solemn consultation to determine his fate. The decision was against him.

5. Two large stones were brought in and placed before Powhatan, and Smith was dragged up to them, and his head was placed upon them, that his brains might be beaten out with clubs. The fatal weapons were already raised, and the stern executioners looked for the signal which should bid them descend upon the victim's defenceless head. But the protecting shield of divine Providence was over him, and the arm of violence was arrested.

6. Pocahontas, the king's favorite daughter,—at that time a child of twelve or thirteen years of age,—finding that her piteous entreaties to save the life of Smith were unavailing, rushed forward, clasped his head in her arms, and laid her own upon it, determined either to save his life, or share his fate. Her generous and heroic conduct touched her father's iron heart, and the life of the captive was spared, to be employed in making hatchets for himself, and bells and beads for his daughter.

7. The account of this beautiful and most touching scene, familiar as it is to every one, can hardly be read with unmoistened eyes. The incident is so dramatic and startling, that it seems to preserve the freshness of novelty, amidst a thousand repetitions. We could almost as reasonably expect an angel to have come down from heaven, and rescued the captive, as that his deliverer should have sprung from the bosom of Powhatan's family.

8. The universal sympathies of mankind, and the best feelings of the human heart, have redeemed this scene from the obscurity which, in the progress of time, gathers over all but the most important events. It has pointed a thousand morals and adorned a thousand tales. Innumerable bosoms have throbbed, and are yet to throb, with generous admiration for this daughter of a people whom we have been too ready to underrate.

9. Had we known nothing of her but what is related of her in this incident, she would deserve the eternal gratitude of the inhabitants of this country; for the fate of the colony may be said to have hung upon the arms of Smith's executioners. He was its life and soul, and, without the magic influence of his personal qualities, it would have abandoned in despair the project of permanently settling the country, and sailed to England by the first opportunity. The gen-

erosity of Powhatan was not content with merely sparing his prisoner's life. He detained him but two days longer.

10. At the end of that time, he conducted him to a large house in the woods, and there left him alone upon a mat by the fire. In a short time, from behind another mat that divided the house, "was made the most doleful noise he ever heard; then Powhatan, with some two hundred more, as black as himself," came in and told him they were now friends, and that he should return to Jamestown; and that, if he would send him two pieces of cannon and a grindstone, he would give him the country of Capahowsic, and esteem him as his own son.

11. He was faithful to his word, and despatched him immediately, with twelve guides. That night they quartered in the woods; and during the whole journey Captain Smith expected every moment to be put to death, notwithstanding Powhatan's fair words. But, as the narrative of his adventures has it, "Almighty God, by his divine providence, had mollified the hearts of those stern barbarians with compassion."

12. Smith reached Jamestown in safety, after an absence of seven weeks, and treated his savage guides with great hospitality and kindness. He showed them two demi-culverins* and a millstone, which they proposed to carry to Powhatan, but found them too heavy. He ordered the culverins to be loaded with stones and discharged among the boughs of a tree covered with icicles, in order to magnify to them the effects of these formidable engines.

13. When they heard the report, and saw the ice and the branches come rattling down, they were greatly terrified. A few trinkets restored their confidence, and they were dismissed with a variety of presents for Powhatan and his family. The generous conduct of Powhatan, in restoring a prisoner who had given such fatal proofs of courage and prowess, is worthy of the highest admiration. There is hardly any thing in history that can afford a parallel to it.

14. He was stimulated to take the prisoner's life, not only by revenge, a passion strongest in savage breasts, but by policy, and that regard to his own interests, which Christian and civilized monarchs feel justified in observing. He seems to have acted from some religious feeling, regarding

* Culverin, a long, slender cannon.

Smith either as a supernatural being, or as under the special protection of a higher power.

15. How far this may have actuated him, or how far he may have been actuated by affection for his daughter, it is impossible to say; but, supposing both to have operated, we only elevate his conduct by elevating his motives.

LESSON XCII.

Prosperity and Resources of the United States.

1. The United States of America constitute an essential portion of a great political system, embracing all the civilized nations of the earth. At a period when the force of moral opinion is rapidly increasing, they have the precedence in the practice and the defence of the equal rights of man. The sovereignty of the people is here a conceded axiom, and the laws, established upon that basis, are cherished with faithful patriotism.

2. While the nations of Europe aspire after a change, our constitution engages the fond admiration of the people by which it has been established. Prosperity follows the execution of even justice; invention is quickened by the freedom of competition; and labor rewarded with sure and unexampled returns.

3. Domestic peace is maintained without the aid of a military establishment; public sentiment permits the existence of but few standing troops, and those only along the seaboard and on the frontiers. A gallant navy protects our commerce, which spreads its banners on every sea, and extends its enterprise to every clime. Our diplomatic relations connect us on terms of equality and honest friendship with the chief powers of the world; while we avoid entangling participation in their intrigues, their passions, and their wars.

4. Our national resources are developed by an earnest culture of the arts of peace. Every man may enjoy the fruits of his industry; every mind is free to publish its convictions. Our government, by its organization, is necessarily identified with the interests of the people, and relies exclusively on their attachment, for its durability and support.

5. Even the enemies of the state, if there are any among us, have liberty to express their opinions undisturbed; and

are safely tolerated, where reason is left free to combat their errors. Nor is the constitution a dead letter, unalterably fixed; it has the capacity for improvement; adopting whatever changes time and the public will may require, and safe from decay, so long as that will retains its energy.

6. New states are forming in the wilderness; canals, intersecting our plains, and crossing our highlands, open numerous channels to internal commerce; manufactures prosper along our water-courses; the use of steam on our rivers and railroads annihilates distance by the acceleration of speed. Our wealth and population, already giving us a place in the first rank of nations, are so rapidly cumulative, that the former is increased fourfold, and the latter is doubled, in every period of twenty-two or twenty-three years.

7. There is no national debt; the community is opulent; the government economical; and the public treasury full. Religion, neither persecuted nor paid by the state, is sustained by the regard for public morals, and the convictions of an enlightened faith. Intelligence is diffused with unparalleled universality; a free press teems with the choicest productions of all nations and ages.

8. There are more daily journals in the United States, than in the world beside. A public document of general interest is, within a month, reproduced in at least a million of copies, and is brought within the reach of every freeman in the country. An immense concourse of emigrants, of the most various lineage, is perpetually crowding to our shores; and the principles of liberty, uniting all interests by the operation of equal laws, blend the discordant elements into harmonious union.

9. Other governments are convulsed by the innovations and reforms of neighboring states; our constitution, fixed in the affections of the people, from whose choice it has sprung, neutralizes the influence of foreign principles, and fearlessly opens an asylum to the virtuous, the unfortunate, and the oppressed of every nation.

10. And yet it is but little more than two centuries since the oldest of our states received its first permanent colony. Before that time, the whole territory was an unproductive waste. Throughout its wide extent, the arts had not erected a monument. Its only inhabitants were a few scattered tribes of feeble barbarians, destitute of commerce and of

political connection. The axe and the ploughshare were unknown. The soil, which had been gathering fertility from the repose of centuries, was lavishing its strength in magnificent but useless vegetation. In the view of civilization, the immense domain was a solitude.

11. It is the object of history to explain how the change in the condition of our land has been accomplished; and, as the fortunes of a nation are not under the control of blind destiny, to follow the steps by which a favoring Providence, calling our institutions into being, has conducted the country to its present happiness and glory.

LESSON XCIII.

Reflections on the Settlement of New England.

[From an oration delivered at Plymouth, Mass., on the anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims, Dec. 22, 1620.]

1. The settlement of New England, by the colony which landed here on the twenty-second of December, sixteen hundred and twenty, although not the first European establishment in what now constitutes the United States, was yet so peculiar in its causes and character, and has been followed, and must still be followed, by such consequences, as to give it a high claim to lasting commemoration. On these causes and consequences, more than on its immediately attendant circumstances, its importance, as an historical event, depends.

2. Great actions and striking occurrences, having excited a temporary admiration, often pass away and are forgotten, because they leave no lasting results, affecting the prosperity of communities. Such is frequently the fortune of the most brilliant military achievements. Of the ten thousand battles which have been fought; of all the fields fertilized with carnage; of the banners which have been bathed in blood; of the warriors who have hoped that they had risen from the field of conquest to a glory as bright and as durable as the stars, how few that continue long to interest mankind!

3. The victory of yesterday is reversed by the defeat of to-day; the star of military glory, rising like a meteor, like a meteor has fallen; disgrace and disaster hang on the heels of conquest and renown; victor and vanquished presently pass away to oblivion, and the world holds on its

course, with the loss only of so many lives, and so much treasure.

4. But if this is frequently, or generally, the fortune of military achievements, it is not always so. There are enterprises, military as well as civil, that sometimes check the current of events, give a new turn to human affairs, and transmit their consequences through ages. We see their importance in their results, and call them great, because great things follow.

5. There have been battles which have fixed the fate of nations. These come down to us in history with a solid and permanent influence, not created by a display of glittering armor, the rush of adverse battalions, the sinking and rising of pennons, the flight, the pursuit, and the victory; but by their effect in advancing or retarding human knowledge, in overthrowing or establishing despotism, in extending or destroying human happiness.

6. When the traveller pauses on the plains of Marathon, what are the emotions which strongly agitate his breast? what is that glorious recollection that thrills through his frame, and suffuses his eyes? Not, I imagine, that Grecian skill and Grecian valor were here most signally displayed; but that Greece herself was saved. It is because to this spot, and to the event which has rendered it immortal, he refers all the succeeding glories of the republic. It is because, if that day had gone otherwise, Greece had perished.

7. It is because he perceives that her philosophers and orators, her poets and painters, her sculptors and architects, her government and free institutions, point backward to Marathon, and that their future existence seems to have been suspended on the contingency, whether the Persian or Grecian banner should wave victorious in the beams of that day's setting sun.

8. And, as his imagination kindles at the retrospect, he is transported back to the interesting moment; he counts the fearful odds of the contending hosts; his interest for the result overwhelms him; he trembles as if it were still uncertain, and seems to doubt whether he may consider Socrates and Plato, Demosthenes, Sophocles, and Phidias, as secure, yet, to himself and to the world.

9. "If we conquer,"—said the Athenian commander, on the morning of that decisive day,—"If we conquer, we

shall make Athens the greatest city of Greece." A prophecy how well fulfilled! "If God prosper us,"—might have been the more appropriate language of our fathers, when they landed upon this rock,—"If God prosper us, we shall here begin a work that shall last for ages; we shall plant here a new society, in the principles of the fullest liberty, and the purest religion.

10. "We shall subdue this wilderness which is before us; we shall fill this region of the great continent, which stretches almost from pole to pole, with civilization and Christianity; the temples of the true God shall rise where now ascends the smoke of idolatrous sacrifice; fields and gardens, the flowers of summer, and the waving and golden harvests of autumn, shall extend over a thousand hills, and stretch along a thousand valleys, never yet, since the creation, reclaimed to the use of civilized man.

11. "We shall whiten this coast with the canvass of a prosperous commerce; we shall stud the long and winding shore with a hundred cities. That which we sow in weakness shall be raised in strength. From our sincere, but houseless worship, there shall spring splendid temples to record God's goodness; from the simplicity of our social union, there shall arise wise and politic constitutions of government, full of the liberty which we ourselves bring and breathe.

12. "From our zeal for learning, institutions shall spring, which shall scatter the light of knowledge throughout the land, and, in time, paying back what they have borrowed, shall contribute their part to the great aggregate of human knowledge; and our descendants, through all generations, shall look back to this spot, and this hour, with unabated affection and regard."

LESSON XCIV.

Advantages of Adversity to our Forefathers.

1. It is sad, indeed, to reflect on the disasters which the little band of pilgrims encountered; sad to see a portion of them, the prey of unrelenting cupidity, treacherously embarked in an unsound, unseaworthy ship, which they are soon obliged to abandon, and crowd themselves into one

vessel; one hundred persons, besides the ship's company, in a vessel of one hundred and sixty tons.

2. One is touched at the story of the long, cold, and weary autumnal passage; of the landing on the inhospitable rocks at this dismal season; where they are deserted, before long, by the ship which had brought them, and which seemed their only hold upon the world of fellow-men, a prey to the elements and to want, and fearfully ignorant of the numbers, the power, and the temper of the savage tribes, that filled the unexplored continent, upon whose verge they had ventured.

3. But all this wrought together for good. These trials of wandering and exile, of the ocean, the winter, the wilderness, and the savage foe, were the final assurances of success. It was these that put far away from our fathers' cause all patrician softness, all hereditary claims to preëminence. No effeminate nobility crowded into the dark and austere ranks of the pilgrims.

4. No Carr nor Villiers would lead on the ill-provided band of despised Puritans. No well-endowed clergy were on the alert to quit their cathedrals, and set up a pompous hierarchy in the frozen wilderness. No craving governors were anxious to be sent over to our cheerless El Dorados of ice and of snow. No; they could not say they had encouraged, patronized, or helped the pilgrims; their own cares, their own labors, their own councils, and their own blood, contrived all, achieved all, bore all, sealed all.

5. They could not afterwards fairly pretend to reap where they had not strewn; and, as our fathers reared this broad and solid fabric with pains and watchfulness, unaided, barely tolerated, it did not fall when the favor, which had always been withholden, was changed into wrath; when the arm which had never supported, was raised to destroy.

6. Methinks I see it now, that one solitary, adventurous vessel, the Mayflower of a forlorn hope, freighted with the prospects of a future State, and bound across the unknown sea. I behold it pursuing, with a thousand misgivings, the uncertain, the tedious voyage. Suns rise and set, and weeks and months pass, and winter surprises them on the deep, but brings them not the sight of the wished-for shore.

7. I see them now scantily supplied with provisions; crowded almost to suffocation in their ill-stored prison; delayed by calms, pursuing a circuitous route,—and now driven in

fury before the raging tempest, on the high and giddy waves. The awful voice of the storm howls through the rigging. The laboring masts seem straining from their base; the dismal sound of the pumps is heard; the ship leaps, as it were, madly, from billow to billow; the ocean breaks, and settles with ingulfing floods over the floating deck, and beats, with deadening, shivering weight, against the staggered vessel.

8. I see them, escaped from these perils, pursuing their all but desperate undertaking, and landed at last, after a five months' passage, on the ice-clad rocks of Plymouth,—weak and weary from the voyage, poorly armed, scantily provisioned, depending on the charity of their ship-master for a draught of beer on board, drinking nothing but water on shore, without shelter, without means, surrounded by hostile tribes.

9. Shut, now, the volume of history, and tell me, on any principle of human probability, what shall be the fate of this handful of adventurers. Tell me, man of military science, in how many months were they all swept off by the thirty savage tribes, enumerated within the early limits of New England? Tell me, politician, how long did this shadow of a colony, on which your conventions and treaties had not smiled, languish on the distant coast? Student of history, compare for me the baffled projects, the deserted settlements, the abandoned adventures of other times, and parallel of this.

10. Was it the winter's storm, beating upon the houseless heads of women and children; was it hard labor and spare meals; was it disease; was it the tomahawk; was it the deep malady of a blighted hope, a ruined enterprise, and a broken heart, aching in its last moments at the recollection of the loved and left beyond the sea; was it some, or all of these united, that hurried this forsaken company to their melancholy fate?

11. And is it possible that neither of these causes, that not all combined, were able to blast this bud of hope? Is it possible, that from a beginning so feeble, so frail, so worthy, not so much of admiration as of pity, there has gone forth a progress so steady, a growth so wonderful, an expansion so ample, a reality so important, a promise, yet to be fulfilled, so glorious?

Questions.—Where was the first English settlement made in New England? In what year? At what season of the year?

LESSON XCV.

Early Printing.

1. There is some probability that this art originated in China, where it was practised long before it was known in Europe. Some European traveller might have imported the hint. That the Romans did not practise the art of printing, cannot but excite our astonishment, since they really possessed the art, and may be said to have enjoyed it, unconscious of their rich possession. I have seen Roman stereotypes, or printing immovable types, with which they stamped their pottery.

2. How, in daily practising the art, though confined to this object, it did not occur to so ingenious a people to print their literary works, is not easily to be accounted for. Did the wise and grave senate dread those inconveniences which attend its indiscriminate use? Or perhaps they did not care to deprive so large a body as their scribes of their business. Not a hint of the art itself appears in their writings.

3. When first the art of printing was discovered, they only made use of one side of a leaf; they had not yet found out the expedient of impressing the other. Afterwards they thought of pasting the blank sides, which made them appear like one leaf. Their blocks were made of soft wood, and their letters were carved; but frequently breaking, the expense and trouble of carving and gluing new letters suggested our movable types, which have produced an almost miraculous celerity in this art.

4. Our modern stereotype consists of entire pages in solid blocks of metal, and, not being liable to break, like the soft wood at first used, is profitably employed for works which require to be perpetually reprinted. Printing on carved blocks of wood must have greatly retarded the progress of universal knowledge; for one set of types could only have produced one work, whereas it now serves for hundreds.

5. When their editions were intended to be curious, they omitted to print the first letter of a chapter, for which they left a blank space, that it might be painted or illuminated to the fancy of the purchaser. Several ancient volumes of these early times have been found, where these letters are wanting, as they neglected to have them printed.

6. The initial carved letter, which is generally a fine

wood-cut, among our printed books, is evidently a remains or imitation of these ornaments. Among the very earliest books printed, which were religious, the Poor Man's Bible has wooden cuts, in a coarse style, without the least shadowing or crossing of strokes; and these they inelegantly daubed over with colors, which they termed illuminating, and sold at a cheap rate to those who could not afford to purchase costly missals, elegantly written and painted on vellum.

7. The tradition of the Devil and Dr. Faustus was derived from the odd circumstances in which the Bibles of the first printer, Fust, appeared to the world. When he had discovered this new art, and printed off a considerable number of copies of the Bible, to imitate those which were commonly sold in manuscript, he undertook the sale of them at Paris. It was his interest to conceal this discovery, and to pass off his printed copies for manuscript.

8. But, as he was enabled to sell his Bibles at sixty crowns, while the other scribes demanded five hundred, this raised universal astonishment; and still more when he produced copies as fast as they were wanted, and even lowered his price. The uniformity of the copies increased wonder. Informations were given to the magistrates against him as a magician; and, in searching his lodgings, a great number of copies were found.

9. The red ink,—and Fust's red ink is peculiarly brilliant,—which embellished his copies, was said to be his blood; and it was solemnly adjudged that he was in league with the devil. Fust was at length obliged, in order to save himself from a bonfire, to reveal his art to the Parliament of Paris, who discharged him from all prosecution, in consideration of this useful invention.

LESSON XCVI.

Advantages of Temperance.

1. Temperance promotes clearness and vigor of intellect. If the functions of the brain be not in a healthy and vigorous state, equally unhealthy and inefficient must be those of the mind. History will bear us out in asserting, that the highest and most successful intellectual efforts have ever been associated with the practice of those general principles of temperance in diet for which we plead. It is the mighty minds

that have grappled most successfully with the demonstrations of mathematical, intellectual, and moral science, that stand highest on the scale of mental acumen and power; and it is such minds that have found strict temperance in diet essential to their success. Let us advert to the history of a few of these master spirits of the human race.

2. Foremost on the list stands Sir Isaac Newton. The treatise of his, that cost him the mightiest intellectual effort of all his works, was composed while the body was sustained by bread and water alone. And in spite of the wear and tear of such protracted and prodigious mental labor as his, that same temperance sustained him to his eighty-fifth year.

3. Upon no one, perhaps, has the mantle of Newton fallen so fully, at least so far as learning is concerned, as La Place. And we have the testimony of biography that he "had always been accustomed to a very light diet; that he gradually reduced it to an extremely small quantity;" and "that he was enabled to continue his habits of excessive application to study until within two years of his death, without any inconvenience, owing to his always using very light diet, even to abstemiousness." He lived seventy-eight years.

4. The celebrated John Locke, with a feeble constitution, outlived the term of threescore years and ten by his temperance. "To this temperate mode of life, too, he was probably indebted for the increase of those intellectual powers, which gave birth to his incomparable work on the human understanding, his treatises on government and education, as well as his other writings, which do so much honor to his memory."

5. Another intellectual philosopher, who saw fourscore years, was the venerable Kant. "By this commendable and healthy practice,"—early rising,—says his biographer, "daily exercise on foot, temperance in eating and drinking, constant employment, and cheerful company, he protracted his life to this advanced period;" and we may add, acquired the power for his immense labors of mind.

6. Few men have more fully established their claims to intellectual superiority of a very high grade, than President Edwards. But it was temperance alone that could carry him through such powerful mental efforts. "Though constitutionally tender, by the rules of temperance, he enjoyed good health, and was enabled to pursue his studies thirteen hours a day."

7. The same means enabled Martin Luther, though his days were stormy in the extreme, to make the moral world bend at his will, and to leave for his posterity so many profound literary productions. "It often happened," says his biographer, "that, for several days and nights, he locked himself up in his study, and took no other nourishment than bread and water, that he might the more uninterruptedly pursue his labors."

8. The records of English jurisprudence contain scarcely a name more distinguished than that of Sir Matthew Hale. And it is the testimony of history, that "his decided piety and rigid temperance laid him open to the attacks of ridicule; but he could not be moved." In eating and drinking, he observed not only great plainness and moderation, but lived so philosophically, that he always ended his meal with an appetite.

9. Perhaps no man accomplishes more for the world than he who writes such a commentary on the Scriptures as that of Matthew Henry. And it is, indeed, an immense literary labor. But the biographer's account of that writer's habits, shows that temperance and diligence were the secret of his success. "He was an early riser; for he would be in his study by four or five o'clock, and continue there till eight; then, after attending family prayer, and receiving a slight refreshment, he went up again till noon: after dinner he resumed his book or pen till four o'clock, and in the evening visited his friends."

10. Few men have accomplished more than John Wesley. And it is gratifying to learn that it was "extraordinary temperance which gave him the power to do so much, and to live so long."

11. In reading the works of Milton, we are not so much delighted with the play of imagination, as with the rich and profound, though sometimes exceedingly anomalous views, which he opens before us. The fact is, he was a man of powers and attainments so great as justly to be classed among the leading intellects of his generation. Nor were such powers and attainments disjoined from temperance. It is testified of him, that while engaged in the instruction of youth, "he set the example of hard study and spare diet to his pupils, whom he seems to have disciplined with the severity of old times."

12. Among the scientific men of modern days, who have

risen high and accomplished much, is our countryman, Count Rumford. And among his most prominent traits of character were temperance and a love of order. "His wants, his pleasures, and his labors," says Baron Cuvier, "were calculated like his experiments. He drank nothing but water—he permitted in himself nothing superfluous."

13. Whatever may be thought of his phrenological speculations, no one can doubt but it required powers of the first order, and efforts of the most vigorous kind, to establish in so many countries, in spite of prejudice and ridicule, a system so much at variance with received opinions as that of Dr. Spurzheim, and to write so much and so ably in its defence.

14. Nor could he have done it, had not his "temperance and abstemiousness," in the language of his biographer, "been very remarkable." "We have seen him sitting down to sumptuous meals provided in honor of him, and have seen him fasting for the want of food adapted to his simple taste." "At evening, a tumbler of milk and a cracker, or a piece of the simplest cake, satisfied the demands of his athletic and commanding frame, and left his fine intellect without a cloud."

15. Europe, as well as America, has been filled with the fame of Franklin; and no less wide spread is the history of his temperance. Early in life he adopted a vegetable diet; and thus he not only gained time for study, but "I made the greater progress," says he, "from that greater clearness of head and quickness of apprehension which generally attend temperance in eating and drinking." The habit of being contented with a little, and disregarding the gratifications of the palate, remained with him through life, and was highly useful.

LESSON XCVII.

The Town Pump.

[Scene.—The corner of two principal streets.—The Town Pump talking through its nose.]

1. Noon, by the north clock! Noon, by the east! High noon, too, by those hot sunbeams which fall, scarcely aslope, upon my head, and almost make the water bubble and smoke in the trough under my nose. Truly, we public characters

have a tough time of it! And, among all the town officers, chosen at March meeting, where is he that sustains, for a single year, the burden of such manifold duties as are imposed, in perpetuity, upon the Town Pump?

2. The title of town-treasurer is rightfully mine, as guardian of the best treasure that the town has. The overseers of the poor ought to make me their chairman, since I provide bountifully for the pauper, without expense to him that pays taxes. I am at the head of the fire department, and one of the physicians of the board of health. As a keeper of the peace, all water drinkers will confess me equal to the constable. I perform some of the duties of the town clerk, by promulgating public notices, when they are pasted on my front.

3. To speak within bounds, I am chief person of the municipality, and exhibit, moreover, an admirable pattern to my brother officers, by the cool, steady, upright, downright, and impartial discharge of my business, and the constancy with which I stand to my post. Summer or winter, nobody seeks me in vain; for all day long I am seen at the busiest corner, just above the market, stretching out my arms to rich and poor alike; and at night I hold a lanthorn over my head, both to show where I am, and keep people out of the gutters.

4. At this sultry noon-tide, I am cup-bearer to the parched populace, for whose benefit an iron globe is chained to my waist. Like a dram-seller on the mall, on muster-day, I cry aloud to all and sundry, in my plainest accents, and at the very tip-top of my voice. Here it is, gentlemen! Here is the good liquor! Walk up, walk up, gentlemen, walk up, walk up! Here is the superior stuff! Here is the unadulterated ale of father Adam—better than Cogniac, Hollands, Jamaica, strong beer, or wine of any price; here it is, by the hogshead or the single glass, and not a cent to pay! Walk up, gentlemen, walk up, and help yourselves!

5. It were a pity, if all this outcry should draw no customers. Here they come.—A hot day, gentlemen! Quaff and away again, so as to keep yourselves in a nice cool sweat. You, my friend, will need another cupful to wash the dust out of your throat, if it be as thick there as it is on your cow-hide shoes.—I see that you have trudged half a score of miles to-day, and, like a wise man, have passed by the taverns, and stopped at the running brooks and well-

curbs. Otherwise, betwixt heat without, and fire within, you would have been burnt to a cinder, or melted down to nothing at all, in the fashion of a jelly-fish.

6. Drink, and make room for that other fellow, who seeks my aid to quench the fiery fever of last night's potations, which he drained from no cup of mine. Welcome, most rubicund sir! You and I have been great strangers, hitherto; nor, to confess the truth, will my nose be anxious for a closer intimacy, till the fumes of your breath be a little less potent.

7. Mercy on you, man! The water absolutely hisses down your red-hot gullet, and is converted quite into steam in the miniature Tophet, which you mistake for a stomach. Fill again, and tell me, on the word of an honest toper, did you ever, in cellar, tavern, or any other kind of dram-shop, spend the price of your children's food, for a swig half so delicious? Now, for the first time these ten years, you know the flavor of cold water. Good bye; and, whenever you are thirsty, recollect that I keep a constant supply, at the old stand.

8. Who next? Oh, my little friend, you are let loose from school, and come hither to scrub your blooming face, and drown the memory of certain taps of the ferule, and other school-boy troubles, in a draught from the Town Pump. Take it, pure as the current of your young life—take it, and may your heart and tongue never be scorched with a fiercer thirst than now.

9. There, my dear child, put down the cup, and yield your place to this elderly gentleman, who treads so tenderly over the paving-stones, that I suspect he is afraid of breaking them. What! he limps by, without so much as thanking me, as if my hospitable offers were meant only for people who have no wine cellars.

10. Well, well, sir—no harm done, I hope! Go draw the cork, tip the decanter; but, when your great toe shall set you a-roaring, it will be no affair of mine. If gentlemen love the pleasant titillation of the gout, it is all one to the Town Pump. This thirsty dog, with his red tongue lolling out, does not scorn my hospitality, but stands on his hind legs, and laps eagerly out of the trough. See how lightly he capers away again! Jowler, did your worship ever have the gout?

11. Your pardon, good people! I must interrupt my

stream of eloquence, and spout forth a stream of water, to replenish the trough for this teamster and his two yoke of oxen, who have come from Topsfield, or somewhere along that way. No part of my business is pleasanter than the watering of cattle. Look! how rapidly they lower the water-mark on the sides of the trough, till their capacious stomachs are moistened with a gallon or two apiece, and they can afford time to breathe it in, with sighs of calm enjoyment. Now they roll their quiet eyes around the brim of their monstrous drinking-vessel. An ox is your true toper.

12. I hold myself the grand reformer of the age. From my spout, and such spouts as mine, must flow the stream that shall cleanse our earth of the vast portion of its crime and anguish, which has gushed from the fiery fountains of the still. In this mighty enterprise, the cow shall be my great confederate. Milk and water!

13. The Town Pump and the cow! Such is the glorious copartnership, that shall finally monopolize the whole business of quenching thirst. Blessed consummation! Then Poverty shall pass away from the land, finding no hovel so wretched, where her squalid form may shelter itself. Then Disease, for lack of other victims, shall gnaw his own heart, and die. Then Sin, if she do not die, shall lose half her strength.

14. Then there will be no war of households. The husband and wife, drinking deep of peaceful joy,—a calm bliss of temperate affections,—shall pass hand in hand through life, and lie down, not reluctantly, at its protracted close. To them the past will be no turmoil of mad dreams, nor the future an eternity of such moments as follow the delirium of the drunkard. Their dead faces shall express what their spirits were, and are to be, by a lingering smile of memory and hope.

15. Ahem! Dry work, this speechifying, especially to all unpractised orators. I never conceived, till now, what toil the temperance lecturers undergo for my sake. Hereafter, they shall have the business to themselves. Do, some kind Christian, pump a stroke or two, just to wet my whistle Thank you, sir.

16. Are you all satisfied? Then wipe your mouths, my good friends; and, while my spout has a moment's leisure, I will delight the town with a few historical reminiscences. In far antiquity, beneath a darksome shadow of venerable

boughs, a spring bubbled out of the leaf-strewn earth, in the very spot where you now behold me on the sunny pavement. The water was as bright and clear, and as precious, as liquid diamonds. The Indian sagamores drank of it, from time immemorial, till the fatal deluge of the fire water burst upon the red men, and swept their whole race away from the cold fountains.

17. Endicott and his followers came next, and often knelt down to drink, dipping their long beards in the spring. The richest goblet, then, was of birch bark. Governor Winthrop, after a journey a-foot from Boston, drank here, out of the hollow of his hand. For many years it was the watering-place, and, as it were, the wash-bowl of the vicinity —whither all decent folks resorted to purify their visages, and gaze at them afterwards—at least, the pretty maidens did—in the mirror, which it made.

18. One generation after another of those who drank of its waters, cast their waxing and waning shadows into its glassy bosom, and vanished from the earth, as if mortal life were but a flitting image in a fountain. Finally, the fountain vanished also. Cellars were dug on all sides; and cart loads of gravel were flung upon its sources, whence oozed a turbid stream, forming a mud-puddle at the corner of the streets.

19. In the hot months, when its refreshment was most needed, the dust flew in clouds over the forgotten birthplace of the waters, now their grave. But, in the course of time, a town pump was sunk into the source of the ancient spring; and when the first decayed, another took its place —and then another—till here I stand, gentlemen and ladies, to serve you with my iron goblet.

20. Drink, and be refreshed!—the water is as pure and cold as that which slaked the thirst of the red sagamore, beneath the aged boughs, though now the gem of the wilderness is treasured under these hot stones, where no shadow falls, but from the brick buildings. And be it the moral of my story, that, as this wasted and long lost fountain is now known and prized again, so shall the virtues of cold water, too little valued since our fathers' days, be recognized by all.

LESSON XCVIII.

Modes of Salutation in Different Countries.

1. Modes of salutation have sometimes very different characters, and it is no uninteresting speculation to examine their shades. Many display a refinement of delicacy, while others are remarkable for their simplicity, or for their sensibility. In general, however, they are the same in the infancy of nations, and in more polished societies. Respect, humility, fear, and esteem, are expressed much in a similar manner, for these are the natural consequences of the organization of the body.

2. These demonstrations become in time only empty civilities which signify nothing; we shall notice what they were originally, without reflecting on what they are. The first nations have no peculiar modes of salutation; they know no reverences or other compliments, or they despise and disdain them. The Greenlanders laugh when they see an European uncover his head, and bend his body before him whom he calls his superior.

3. The Islanders, near the Philippines, take the hand or foot of him they salute, and with it they gently rub their face. The Laplanders apply their nose strongly against that of the person they salute. Dampier says, that at New Guinea they are satisfied to put on their heads the leaves of trees, which have ever passed for symbols of friendship and peace. This is at least a picturesque salute.

4. Other salutations are very incommodious and painful; it requires great practice to enable a man to be polite in an island situated in the straits of the Sound. Houtman tells us they saluted him in this grotesque manner: "They raised his left foot, which they passed gently over the right leg, and from thence over his face." The inhabitants of the Philippines use a most complex attitude; they bend their body very low, place their hands on their cheeks, and at the same time raise one foot in the air, with their knee bent.

5. In the progress of time, it appears servile to uncover one's self. The grandees of Spain claim the right of appearing covered before the king, to show that they are not so much subjected to him as the rest of the nation; and this writer truly observes, we may remark that the *English* do

not uncover their heads so much as the other nations of Europe. Mr. Hobhouse observes, that uncovering the head, with the Turks, is a mark of indecent familiarity; in their mosques, the Franks must keep their hats on. The Jewish custom of wearing their hats in their synagogues is, doubtless, the same oriental custom.

6. In a word, there is not a nation, observes the humorous Montaigne, even to the people who, when they salute, turn their backs on their friends, but what can be justified in their customs.

7. The negroes are lovers of ludicrous actions; and hence all their ceremonies seem farcical. The greater part pull the fingers till they crack. Snelgrave gives an odd representation of the embassy which the king of Dahomy sent to him. The ceremonies of salutation consisted in the most ridiculous contortions. When two negro monarchs visit, they embrace by snapping three times the middle finger.

8. Barbarous nations frequently imprint their dispositions on their salutations. When the inhabitants of Carmena, says Athenæus, would show a peculiar mark of esteem, they broached a vein, and presented, for the beverage of their friend, the blood, as it issued. The Franks tore the hair from their heads, and presented it to the person they saluted. The slave cut his hair, and offered it to his master

9. The Chinese are singularly affected in their personal civilities. They even calculate the number of their reverences. These are the most remarkable postures. The men move their hands in an affectionate manner, while they are joined together on the breast, and bow their head a little. If they respect a person, they raise their hands, joined, and lower them to the earth in bending the body. If two persons meet after a long separation, they both fall on their knees, and bend the face to the earth; and this ceremony they repeat two or three times.

10. Surely we may differ here with the sentiment of Montaigne, and confess this ceremony to be ridiculous. It arises from their national affectation. They substitute artificial ceremonies for natural actions.

11. Their expressions mean as little as their ceremonies. If a Chinese is asked how he finds himself in health, he answers, *Very well; thanks to your abundant felicity.* If they would tell a man that he looks well, they say, *Prosperity is painted on your face;* or, *Your air announces your*

happiness. If you render them any service, they say, *My thanks shall be immortal.*

LESSON XCIX.

The Monied Man.

1. Old Jacob Stock! The chimes of the clock were not more punctual in proclaiming the progress of time, than in marking the regularity of his visits at the temples of Plutus, in Threadneedle-street and Bartholomew-lane. His devotion to them was exemplary. In vain the wind and the rain, the hail and the sleet, battled against his rugged front.

2. Not the slippery ice, nor the thick-falling snow, nor the whole artillery of elemental warfare, could check the plodding preseverance of the man of the world, or tempt him to lose the chance which the morning, however unpropitious it seemed in its external aspect, might yield him of profiting by the turn of a fraction.

3. He was a stout-built, round-shouldered, squab-looking man, of a bearish aspect. His features were hard, and his heart was harder. You could read the interest-table in the wrinkles of his brow, trace the rise and fall of the stocks by the look of his countenance; while avarice, selfishness, and money-getting, glared from his gray, glassy eye.

4. Nature had poured no balm into *his* breast; nor was his "gross and earthly mould" susceptible of pity. A single look of his would daunt the most importunate petitioner that ever attempted to exact hard coin by the soft rhetoric of a heart-moving tale.

5. The wife of one whom he had known in better days, pleaded before him for her sick husband and famishing infants. Jacob, on occasions like these, was a man of few words. He was as careful of them as of his money, and he let her come to the end of her tale without interruption. She paused for a reply; but he gave none. "Indeed, he is very ill, sir."—"Can't help it."—"We are very much distressed."—"Can't help it."—"Our poor children, too———.———."—"Can't help that neither."

6. The petitioner's eye looked a mournful reproach, which would have interpreted itself to any other heart but his, "Indeed you can;" but she was silent. Jacob felt more awkwardly than he had ever done in his life. His hand

involuntarily scrambled about his pockets. There was something like the weakness of human nature stirring within him. Some coin had unconsciously worked its way into his hand—his fingers insensibly closed; but the effort to draw them forth, and the impossibility of effecting it without unclosing them, roused the dormant selfishness of his nature, and restored his self-possession.

7. "He has been very extravagant."—"Ah, sir, he has been very unfortunate, not extravagant."—"Unfortunate!—Ah! it's the same thing. Little odds, I fancy. For my part, I wonder how folks *can* be unfortunate. *I* was never unfortunate. Nobody need be unfortunate, if they look after the main chance. *I* always looked after the main chance."

8. "He has had a large family to maintain."—"Ah! married foolishly; no offence to you, ma'am. But when poor folks marry poor folks, what are they to look for? Besides, he was so foolishly fond of assisting others. If a friend was sick, or in gaol, out came his purse, and then his creditors might go whistle. Now, if he had married a woman with money, you know, why then . . . . . ."

9. The suppliant turned pale, and would have fainted. Jacob was alarmed; not that he sympathized; but a woman's fainting was a scene that he had not been used to; besides, there was an awkwardness about it; for Jacob was a bachelor.

10. Sixty summers had passed over his head without imparting a ray of warmth to his heart; without exciting one tender feeling for the sex, deprived of whose cheering presence, the paradise of the world were a wilderness of weeds.—So he desperately extracted a crown piece from the depth profound, and thrust it hastily into her hand. The action recalled her wandering senses. She blushed:—it was the honest blush of pride at the meanness of the gift. She curt'sied; staggered towards the door; opened it; closed it; raised her hand to her forehead, and burst into tears. * * *

LESSON C.

The Prisoner.

1. We paused at the grating of a cell, and the gentleman who accompanied us spoke to the inmate. The voice was

that of kindness, and it was evident that the prisoner was used to that tone from the keeper. He stepped forward and placed himself against the grated door. Ten long years had been passed in durance by this offender against the laws; and a strong iron frame, that had stood up against war and the elements, was yielding, as a consequence of inaction.

2. Hope had almost ceased with the man. Sixteen years of his sentence were yet unexpired, and there was scarcely a ground to expect that he would survive that period in confinement. With this world thus receding, we questioned him of his hopes of that towards which he was hastening.

3. His mind was clouded; there was a lack of early favorable impressions, and he seemed to share in the common feelings of convicts, that his crime had not been more than that of men who had escaped with less punishment; and when we asked him of his sense of guilt towards HIM who was yet to be his judge, the poor man confessed his offences, but so mingled that confession with comparisons of crime, that we feared he saw darkly the path of duty.

4. Having answered the questions which he put to us on important subjects, with what little ability we had, and added the advice which mankind are more ready to give than to follow, we prepared to depart; a slight flush came to the cheek of the prisoner, as he pressed his forehead against the bars of his cell, and his hand was thrust through the aperture, not boldly to seize ours, nor meanly to solicit, but rather as if in the hope that accident might favor him with a contact.

5. Man, leprous with crime, is human—and a warm touch of *pity* passes with electric swiftness to the heart. Tears from that fountain that had long been deemed dried up, fell upon the dungeon floor.

6. The keeper had moved away from the grate, and we were about to follow, when the prisoner said, in a low voice, "One word more, if you please. You seem to understand these things. Do the spirits of the departed ever come back to witness the actions and situation of the living?"

7. "Many people believe it," we replied, "and the Scripture says that there is 'joy in heaven over a sinner that repenteth' on earth. It may therefore be true."

8. "It may be," said the man.—"My poor, poor mother!!"

LESSON CI.

Why are Springs enthroned so high?

1. Why are springs enthroned so high,
Where the mountains kiss the sky?—
'Tis that thence their streams may flow,
Fertilizing all below.

2. Why have clouds such lofty flight,
Basking in the golden light?—
'Tis to send down genial showers
On this lower world of ours.

3. Why does God exalt the great?—
'Tis that they may prop the state;
So that Toil its sweets may yield,
And the sower reap the field.

4. Riches why doth He confer?—
That the rich may minister,
In the hour of their distress,
To the poor and fatherless.

5. Does He light a Newton's mind?—
'Tis to shine on all mankind.
Does He give to Virtue birth?—
'Tis the salt of this poor earth.

6. Reader, whosoe'er thou art,
What thy God has given, impart;
Hide it not within the ground;
Send the cup of blessing round.

7. Hast thou power?—the weak defend.
Light?—give light: thy knowledge lend
Rich?—remember Him who gave.
Free?—be brother to the slave.

8. Called a blessing to inherit,
Bless, and richer blessings merit:
Give, and more shall yet be given:
Love, and serve, and look for Heaven

LESSON CII.

To an Infant.

1. Thy bark now launched, with sails unfurled,
Must oft by waves be tossed in danger;
Yet welcome to this stormy world,
Thou helpless stranger.

2. Thy morning dawns, all cloudless—fair—
Thou restest on a waveless ocean;
And thou canst look on grief and care
Without emotion.

3. And many friends are watching near,
Of all its pangs thy heart beguiling;
Not all the world can make thee fear—
For all is smiling.

4. But do not let thy bosom dream
That thou canst live thus free from trouble;
For thou must sail on sorrow's stream,
Thyself a bubble.

5. The cloudless heavens soon may lower,
And driving storms thy vessel sever:
Thy sun a few faint beams may pour,
Then set forever.

6. Or shouldst thou live a few short years,
Tossed by the storms of Passion's shaping—
Thine eyes must oft be wet with tears—
There's no escaping.

7. Thy friends must leave thee, one by one,
The grave around them darkly closing;
Thou must not hope such ills to shun—
Here's no reposing.

8 O! may some Angel guard thy way,
While o'er this stormy ocean driven—
And waft thee to the realms of day—
The shores of Heaven.

LESSON CIII.

The Family Bible.

1 How painfully pleasing the fond recollection
Of youthful connections and innocent joy,
When, blessed with parental advice and affection,
Surrounded with mercies, with peace from on high,
I still view the chair of my sire and my mother,
The seats of their offspring as ranged on each hand,
And that richest of books, which excelled every other--
The Family Bible that lay on the stand;
The old-fashioned Bible, the dear blessed Bible,
The Family Bible that lay on the stand.

2 That Bible, the volume of God's inspiration,
At morning and evening could yield us delight,
And the prayer of our sire was a sweet invocation,
For mercy by day, and for safety by night.
Our hymns of thanksgiving, with harmony swelling,
All warm from the heart of a family band,
Half raised us from earth to that rapturous dwelling
Described in the Bible that lay on the stand;
That richest of books, which excelled every other—
The Family Bible that lay on the stand.

3. Ye scenes of tranquillity, long have we parted;
My hopes almost gone, and my parents no more;
In sorrow and sadness I live broken-hearted,
And wander unknown on a far distant shore.
Yet how can I doubt a dear Saviour's protection,
Forgetful of gifts from his bountiful hand!
O let me with patience receive his correction,
And think of the Bible that lay on the stand;
That richest of books which excelled every other—
That Family Bible that lay on the stand.

LESSON CIV.

The Evening Hymn of the Jewess.

1. When Israel, of the Lord beloved,
Out of the land of bondage came,
Her fathers' God before her moved,
An awful guide, in smoke and flame.

2. By day along the astonished lands,
The cloudy pillar glided slow;
By night Arabia's crimsoned sands
Returned the fiery column's glow.

3. Then rose the choral hymn of praise,
And trump and timbrel answered keen,
And Zion's daughters poured their lays,
With priest's and warrior's voice between.

4. No portents now our foes amaze;
Forsaken Israel wanders lone;
Our fathers would not know Thy ways,
And Thou hast left them to their own.

5. But present still, though now unseen!
When brightly shines the prosperous day,
Be thoughts of Thee a cloudy screen,
To temper the deceitful ray.

6. And, oh, when stoops on Judah's path
In shade and storm the frequent night,
Be Thou long-suffering, slow to wrath,
A burning and a shining light!

7. Our harps we left by Babel's streams,
The tyrant's jest, the Gentile's scorn;
No censer round our altar burns,
And mute are timbrel, trump, and horn.

8. But Thou hast said, The blood of goat,
The flesh of rams, I will not prize;
A contrite heart, a humble thought,
Are mine accepted sacrifice.

LESSON CV.

Avoid Hasty Opinions.

1. In many things which we do, we ought not only to consider the mere naked action itself, but the persons who act, the persons toward whom, the time when, the place where, the manner how, the end for which, the action is done, together with the effects that must, or that may follow, and all other surrounding circumstances.

2. These things must necessarily be taken into our view, in order to determine whether the action, indifferent in

itself, is either lawful or unlawful, good or evil, wise or foolish, decent or indecent, proper or improper.

3. Let me give a plain instance for the illustration of this matter. Mario kills a dog; which, considered merely in itself, seems to be an indifferent action. Now, the dog was Timon's, and not his own. This makes it look unlawful. But Timon bid him do it. This gives it an appearance of lawfulness again.

4. It was done at church, and in time of divine service. These circumstances added, cast on it an air of irreligion. But the dog flew at Mario, and put him in danger of his life. This relieves the seeming impiety of the action. But Mario might have escaped by flying thence. Therefore, the action appears to be improper.

5. But the dog was known to be mad. This further circumstance makes it almost necessary that the dog should be slain, lest he might attack the assembly, and do much mischief. Yet again, Mario killed him with a pistol, which he happened to have in his pocket, since yesterday's journey.—Now, hereby the whole congregation was terrified and discomposed, and divine service was broken off. This carries in it an appearance of great indecency and impropriety.

6. But, after all, when we consider a further circumstance, that Mario, being thus violently assaulted by a mad dog, had no way of escape, and had no other weapon about him, it seems to take away all color of impropriety, indecency, or unlawfulness, and to allow, that the preservation of one or many lives may justify the act as wise and good. Now, all these concurrent appendices of the action ought to be surveyed, in order to pronounce with justice and truth concerning it.

7. There are a multitude of human actions in private life, in domestic affairs, in traffic, in civil government, in courts of justice, in schools of learning, &c., which have so many complicated circumstances, aspects, and situations, with regard to time and place, persons and things, that it is impossible for any one to pass a right judgment concerning them, without entering into most of these circumstances, and surveying them extensively, and comparing and balancing them all aright.

8. Whence, by the way, I may take occasion to say, how many thousands there are, who take it upon them to pass their censures on the personal and domestic actions of

others, who also pronounce boldly on the affairs of the public, and determine the justice or madness, the wisdom or folly, of national administrations, of peace and war, &c., whom neither God nor men ever qualified for such a post of judgment!

9. They were not capable of entering into the numerous concurring springs of action; nor had they ever taken a survey of the twentieth part of the circumstances, which were necessary for such judgments or censures.

LESSON CVI.

The Contrast.

1. One cold December evening, as the stage whirled through the village of ——, it stopped at the door of a humble cottage, and set down a single traveller. It was the abode of a poor widow, whose heart beat quick within her when the joyous sound of the sleigh bells ceased so unexpectedly at her own door. She well knew the unlooked-for visiter could be none other than her only son; and trembling with joy, surprise, and eagerness, she hurried to meet him.

2. But ere her hand touched the latch, a fearful sound struck upon her ear. In a short, hollow cough, which the poor invalid in vain sought to stifle, she too well knew the symptom of that complaint which had made her a widow, and but for this *one*, a childless woman; and now she felt that she was to be wholly bereaved. It was a sad meeting.

3. Walter had left her when the blooming cheek and bright eye of his boyhood bade her hope that in the constitution of her youngest and gentlest, the seeds of untimely decay had not been sown before his birth; for five long years of apprenticeship in the distant city, had he nursed her hopes into certainty by constant and cheering letters; and now, when in her fond imagination she had pictured him to herself, ripened into glowing and hardy manhood, he suddenly stood before her, a tall, pale, slender, death-smitten stripling, the very image of her eldest born, as he looked but one short month before she followed him to his early grave. "I have come home, mother, for you to cure me," said the youth. She could not answer.

4. With an aching heart, the mother that night made ready the bed, in which five of those she best loved on earth had

died; and laid upon it her softest pillows for the emaciated temples of her *last;* and when she heard him assure her that his complaint was a slow fever, and that city air had not agreed with him of late, and he should soon be well, now he was at home, and had *her* to nurse him, the heart of the poor widow sank within her, and there was a choking in her throat, that almost stifled the few words she tried to utter.

5. It was hard that night to pray; but she did pray, until her spirit waxed warm within her, and she felt stronger to bear the heavy burden which was now laid upon her so suddenly. Long before midnight she turned the pillow which she had drenched with tears, and laying her head upon it in holy confidence that all was for the best, she sank into the peaceful sleep of innocence.

6. After this came the well-known cares, and anxieties, and fears, and comforts. It was not long ere the sufferer himself knew that he had only come home to have his last hours soothed as none but a mother can soothe them; and to repose in the churchyard, where he had wandered among the graves in his childhood. From that hour the mother and the son talked little of earth and earthly things, when alone together, except at those transient intervals, when, cheated for an instant by the deceitful nature of his complaint, life again rose, gleaming in fairy colors, before the eye of the youthful sufferer, and seemed for a moment nearer, brighter, and more substantial, than the blessed regions beyond the grave.

7. Short, however, were these intervals; and even in them the more experienced eye of the mother read too well all that might once have deceived her: at such times, she found it needful to pray alone.—She did not ask that the cup might pass from her, that her son might be spared to her; she had done that when she was young in sorrow, and had not been sufficiently chastised.

8. But now she felt assured that he was to die, and that it was best he should die; she only prayed that he might be fitted for that pure and happy world, into which he was mercifully taken so young, and that she might be comforted from above, through her present trial, and through the loneliness of her old age. Both prayers were reasonable, and they were not rejected. The very act of praying for resignation soothes us into that blessed state of mind for which we pray.

9. During the sickness of her son, the cares of the widow were many; but so too were her comforts. She toiled for

him, but she prayed with him. Those who knew how very near he was to her, and that he was her all upon earth, would scarcely have believed that she could have known a happy hour while he lay before her eyes, dying by inches; yet there were many times, when, as she listened to the pure and holy sentiments of a dying Christian, and looked on his cheek, flushed not more with the fire that revelled in his veins than with hope, and beheld the saintly expression of his eyes, humbly but fervently raised towards heaven, she felt that it was joy thus to contemplate even the last of her children. She regarded him, not as a being of earth, but as one about to ascend almost visibly to his proper home, a region of perfect purity and happiness. How could she weep while such ideas crowded on her mind!

10. In the same village, and separated only by a small orchard from the cottage of the pious widow, lived one on whom the sun of worldly prosperity shone brightly. Seated amidst the rural abundance of a large and thriving farm, surrounded by a family of healthy children, and almost a stranger to sorrow from her birth, the neighbor of our widow was a woman who performed all her worldly duties without reproach, looked upon the peace and plenty that surrounded her as a matter of course, and rose up in the morning, and lay down in the evening, without one aspiration of heartfelt prayer of gratitude to Him whom she never denied, but seldom thought of as the author of her happiness.

11. Twice only had the even shadow of grief fallen upon her dwelling during a long life; once when the husband whom she had wedded with indifference in her youth was taken from her, after ten years of union had warmed her heart into something like conjugal love; and once when her eldest and favorite child, after a boyhood of dangerous idleness and mischievous pranks, eloped from her and went to sea. From that time she had never heard from him: months and years rolled on, filled up with a round of petty duties, cares, and joys; and she had imperceptibly learned to think of him as one whose face she should behold no more.

12. But scarcely a fortnight after the gentle and pious Walter returned to die under the eye of his mother, George Nelson came home, to the long forsaken abode of his childhood. Proud and happy, indeed, was the mother, as she gazed on the handsome and hardy sailor, and beheld

him loaded, as she thought, with the fruits of successful toil; proud and happy, but not grateful!

13. The frequent oath, indeed, sounded strangely and harshly on her ear, and sometimes, during the jollity of his unguarded moments, she heard tales to which she wished she had not listened. But her doubts and her scruples sprung from no deep source; and though she feared all was not right, her very soul did not shudder within her in that horror of depravity natural to those whose affections are given to a God of purity; and her doubts did not prey upon her spirit. She remembered that such were the ways of sailors; she palliated the sin of the man in her own mind, as she had done the follies of the boy, and for three days exulted and was happy.

14. The bold, yet restless eye of the youth, certain inconsistencies in the account he gave of himself during his long absence, and the utter want of principle betrayed in his conversation, won him no regard among his neighbors; particularly among those who remembered against him the misdemeanors and general recklessness of his boyhood. Yet the eye of a mother closed itself against all that might shock her partiality; till, on the evening of the third day, an awful light broke upon her; and she awoke in horror from her dream.

15. The family had gathered round the blazing fire that had sent roaring volumes up the chimney, illuminating with its red and dancing beams the whole apartment, from the young children that nestled in the corner close by the blaze, to the dark cloaks and garments that hung round the walls; the room rung with the sound of merriment, and the young sailor was heard louder than all, singing songs, fitter, indeed, for the forecastle, where he had learned them, than for the domestic fireside.

16. As the mother moved to and fro in the apartment, her eye fell carelessly sometimes through a window on the beautiful winter evening landscape that lay without, the fields wrapped in one wide sheet of spotless snow, and reposing under the moonlight and starlight of a cloudless sky, calm and lovely as the remains of departed innocence and beauty.

17. But hers was not a soul to be moved with such a scene; and it had not power to arrest her eye one moment, till a face, the face of a man, appeared, looking in at the window.

Then she stopped, and another, and another presented itself, apparently surveying the group around the fireside. There was a moment's consultation, and they all disappeared; but ere the widow, surprised and appalled, she scarce knew why, had opened her panic-struck lips, there was a trampling of feet in the snow without, the door was burst open, and three men rushed into the room. At the first glimpse of their countenances, George sprang from his seat with an oath, and, after a wild glance round the room in search of other means of escape, made a desperate attempt to force his way past them.

18. The struggle was violent and short, and presently, bound, panting, and helpless, he stood unresistingly among them. Then the shrieks of his mother fell on his ear, his head sunk on his breast, his knees shook under him, and his little brothers and sisters, who looked that night on his ghastly and sullen countenance, never forgot it till their dying day. The words "bloody pirate and murderer" were all that the mother heard; the bound arms and guilty brow of the son were all that she saw; and a flood of grief, horror, and, to her worst of all, *worldly shame*, rushed upon her soul.

19. Long before midnight, the unhappy criminal was on his way to the scene of trial, conviction, ignominious and untimely death; leaving behind him a home filled with shrieks and agony. His crime was indeed a crime of blood; a murder committed, with the aid of two accomplices, on the wide and lonely ocean, where the death-cry of the wretched victim could reach no human ear, and his horrid struggles, as they threw him into the sea, mangled and yet living, were vain as the hope of human succor. The particulars of the tale never reached the ear of his mother; but in the hopeless, alas! almost *prayerless* misery of that night, she felt what it was to have lived "without God in the world," and so to have brought up her eldest born.

20. That same night, the pure spirit of Walter Temple ascended to the God who gave it. His mother was alone in the room with him when he woke from a quiet sleep; and, pressing her shrivelled hands in his own cold and emaciated fingers, he whispered a request that she would read him one more chapter in the Bible. She took it up, but, as she looked on his face, she saw there the impress of death. She put the book into his hand, and eagerly drawing forward

the dim candle that stood by his bedside, she beheld rather than heard the faint "God bless you, mother," that quivered on his lips. Something more he murmured, but she only indistinctly heard the words "humble hope," when a bright smile gleamed over his face, and with that celestial light upon his countenance, he died.

21. The childless widow looked upon him long and earnestly, ere she knelt down by the bedside to weep and pray; she could hardly believe that he was gone, so gentle had been the dreaded separation of body and soul; never had she seen the departing spirit exhale itself so peacefully from its tenement of clay. And it did not seem possible, in the nature of things, that her last and youngest should lie there a corpse, while she stood by, with her silver hair, bent figure, and wrinkled cheek, like one whose proper hour had long since come, and who had nothing more to do on earth.

22. But when she did realize he was dead, she uttered no shrieks, no bitter wailings of despair, for she felt that she had no cause; yet she wept when she felt her own loneliness, when she looked on his youth, and thought what he might have been to her old age. But at last her sobs grew less frequent, the voice of her prayer grew stronger, and the Spirit of God came upon her in peace and resignation.

23. She rose to look again upon the face of the departed, and to close the dull eye, where alone death looked ghastly. Then she gazed on the pale brow, so lately throbbing with pain, and now so calm; and the mouth, about which lingered the seraphic smile of dissolution; and she parted the fair locks on his forehead, till the chill of death struck to her fingers, and the struggle between the sickness of her heart, and the faith that endureth all things, became too strong to be borne: then she walked away, with a tottering step, to her own straw pallet, whispering fervently as she went, "My God! oh, forsake me not! help me yet a little longer to bear this sorrow!"

24. Towards the gray of the morning, a short and broken sleep, full of dreams, came upon each widow. But the visions of the one were of horror and dismay; scenes of blood and violence thickened round her; or she went through dark dungeons to visit some wretched prisoner, whose dimly-seen features were but too familiar, or she beheld the tall gibbet start up before her eyes, in some well-known spot, where her children sported round her; and in

each wild dream, *one face* and figure still haunted her, till she woke only to shriek and shudder, as consciousness of the dreadful reality rushed over her mind.

25. But peace waved her angel wings over the humble roof of the *poor* widow, though death was within her doors; the spirits of the departed came round her pillow, with bright and happy faces; the voices of those she loved rung in her ears, and her dreams were of Heaven and blessed things. She, too, woke to affliction tempered with hope and resignation; and great was the contrast between the sorrow which had that night fallen on the two dwellings.

LESSON CVII.

Antediluvian Occupations.

1. I HAVE wondered, in former days, at the patience of the Antediluvian world; that they could endure a life almost millenary, with so little variety as seems to have fallen to their share. It is probable that they had much fewer employments than we.

2. Their affairs lay in a narrower compass; their libraries were indifferently furnished; philosophical researches were carried on with much less industry and acuteness of penetration; and fiddles, perhaps, were not even invented.

3. How, then, could seven or eight hundred years of life be supportable? I have asked this question formerly, and been at a loss to resolve it; but I think I can answer it now.

4. I will suppose myself born a thousand years before Noah was born or thought of. I rise with the sun; I worship; I prepare my breakfast; I swallow a bucket of goat's-milk, and a dozen of good sizable cakes.

5. I fasten a new string to my bow, and my youngest boy, a lad of about thirty years of age, having played with my arrows till he has stripped off all the feathers, I find myself obliged to repair them.

6. The morning is thus spent in preparing for the chase, and it has become necessary that I should dine—I dig up roots; I wash them; I boil them; I find them not done enough; I boil them again; my wife is angry; we dispute; we settle the point; but meantime the fire goes out, and must be kindled again.

7. All this is very amusing. I hunt; I bring home the prey; with the skin of it I mend an old coat, or I make a new one. By this time the day is far spent; I feel myself fatigued, and retire to rest.

8. Thus, what with tilling the ground, and eating the fruit of it, hunting, and walking, and running, and mending old clothes, and sleeping, and rising again, I can suppose an inhabitant of the primeval world so occupied, as to sigh over the shortness of life, and to find, at the end of many centuries, that they had all slipped through his fingers, and were passed away like a shadow.

LESSON CVIII.

The Murderer.

[A part of the argument of the counsel for the Commonwealth, on the trial of Francis Knapp, charged with being accessory to the murder of Joseph White, Esq., an aged citizen of Salem, Mass.]

Gentlemen of the Jury,

Though I could well have wished to shun this occasion, I have not felt at liberty to withhold my professional assistance, when it is supposed that I might be in some degree useful in investigating and discovering the truth respecting this most extraordinary murder. It has seemed to be a duty, incumbent on me, as on every other citizen, to do my best, and my utmost, to bring to light the perpetrators of this crime.

2. Against the prisoner at the bar, as an individual, I cannot have the slightest prejudice. I would not do him the smallest injury or injustice. But I do not affect to be indifferent to the discovery, and the punishment, of this deep guilt. I cheerfully share in the opprobrium, how much soever it may be, which is cast on those who feel and manifest an anxious concern, that all who had a part in planning, or a hand in executing, this deed of midnight assassination, may be brought to answer for their enormous crime, at the bar of public justice.

3. Gentlemen, it is a most extraordinary case. In some respects, it has hardly a precedent any where; certainly none in our New England history. This bloody drama exhibited no suddenly excited, ungovernable rage. The actors in it were not surprised by any lion-like temptation, springing

upon their virtue, and overcoming it, before resistance could begin. Nor did they do the deed to glut savage vengeance, or satiate long-settled and deadly hate.

4. It was a cool, calculating, money-making murder. It was all "hire and salary, not revenge." It was the weighing of money against life; the counting out of so many pieces of silver against so many ounces of blood. An aged man, without an enemy in the world, in his own house, and in his own bed, is made the victim of a butcherly murder, for mere pay. Truly, here is a new lesson for painters and poets.

5. Whosoever shall hereafter draw the portrait of Murder, if he will show it as it has been exhibited in one example, where such example was last to have been looked for, in the very bosom of our New England society, let him not give it the grim visage of Moloch, the brow knitted by revenge, the face black with settled hate, and the blood-shot eye, emitting livid fires of malice.

6. Let him draw, rather, a decorous, smooth-faced, bloodless demon; a picture in *repose* rather than in *action;* not so much an example of human nature, in its depravity, and in its paroxysms of *crime*, as an infernal nature, a fiend, in the ordinary display and developement of his character.

7. The deed was executed with a degree of self-possession and steadiness equal to the wickedness with which it was planned. The circumstances, now clearly in evidence, spread out the whole scene before us. Deep sleep had fallen on the destined victim, and on all beneath his roof,—a healthful old man, to whom sleep was sweet;—the first sound slumbers of the night held him in their soft but strong embrace.

8. The assassin enters, through the window already prepared, into an unoccupied apartment. With noiseless foot he paces the lonely hall, half lighted by the moon; he winds up the ascent of the stairs, and reaches the door of the chamber. Of this he moves the lock, by soft and continued pressure, till it turns on its hinges without noise; and he enters, and beholds his victim before him.

9. The room was uncommonly open to the admission of light. The face of the innocent sleeper was turned from the murderer, and the beams of the moon, resting on the gray locks of his aged temple, showed him where to strike. The fatal blow is given! and the victim passes, without a

struggle, or a motion, from the repose of sleep to the repose of death!

10. It is the assassin's purpose to make sure work; and he yet plies the dagger, though it was obvious that life had been destroyed by the blow of the bludgeon. He even raises the aged arm, that he may not fail in his aim at the heart, and replaces it again over the wounds of the poniard! To finish the picture, he explores the wrist for the pulse! He feels for it, and ascertains that it beats no longer! It is accomplished. The deed is done. He retreats, retraces his steps to the window, passes out through it, as he came in, and escapes. He has done the murder,—no eye has seen him, no ear has heard him. The *secret* is his own, and it is safe!

11. Ah! gentlemen, that was a dreadful mistake. Such a secret can be safe nowhere. The whole creation of God has neither nook nor corner, where the guilty can bestow it, and say it is safe. Not to speak of that eye which glances through all disguises, and beholds every thing as in the splendor of noon,—such secrets of guilt are never safe from detection even by men.

12. True it is, generally speaking, "that murder will out." True it is, that Providence hath so ordained, and doth so govern things, that those who break the great law of Heaven, by shedding man's blood, seldom succeed in avoiding discovery. Especially, in a case exciting so much attention as this, discovery must come, and will come, sooner or later. A thousand eyes turn at once to explore every man, every thing, every circumstance, connected with the time and place; a thousand ears catch every whisper; a thousand excited minds intensely dwell on the scene, shedding all their light, and ready to kindle the slightest circumstance into a blaze of discovery.

13. Meantime the guilty soul cannot keep its own secret. It is false to itself; or rather it feels an irresistible impulse of conscience to be true to itself. It labors under its guilty possession, and knows not what to do with it. The human heart was not made for the residence of such an inhabitant. It finds itself preyed on by a torment, which it dares not acknowledge to God or man.

14. A vulture is devouring it, and it can ask no assistance or sympathy, either from heaven or earth. The secret which the murderer possesses soon comes to possess him; and like

the evil spirits, of which we read, it overcomes him, and leads him whithersoever it will. He feels it beating at his heart, rising to his throat, and demanding disclosure. He thinks the whole world sees it in his face, reads it in his eyes, and almost hears its workings in the very silence of his thoughts. It has become his master.

15. It betrays his discretion, it breaks down his courage, it conquers his prudence. When suspicions from without begin to embarrass him, and the net of circumstance to entangle him, the fatal *secret* struggles with still greater violence to burst forth. It must be confessed, *it will be* confessed; there is no refuge from confession but suicide; and suicide is confession.

LESSON CIX.

Try, Try Again.

1. 'Tis a lesson you should heed,
Try, try again;
If at first you don't succeed,
Try, try again;
Then your courage should appear,
For, if you will persevere,
You will conquer, never fear;
Try, try again.

2. Once, or twice, though you should fail,
Try, try again;
If you would, at last, prevail,
Try, try again;
If we strive, 'tis no disgrace,
Though we may not win the race;
What should you do in the case?
Try, try again.

3. If you find your task is hard,
Try, try again;
Time will bring you your reward;
Try, try again;
All that other folks can do,
Why, with patience, should not you?
Only keep this rule in view,
TRY, TRY AGAIN.

LESSON CX.

The Spider and the Fly.

1. "Will you walk into my parlor?" said a spider to a fly;
"'Tis the prettiest little parlor that you ever did espy.
The way into my parlor is up a winding stair,
And I have many pretty things to show you when you're there.'
"Oh, no, no!" said the little fly; "to ask me is in vain,
For who goes up your winding stair can ne'er come down again."

2. "I'm sure you must be weary with soaring up so high:
Will you rest upon my little bed?" said the spider to the fly;
"There are pretty curtains drawn around; the sheets are fine and thin;
And if you like to rest awhile, I'll snugly tuck you in."
"Oh, no, no!" said the little fly, "I've often heard it said,
They never, never wake again, who sleep upon your bed!"

3. Said the cunning spider to the fly, "Dear friend, what shall I do
To prove the warm affection I have always felt for you?
I have, within my pantry, good store of all that's nice—
I'm sure you're very welcome,—will you please to take a slice?"
"Oh, no, no!" said the little fly, "kind sir, that cannot be;
I've heard what's in your pantry, and do not wish to see."

4. "Sweet creature!" said the spider, "you're witty and you're wise;
How handsome are your gauzy wings! how brilliant are your eyes!
I have a little looking-glass upon my parlor shelf;
If you'll step in one moment, dear, you shall behold yourself."
"I thank you, gentle sir," said she, "for what you're pleased to say,
And bidding you good morning now, I'll call another day."

5. The spider turned him round about, and went into his den,
For well he knew the silly fly would soon come back again;
So he wove a subtle web, in a little corner, sly,
And set his table ready to dine upon the fly;
Then went out to his door again, and merrily did he sing:
"Come hither, hither, pretty fly, with the pearl and silver wing;
Your robes are green and purple—there's a crest upon your head—
Your eyes are like the diamond bright, but mine are dull as lead."

6. Alas, alas! how very soon this silly little fly,
Hearing his wily, flattering words, came slowly flitting by!
With buzzing wings she hung aloft, then near and nearer drew,
Thinking only of her brilliant eyes, and green and purple hue;
Thinking only of her crested head—poor foolish thing! At last
Up jumped the cunning spider, and fiercely held her fast.

7. He dragged her up his winding stair, into his dismal den,
Within his little parlor—but she ne'er came out again!
—And now, my youthful learners, who may this story read,
To idle, silly, flattering words, I pray you ne'er give heed;
Against an evil counsellor, close heart, and ear, and eye;
Take warning from the story of the Spider and the Fly.

LESSON CXI

The Midnight Mail.

1. 'Tis midnight,—all is peace profound!
But lo! upon the murmuring ground
The lonely, swelling, hurrying sound
Of distant wheels is heard!
They come,—they pause a moment,—when,
Their charge resigned, they start, and then
Are gone, and all is hushed again,
As not a leaf had stirred.

2. Hast thou a parent far away,
A beauteous child to be thy stay
In life's decline,—or sisters, they
Who shared thine infant glee?
A brother on a foreign shore,
Whose breast thy chosen token bore?
Or are thy treasures wandering o'er
A wide, tumultuous sea?

3. If aught like these, then thou must feel
The rattling of that reckless wheel,
That brings the bright or boding seal,
On every trembling thread,
That strings thy heart, till morn appears
To crown thy hopes, or end thy fears,
To light thy smile, or draw thy tears,
As line on line is read.

4. Perhaps thy treasure's in the deep,
Thy lover in a dreamless sleep,
Thy brother where thou canst not weep
Upon his distant grave!
Thy parent's hoary head no more
May shed a silver lustre o'er
His children grouped,—nor death restore
Thy son from out the waves!

5. Thy prattler's tongue, perhaps, is stilled,
Thy sister's lip is pale and chilled,
Thy blooming bride perchance has filled
Her corner of the tomb.

Perhaps the home, where all thy sweet
And tender recollections meet,
Has shown its flaming winding-sheet
In midnight's awful gloom!

6. And while, alternate o'er my soul
Those cold or burning wheels will roll
Their chill or heat, beyond control,
Till morn shall bring relief,—
Father in heaven, whate'er may be
The cup which thou hast sent for me,
I know 'tis good, prepared by Thee,
Though filled with joy or grief!

LESSON CXII.

The Bucket.

1. How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollection presents them to view!
The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wild-wood,
And every loved spot which my infancy knew;
The wide-spreading pond, and the mill that stood by it
The bridge, and the rock where the cataract fell;
The cot of my father, the dairy-house nigh it,
And e'en the rude bucket which hung in the well!
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket, which hung in the well.

2. That moss-covered vessel I hail as a treasure;
For often, at noon, when returned from the field,
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.
How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glowing
And quick to the white pebbled bottom it fell;
Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing,
And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well;
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket, arose from the well.

3. How sweet from the green mossy brim to receive it,
As poised on the curb it inclined to my lips!
Not a full blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,
Though filled with the nectar the fabled god sips.

And now, far removed from the loved situation,
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,
And sighs for the bucket which hangs in the well;
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket, which hangs in his well.

LESSON CXIII.

Filial Love; or, James the Errand-Man.

1. In Paris, there is an institution, called the Household Hospital, into which aged widows and widowers are admitted, on payment of about two hundred dollars each, which secures them a room, and meat, drink, clothing, firing, pocket-money to the amount of about one dollar and fifty cents a month, for the remainder of their days, and burial at their close. For a married couple, to obtain a double room, and set up a household apart, a further trifling gratuity is required; or rather, eighty of the best bed-rooms are thus appropriated, and the remaining eighty bestowed gratuitously on couples wholly destitute of resources.

2. Nothing can be neater or cleaner than the chambers allotted to either class, opening from an airy corridor, several hundred feet long, having, opposite to each door, its locker, for wood and charcoal. The service of the whole establishment is conducted by forty nuns, *Sisters of Charity;* and the exquisite and delicate neatness of their kitchens, laundry, and gallery of linen presses, does honor to their jurisdiction. Abundance of the most wholesome food, such as rice stewed in broth, meat, vegetables, and stewed fruit, are at all hours in preparation, in a kitchen which has the airiness and elegance of a varnished Dutch toy.

3. An English gentleman residing in Paris had frequently noticed the cheerfulness, the affectionate disposition, the untiring industry of James, the errand-man, who was occasionally employed as drudge of all work at his hotel. Walking one day in the outskirts of the city, he observed James seated, side by side, with the driver of a small cart, loaded with a bed, two chairs, and a chest of drawers, and singing and laughing so heartily with his companion, that he immediately concluded, that these must be the little articles of furniture he had provided for his marriage with

Josephine, the nursery-maid, to whom his attentions had for some time been very obvious.

4. But, to his surprise, he found that their destination was very different; that James was carrying them to the Household Hospital, for the accommodation of his parents. The rest of the story will be best told in the Englishman's own words.

5. "Is it, then, for your parents, my good lad," cried I, "that you are taking all this trouble?"

6. "*Trouble!*" reiterated James, in a stinging accent; "why, for five years past, the pleasure of fixing the old folks in peace and comfort, for the rest of their lives, has been my dream by night, my care by day. Trouble, sir? Ever since I chanced to be sent here on an errand by old Matthew's grandson, I have kept saying to myself, 'James, my boy! yonder is the place for the old folks. Manage to scrape together as much as will secure their old age an asylum in the Household Hospital, and you may henceforth *sleep in peace.*' With that end in view, I have toiled early and late.

7. "Two hundred dollars is a trifle, when one looks *back* on the earning of it; but when one looks *forward*, the task seems hopeless. Twice, too, I have been cruelly thrown back. I was blockhead enough to lend sixty dollars, two winters back, to a countryman,—a brother Auvergnat,—who had drawn a bad number for the conscription; and though, by working hard, he might have paid me the money twice over, the fellow made off from Paris a few weeks afterwards, and has been heard of no more,—which was far from delicate of him, as the debt was a debt of honor, and regarded a brother Auvergnat.

8. "Monsieur may perhaps recollect, that he jeered me for being out of spirits, the Carnival before last, and gave me a dollar to keep Shrove-Tuesday with. *That* was the very time I lost my money; and that was the first I put, for luck's sake, into my new money-box. And luck it brought me, sir,—for, the very next week, the Count threw me a double gold Napoleon, because he happened to drive his cabriolet over my foot, as I stood chopping wood in the court-yard. It is true, I had a hard matter to hobble about for six weeks afterwards, the frost having got into the wound. But what was that to the good fortune of having gained seven dollars at a stroke?"

9. "But, my good James," said I, much affected by the recollection of his hard labors, and their scanty reward, "why not apprise me of the object you had in view?"

10. "Because I knew Monsieur's good heart might lead him to do more than was altogether convenient to him. You paid me well, sir, for my services; and to have hinted a wish for further gains would have been begging. And yet, about three months ago, sir, when I happened to meet Anthony, the great-grandson of old Matthew, crying in the street, and heard from him, that the good old man was not expected to get through the night, and I went home, and broke my money-box, and found only fifty-five dollars, to add to the hundred and twenty registered to my name in the Savings' Bank, I own I had half a mind to implore of Monsieur the favor of a loan, of the twenty-five wanting, to make up my two hundred, in case of poor old Matthew being called away.

11. "By God's will, however, the old chap was spared, to toddle on a few months longer, and, luckily, in the busiest time of the year. Bless your heart! I have staid up, night after night, this winter, at the masked balls, at the opera, or at Musard's, till seven o'clock in the morning, which is an ugly hour to look in the face when you have had no sight of a pillow, and the snow too thick on the ground to admit of sleeping on one's wheelbarrow, at the corner of the street, during the daytime.

12. "However, there's an end to all things! All's over! All's safe! Last night my money was deposited with the Treasurer of the Hospital, to the last half-penny; and there's yet left behind," quoth he, jingling his pockets, and glancing good humoredly at the porter, "enough to afford a handsome gratuity to those who are about to have charge of the old folks."——My answer consisted in a hearty shake of the errand-man's horny hand.

13. "Monsieur must perceive," faltered he, as if apologizing for not having appealed for my assistance, "that it will afford twice the pleasure, both to the old people and myself, that this asylum is secured to them by my own industry, and not by the help of others. 'Tis a foolish thought, my good sir, for the like of *us;* but you see, poor as we are, and Christians too, we are proud. This is not a common almshouse, sir. The Household Hospital is a place where respectable folks are admitted, for pay. I would not have

shoved poor father and mother into the Charity-ward, any more than into a lazar-house! Nor would I have liked to see them beholden to any but their own son, so long as he had arms to work for them.

14. "But all fear's at an end. Twenty cabriolets may drive over me now, or twenty choleras attack me. I have a right to be sick or sorry when I please. I have a right to sleep in my bed o'nights, and look the Count's saucy chap of a groom in the face by day. The old folks are safe! Whatever may happen to *me*, here is their berth, with food, raiment, and pocket-money, so long as it pleases God to spare them. It is a mightier relief than people dream of, to be relieved from all further anxiety concerning one's father and mother." And James wiped his forehead, at the mere recollection of his past cares, and present ease of mind.

15. "But all this time I am forgetting the cart," cried James. And, having hurriedly arranged with the porter to meet him in the chamber at three o'clock, he entreated me to return at the same hour, and be witness of the old people's inauguration. It was three o'clock, within three minutes, when I returned. On attaining the corner, the empty cart of my friend James stood at the gateway of the hospital.

16. "The old people have arrived, then?" said I to the porter. "Arrived! and I fear in some trouble," he replied; "for my wife, who helped to escort them, was seen running from the house just now, to the infirmary, to fetch one of the nuns some ether."

17. The odor of that powerful restorative reached me, the moment I entered the gallery containing the little household chamber of the new comers. The door was ajar, the opposite window open. I heard the ominous sound of human sobs within.

18. My heart sank in my bosom. The joy of the old people had been too much for them. One of poor James's parents had, perhaps, fallen a victim to the agitation and hurry of removal. Peeping anxiously in, I prepared myself for the sad spectacle of expiring age.

19. "He is better now," were the first words that struck my ear, as I entered the room. When, lo! wonder of wonders! I descried poor James, with his bronzed cheeks, white as ashes, sitting propped in his chair! while the nun, sister Patronille, and a venerable-looking peasant couple,

administered to his aid. *It was the strong man who had fainted.*—Overcome by the *exquisite delight* of installing his parents in their long-wished abode, consciousness had for some minutes been suspended in the Herculean frame of JAMES THE ERRAND-MAN.

LESSON CXIV.

The great Horse Race.

[Addressed to the Editor of a newspaper.]

MR. EDITOR,

Though we live so far from the centre of the world, and girt in by the mountains too, we have heard something about the great race on Long Island. The newspapers, —for we have now and then one, even here,—the newspapers told us, a good while ago, that there would be rare sport upon an unparalleled bet; and lately, the result has been telegraphed from Louisiana to Passamaquoddy.

2. Though you could scarcely have been Christian spectators of the race, if you had tried, you have, I dare say, heard more about it than I can tell you; and yet, my fingers burn, to convey a few words, with permission, to your numerous readers, if readers you can retain after this.

3. As every body went from every where, you may infer perhaps, that I too was perched, *rara avis*,* on some pine tree near by, or that, with my wife and daughters, I stood behind the motley multitude, stretching my back to its utmost longitude, and looked over a forest of heads and plumes of all colors, to see the sport. But I tell you, in good and sober truth, I was not there; and, however strange you may think of it, my wife and daughters were not in the pavilion. I can only speak from hearsay.

4. It was, it seems, one of the finest days of the season —the very "sun of Austerlitz." Not a cloud, I suppose, sailed that way, to cast a momentary shadow over the brilliant and joyous scene. What a spectacle! The North and the South, fired with a most magnanimous emulation, and marching briskly to the appointed rendezvous. Every town, and almost every village, from Georgia to Maine, as

* *Rara avis*, a rare bird; meaning, as an unusual occurrence—in a place where it was not to be expected he would be found.

the fourth of July orators used to say, fully represented in this biped and quadruped congress.

5. See New Jersey, with immense reinforcements from beyond the mountains and rivers, moving in solid columns towards the scene of action:—New York pouring out myriads, from all its eastern *vomitories;* and Connecticut launching all its *craft* upon the Sound, and hastening with sails, and oars, and sweeps, to the sandy arena. Fifty thousand people, at least, on the ground; and then what princely betting! Forty thousand dollars to begin with! to *begin* with, I say, for what signifies such a trifle, compared with the hundreds of thousands which, it seems to be admitted on all hands, were staked upon the two four-footed champions of that proud day?

6. O, how thrilling, and chilling, and stilling the first heat! Henry half a length ahead—two to one against Eclipse, if you dare—two to one agreed all round the course. Truly, this must have been the most heart-stirring and patriotic gambling, that ever was seen in our country. Now, I like things on a grand scale; card playing, for fifties and hundreds, is a mean, two-penny business, and the honorable managers of the race prohibited it. I never liked it, and am resolved that I never will. But there is something in tens and hundreds of thousands to make one proud of the American character.

7. Second trial, Eclipse ahead; and now they stand heat and heat. Every jockey's—I beg the gentlemen's pardon,—but every jockey's heart is in his mouth—the question is to be decided in eight minutes. It is decided; Eclipse, against the world, comes off *victorious.*

8. And now, where is the laural, the niche, the monument, the bronze, for the northern champion? He has earned for himself an imperishable name. It must, it will go down to the most distant generation of horse-racers, at least, if not a good deal further.

9. But I am running before my story. Let us go back a heat or two, and take breath. What added mightily to the sport was, to see the North pitted against the South; or, if you please, New York *versus* Virginia. How must it tend to obliterate all sectional jealousies, and tighten the silken cords of brotherhood, to meet every half year at the Washington and Union races, upon bets of half a million!

10. If this does not preserve a good understanding on

both sides of the Potomac, what can? In this view how delightful are the prospects before us! A strife so friendly, so nearly equal in its results, cannot possibly stop here. Eclipse must run again, or pass for a foundered old coward. Even while I write, rumor says, that he is challenged to try his bottom at the seat of government, upon a purse of from twenty to fifty thousand dollars.

11. But stop this galloping pen of mine, and stick to the turf on Long Island. Another thing which added surprisingly, it seems, to the brilliancy and pleasure of the scene, was the presence of a great number of ladies, the larger part of whom, I dare say, *staked* something on the occasion.

12. You need not look so sarcastically at me; for, let me ask, why should *ladies* be excluded from the sports of the race ground? Answer me that, if you can. Why, sir, how must those ladies in the pavilion have been enraptured, how must it have awakened all the finest sensibilities of the female heart, to witness the straining and panting emulation of the race coursers;—to see them coming out at last, all foaming and covered with gore!

13. Verily! we have heard nothing for a long time in this dull corner of the world, which has so forcibly reminded us of old Rome in her power and glory, when her sober matrons and tender-hearted virgins witnessed with a delight bordering upon ecstasy the gladiatorial shows and contests in the amphitheatre. Who can tell how soon the American fair will attain to the same enviable height of refinement and sensibility?

14. It may be true that the blood which trickled down so profusely at the Union races, was not *human* blood. It was nothing more, probably, than what such a desperate trial must needs draw forth from the lacerated bodies of the brute competitors. But who can tell, should the strife for mastery be kept up between the North and the South, with suitable spirit on both sides,—who, I say, can tell, how long it may be, ere wives, and sisters, and daughters, will hear of other contests? These are only hints, you see; and I freely confess to you, that I have not nerve enough to carry this train of thought any further.

15. But to try another heat—it must be very delightful to spend a few days, and a few hundred dollars too, if one has so much, in going to the races. If he has not hun-

dreds, why, let him spend what he has and can borrow. *Fifty thousand days* is something, to be sure—about one hundred and forty years; it might make a difference in loss of time, upon a moderate calculation, of twenty thousand dollars.

16. But why speak of such a paltry sum? It's enough to provoke one to hear these penny calculations, especially when the object to be gained is so immensely important. But you know, if I don't calculate, somebody else will.

17. Who could stay away from such a race? I challenge the whole corps of your long-winded prosers to answer me that, if they can. Who, that went, could help spending from five to a hundred dollars, besides all the bets? If report be true, some hundreds of the spectators must have travelled from a hundred to a thousand miles, to the race ground. But why speak of *distance*, when it is agreed, on all hands, that *racing* shortens it exceedingly?

18. Among the moderate estimates of the knowing ones who were near the scene of action, I will just mention a fraction or two more, which I suppose some close calculators will think ought to be reckoned in the general footing. It is said, that at least twenty thousand strangers were in New York at one time, on their way to the race ground; that they could not spend less, upon an average, than twenty dollars, in and about the city. *Twenty thousand by twenty;* as you are quick in figures, and I cannot stop to multiply, without losing my distance, I must leave it with you to say how much it comes to.

19. Another thought—for while one is upon the course, he must take thoughts as he can catch them, whether they are in place or not—it may be urged in disparagement of the great match, that no little part of the money which was gambled away, honestly belonged to creditors, who may find it very inconvenient to lose it, and that many a wife, with her little children, will feel the gripings of poverty, thus induced, for a great while to come.

20. Such moralizing may be *got up*, to discourage the noblest emulation that ever glowed in the American bosom; but who will mind it? What are the claims of old-fashioned justice, or affection either, when contrasted with the pleasures of a horse race? If I choose to stake five hundred, or five thousand dollars, upon the issue, what right, according

to the laws of the turf, have my creditors or my family to interfere?

21. If I am the winner—and they all know I expect to win—why, then I shall be so much the better able to pay the one, and provide for the other. But suppose the worst—suppose that I and a hundred others lose to any amount you please. The money only changes hands. It makes as many rich as poor; and how does it improve the morals of those who win! How sober and industrious will they be all the rest of their lives! Besides, those who lose at one race, will probably gain at the next, and so there will be a brisk and healthful circulation through the great body politic.

22. But I anticipate another objection. Whole sheets of small pica * will be set up, about the dissipation attendant upon such a race, as that now under consideration. And indeed I cannot say, but that there might have been some trifling indiscretions, such as swearing, drinking, and the like; but, then, I hate to see mountains made out of mole-hills.

23. It was all in good nature, I dare say; or, if some sparks were elicited by trifling collisions, it had a tendency, you know, to give life, and warmth, and variety to the scene. On this score, you had better be silent; for you will find every thing you can say about public morals and such antiquated things, treated with merited contempt. You will be spoken of in all decent company, as a century behind the age in which you live, and as a *blue skinned,* canting hypocrite.

24. But I forbear. Many edifying thoughts will suggest themselves to your readers, which, in the dust and hurry of the scene, have escaped me.

Questions.—What is it called, when the speaker or writer expresses by his language a sense contrary to that which he intends to convey? Ans. *irony.* Is this, or sober argument and grave reproof, sometimes the better course in rebuking certain follies and vices? Does the writer of the foregoing piece intend to express his approval, or disapprobation, of horse racing and betting?

LESSON CXV.

Keeping up Appearances.

1. My father was a man of expedients, and had spent his whole life, and exhausted all his ingenuity, in that adroit pres-

* *Small Pica* is the printer's name for type of a particular size.

entation of pretences, which, in common speech, is called keeping up appearances. In this art he was really skilful; and I often suspected then, and have really concluded since, that if he had turned half the talent to procuring an honest livelihood, which he used to slobber over his ill-dissembled poverty, it would have been better for his soul and body both. He was a man that never told a lie, unless it was *to keep up appearances.*

2. How often have I seen him put to his trumps, steering between Scylla and Charybdis, adroitly adjusting his language so as to make an impression, without incurring a lie, and reduced to shifts by which none were deceived, because all understood them! Once on a time, after a week's starvation to procure a velvet collar for my father's best coat, we were sitting down to a dinner of hasty-pudding and molasses, when, unluckily, one of our neighbors happened to walk in without knocking,—a very improper act,—and we had no time to slip away the plates and table-cloth; we were taken in the very fact.

3. I never saw my poor father more confounded. A hectic flush passed over his long, sallow cheek, like the last, sad bloom on the visage of a consumptive man. He looked, for a moment, almost like a convicted criminal; but, however, he soon recovered himself, and returned to his expedients.

4. "We thought," said he, "we would have a plain dinner to-day; always to eat roast turkeys makes one sick." There was no disputing this broad maxim. But happy would it have been for our ill-fated family, if there had been no sickness among its members, either of the head or heart, but such as is produced by eating roasted turkey.

5. Yet my father, with all his expedients, was a very unpopular man. Though he was always angling for public favor, he never had skill enough to put on the bait so as to conceal the hook, even to the gudgeons that floated in our shallow streams. There was a broken bridge near our habitation, and one year he was plotting and expecting to be surveyor of the highways, that he might mend it for the public convenience, at the public expense.

6. He was disappointed; and old Mr. Slider, his rival and enemy, was put in the office, who suffered the bridge to remain unrepaired, with the ungenerous sarcasm, that a man who lived in such a shattered house, might well endure to ride over a rotten bridge.

7. There was a militia company, and my father was expecting to be chosen captain, especially as he had been in the revolutionary army, and had actually spoken to Gen. Washington. But at the age of forty-one, they chose him orderly-sergeant; which office my father refused, declaring, with much spitting and sputtering, that he would never serve his ungrateful country again. Thus closed his military honors; he was reduced to the necessity of finding *the post of virtue in a private station.*

8. I have heard that the only way to cure ambition is, to starve it to death; and all the world seemed to combine to remove my father's favorite passion by that unwelcome medicine. Once we had determined to have a large party at our house, and we desired to get it up in our very best style. We had invited all the grandees of Bundleborough, esquire Wilson, and his one-eyed daughter; Mrs. Butterfly, a retired milliner; Mrs. Redrose, a jolly widow; Mr. Wallflower, a broken merchant; and captain Casket, supposed to be a pensioner on the king of Great Britain.

9. We had raked and scraped, and twisted and turned, to procure all the money we could; my mother had sold pickled mangoes; I was sent to pick up mushrooms, in the great pasture; my father disposed of about two tons of old salt hay, the remaining wheel of an old ox-cart, all his pumpkins and turnips, and of about half his Indian corn, to make up the sum of fifteen dollars, thirty-seven and a half cents, with which we were to shine out, for one evening at least, in all the peacock-feathers with which ingenious poverty could cover over its hide-bound, frost-bitten, hunger-wasted frame.

10. We sent for all the china and glass we could beg or borrow; and Mr. Planewell, the carpenter, was summoned to repair our front gate, set up the fence, and new lay the step before the front door; but as there was very little prospect of his ever being paid, he could not come. Two of the legs of our dining-table were broken, and I was ordered to glue them; but, failing in that, I remember I tied them together with a piece of fish-line, which was to be concealed by the depending table-cloth.

11. The table-cloth itself was of the finest and nicest damask; but unluckily, there was a thin spot in the middle of it, almost verging to a hole; but this we could conceal, by the mat on which we laid the great dish in the centre.

My mother had spent the previous week in preparation—keeping the whole house in confusion, washing, scouring, cleaning, adjusting the best chamber, where the ladies were to take off their bonnets, mending the carpet, and polishing the shovel and tongs; and, I must confess, considering her means, she put things in tolerable order.

12. An old, half-blind negro woman, by the name of *Joice*, who had formerly waited on parties, but was now nearly superannuated, was to come and assist us; and it was stipulated that she should have the fragments of the feast, for her pay. The evening came; the company assembled; our old barn-lantern, with one broken and three cracked glasses, was hung up in the entry for an introductory light; our turkey, our chickens, our jellies, and our cards, were prepared.

13. *Joice* was busy, my mother was directing, and all were happy. But let no man hereafter pronounce an evening blessed, before the hour of supper has closed. *Joice* had complained already, that she wanted *things to do with;* and on the narrow table in the kitchen, she had overturned a lamp, and oiled the bottom of the great dish, on which the turkey was to be presented on the supper table.

14. It became slippery, her fingers were slippery, and she was half blind; as she came waddling into the supper room, with the treasures of her cookery, she stumbled, struck the poor spliced legs of our dining-table; my patchwork gave way; down went the table, dishes and sauces, on the ladies' gowns; down went poor Joice in the midst of them; my fish-line was revealed, the torn place in the table-cloth was seen, torn still more disastrously; my father looked aghast, my mother was in tears, and the whole company were in confusion.

15. My father, however, tried to jump out of his condition, like a cat out of a corner. "So much for Mr. Hardwood, our cabinet-maker; I had just ordered a new table, but he never sends home his work in time." In saying this, I can bear witness, that my honored father did not tell a lie; he just told half the truth. He *had* ordered a new table; and Mr. Hardwood had *not* sent it to us in time; but then he distinctly told my father the reason; and that was, he should not send it, until he settled off the old score.

16. "O poverty, poverty," says Cervantes, "a man must have a great share of grace, who can bring himself to be contented with thee. Why dost thou choose to pinch gen-

tlemen?" Yes, I must allow, poverty is bad enough; but not so terrible when it comes alone. It may then bring peace and resignation by its side, and even lead contentment and virtue in its train. In such cases, it is probation, instruction, wisdom, improvement, religion. The great and good, in all ages, have submitted to it; and suffering heroes have sometimes made it their boast and glory. But avert from me the mingled horrors of pride and poverty, when they come upon us together!

LESSON CXVI.

Every Man his own Fortune-Teller.

1. THERE is a strong propensity in the human mind to look forward to distant years, and to penetrate the secrets of futurity. This desire in the minds of the vulgar and ignorant, has given rise to the foolish and wicked practice of consulting pretended fortune-tellers.

2. In these enlightened days, I have little fear that any of my readers should wish to have recourse to such absurd and sinful means of information; and yet, as it is very likely they may sometimes feel curiosity respecting their future destiny, they will, I hope, listen to the plan I have to propose; which, without incurring either guilt or disgrace, will enable them, each for himself, to foretell, with considerable accuracy, what they may have to expect in future life.

3. To prevent disappointment, I here candidly confess, that I do not pretend to enable them to divine the amount of their fortunes,—what connections they may form,—in what parts they may reside,—nor at what period they will die; nor do I regret this; nor need they; since these are circumstances which it is better for us not to know beforehand: but, with regard to things of still greater importance than these, such as the degree of success and of happiness they may reasonably expect in their undertakings and situations in the world, they will find the proposed method may be depended on.

4. I shall, then, suppose myself to be consulted by a number of young persons, wishing to be initiated in my secret; but they will not find me commencing my instructions with any mystical ceremony, nor pronouncing any unintelligible

charm. I do not even wish to examine the palms of their hands; although I may perhaps take the liberty to notice the expression of their faces: all I require is, some insight into their present characters and past conduct.

5. Suppose one of them, for instance, should appear to be a lad of an indolent, inactive disposition; to whom learning and exertion, whether of body or mind, was always irksome and burdensome, performed as a task, and by compulsion; he is looking forward anxiously to the time when coercion will cease, and when he shall be free from the necessity of exertion.

6. In this case, I do not hesitate to shake my knowing head, and, in the technical language of my profession, to pronounce *bad luck to him.* I need not ask, nor can I guess, what may be his line of business, nor what the extent of his capital; but I can foretell, with great confidence, that he will be neither successful, respectable, nor happy; that when restraints are removed, and he is thrown upon himself, life will be burdensome to him; and that it will, very probably, end in poverty and disgrace.

7. I shall suppose my next applicant to be a gay young lady, desirous of knowing how soon she shall be her own mistress, and how large her fortune will be; as she is in want of a thousand things that she is not allowed to purchase: she is very partial to jewels and laces, and to all that is showy and expensive; and wishes extremely to be able to gratify her desires. Here, again, I could augur no good; so many husbands and fathers have been ruined by expensive wives and daughters—for, "as poor Richard says, silks and satins put out the kitchen fire,"—that what could I see in her destiny but bills and bailiffs, a husband in prison, children in want, and herself in indigence?

8. Another approaches with his pockets stuffed with gingerbread, and his hands full of macaroons; he professes himself to be so fond of good things that he spends the greater part of his pocket money at the pastry-cook's; his parents allow him to partake of every dish that comes on the table, and to stuff as long as he pleases; and he owns that he considers dinner-time the best part of the day.

9. I need not feel this young gentleman's pulse in order to predict to him an impaired constitution, and an early decay of his mental powers. Complicated disease, and premature old age, are the invariable rewards of indulgence.

These habits will increase with his years; a listless, burdensome life, and early death, is his probable destiny.

10. The next applicant appears with a frowning brow, and a discontented, clouded aspect; his temper is sullen and obstinate, or fretful and irritable: he wishes to know if any thing agreeable will ever befall him, for at present he has known only unhappiness. Alas! nothing but unhappiness can I predict to him. He may grow rich and prosper in the world, but he will ever "dwell in *Meshech;*" his family will dread, and his neighbors dislike him; and his gold, if he has it, will never purchase that ease and content which is the reward of good nature only.

11. Another inquirer I shall suppose to be an undutiful son, who has ever rewarded his parents' care and kindness with neglect, disrespect, and disobedience. Now, on this case, I can pronounce with a greater degree of certainty than on any of the preceding. Some faults never appear to meet their proper punishment in this world; but it is a common remark, founded on long observation, that unkindness to parents, above all other crimes, reaps its reward even here. This youth, then, if he becomes a parent, will be taught, by refractory, rebellious children, the anguish he has inflicted on his own parents. A rebellious son, an ungrateful daughter, must expect in due time to become an unhappy father, or despised mother.

12. Another informs me that he has had a religious education, and that he is in a great degree aware of the importance of religion, and of the value of his soul; moreover, he intends before long to give it the attention it demands; but hitherto he has delayed to do so, from time to time, hoping it would be less difficult at some future period than it appears now; so that, at present, he is as far from being truly religious, as he was when first he began to think upon the subject. Now, it requires little sagacity to foresee the probable consequences of his temper. I solemnly warn him that the same indisposition that has hitherto prevailed, will, unless strongly counteracted, continue and increase; while he is intending and purposing, his heart will grow harder and harder, until it will finally be said of him, "Cut it down; why cumbereth it the ground?"

13. I fear I shall be regarded as a gloomy prognosticator; but I dare not depart from the rules of my art, which are founded on universal experience, and on the established

laws of cause and effect. However, lest I be thought too discouraging, I am happy to proclaim, that these destinies are by no means, at present, to be considered as unchangeable.

14. On the contrary, if the indolent should be roused, by a dread of the consequences awaiting his disposition, to become active and industrious,—the extravagant, moderate and frugal,—the indulgent, self-denying and abstemious,—the ill-tempered, mild and amiable,—the undutiful, affectionate and tractable,—and if the procrastinator resolve at once, that he will serve the Lord,—then it is obvious, that all my dark predictions will be immediately reversed.

15. For instance; let us suppose an inquirer of a different description to any of the foregoing. A modest, ingenuous youth now approaches, wishing to know what encouragement he may expect in his exertions. He confesses that he is not gifted with superior talents, and therefore does not hope to arrive at any distinguished eminence.

16. It appears, however, that he early acquired habits of attention and industry; that he has courage and perseverance to press forward in his undertakings, in spite of difficulties, till he has conquered them; that, although his real wants are amply supplied, he has been trained in frugality and self-denial; therefore his wishes are few and moderate, so that he has always his mite to spare for the poor and the destitute.

17. He cannot boast of rich or powerful patrons; but his temper is sweet, and his manners obliging, by which he obtains the good will of his neighbors; moreover, he is a good son and a kind brother; and having been taught that "the beginning of wisdom is the fear of the Lord," he has already found "his ways to be pleasantness, and his paths peace."

18. Now, without presuming to guess whether this will be a rich man, I hesitate not to pronounce him a happy one: he may encounter difficulties, and pass through trials, but "his bread will be given him, and his water will be sure;" especially "that bread which he casts upon the waters will return" to him, when it is wanted, though "after many days." It is, besides this, more than probable, that he will eventually be successful even in his temporal affairs; that he will be "blessed in his basket and his store;" rear an affectionate family; be beloved by his friends, and respected by

all; finally, he will die in peace, and at last "enter into the joy of his Lord."

19. It is not unusual for fortune-tellers to predict the day of death; and although, as I said, I make no such pretensions, it may yet be expected that I should not be totally silent on the subject. And while they who presume to do so are miserable deceivers, I can with the most absolute certainty foretell what it is much more important to know, namely, that "it is appointed unto all men once to die;" the day and hour is indeed unknown; and yet each one may, for himself, look forward to a period not very distant, when he may be quite certain that he shall have reached his "long home." To know that we must die one day, is a far more interesting fact, than to know *what* day; and this is a circumstance which, surely, we may all foretell for ourselves.

20. Thus, having explained and exemplified my method, so as to render it clear to their comprehensions, I trust that every one of my readers will be able to predict all that is good for them to know concerning their future lives; and I doubt not they will find it profitable to do so.

21. Should any think it an unsatisfactory and uncertain plan, or flatter themselves, that although they may answer some of the above descriptions, yet that they shall escape the appropriate punishment, I must tell them that it is for want of knowing the world and themselves, and for want of considering the natural and inevitable consequences of things.—The saying is as true as it is trite, that to be happy we must be good. The knowledge of this is, in fact, the grand secret of my art; and it is by consulting this simple rule, that *every man may be his own fortune-teller.*

LESSON CXVII.

"Among the Americans all Honest Callings are Honorable."—A foreigner's testimony.

1. Among a democratic people, where there is no hereditary wealth, every man works to earn a living, or has worked, or is born of parents who have worked. The notion of labor is therefore presented to the mind on every side as the necessary, natural, and honest condition of hu-

man existence. Not only is labor not dishonorable among such a people, but it is held in honor: the prejudice is not against it, but in its favor.

2. In the United States, a wealthy man thinks that he owes it to public opinion to devote his leisure to some kind of industrial or commercial pursuit, or to public business. He would think himself in bad repute if he employed his life solely in living. It is for the purpose of escaping this obligation to work, that so many rich Americans come to Europe, where they find some scattered remains of aristocratic society, among which idleness is still held in honor.

3. Equality of conditions not only ennobles the notion of labor in men's estimation, but it raises the notion of labor, as a source of profit.

4. In aristocracies * it is not exactly labor that is despised, but labor with a view to profit. Labor is honorific in itself, when it is undertaken at the sole bidding of ambition or of virtue. Yet in aristocratic society it constantly happens that he who works for honor is not insensible to the attractions of profit. But these two desires only intermingle in the innermost depths of his soul: he carefully hides from every eye the point at which they join; he would fain conceal it from himself.

5. In aristocratic countries there are few public officers who do not affect to serve their country without interested motives. Their salary is an incident of which they think but little, and of which they always affect not to think at all. Thus the notion of profit is kept distinct from that of labor; however they may be united in point of fact, they are not thought of together.

6. In democratic communities these two notions are, on the contrary, always palpably united. As the desire of well being is universal—as fortunes are slender or fluctuating as every one wants either to increase his own resources, or to provide fresh ones for his progeny—men clearly see that it is profit which, if not wholly, at least partially, leads them to work. Even those who are principally actuated by the love of fame are necessarily made familiar with the thought that they are not exclusively actuated by that motive: and

* *Aristocracy*, a privileged order; "aristocratic countries" are those where there is an hereditary nobility; that is, where titles of rank, and peculiar privileges, descend from father to son.

they discover that the desire of getting a living is mingled in their minds with the desire of making life illustrious.

7. As soon as, on the one hand, labor is held by the whole community to be an honorable necessity of man's ...ion—and on the other, as soon as labor is always os- ... performed, wholly or in part, for the purpose of earning remuneration—the immense interval, which separated different callings in aristocratic societies, disappears. If all are not alike, all at least have one feature in common. No profession exists in which men do not work for money; and the remuneration which is common to them all, gives them all an air of resemblance.

8. This serves to explain the opinions which the Americans entertain with respect to different callings. In America no one is degraded because he works, for every one about him works also; nor is any one humiliated by the notion of receiving pay, for the President of the United States also works for pay. He is paid for commanding, other men for obeying orders. In the United States, professions are more or less laborious, more or less profitable; but they are never either high or low: every honest calling is honorable.

Questions.—What is a *democratic people*, par. 1? What is *hereditary* wealth? Which is the most favorable state of society for the promotion of virtue and happiness, that where every honest employment is deemed honorable, or where labor is held to be degrading? Is industry the duty of all men? Are the duties performed by professional men, as lawyers, physicians, clergymen, and teacners, as truly labor, as the employments of the farmer or the blacksmith? Is industry, or idleness, most favorable to happiness?

LESSON CXVIII.

The Steam-Boat Trial.

1. In the year 1807, Fulton made his first experiment in steam on the Hudson, amid the unbelief and derision of the whole country.

2. "When I was building my first steam-boat," said he to Judge Story, "the project was viewed by the public at New York, either with indifference or contempt, as a visionary scheme. My friends, indeed, were civil, but they were shy. They listened with patience to my explanations, but

with a settled cast of incredulity upon their countenances. I felt the force of the lamentation of the poet:—

> 'Truths would you teach, to save a sinking land?
> All shun, none aid you, and few understand.'

3. "As I had occasion to pass daily to and from the building-yard, while my boat was in progress, I have often loitered, unknown, near the idle groups of strangers, gathering in little circles, and heard various inquiries as to the object of this new vehicle. The language was uniformly that of scorn, sneer, or ridicule. The loud laugh rose at my expense; with the dry jest, the wise calculation of losses and expenditure; the dull but endless repetition of 'the Fulton Folly.' Never did a single encouraging remark, a bright hope, or a warm wish, cross my path.

4. "At length the day arrived when the experiment was to be made. To me it was a most trying and interesting occasion. I wanted my friends to go on board, to witness the first successful trip. Many of them did me the favor to attend, as a matter of personal respect; but it was manifest they did it with reluctance, feigning to be partners of my mortification, and not of my triumph.

5. "I was well aware that, in my case, there were many reasons to doubt of my own success. The machinery was new and ill-made; and many parts of it were constructed by mechanics unacquainted with such work; and unexpected difficulties might reasonably be presumed to present themselves from other causes. The moment arrived in which the word was to be given for the vessel to move. My friends were in groups on the deck. There was anxiety, mixed with fear, among them.

6. "They were silent, sad, and weary. I read in their looks nothing but disaster, and almost repented of my efforts. The signal was given, and the boat moved on a short distance, and then stopped, and became immovable. To the silence of the preceding moments now succeeded murmurs of discontent and agitation, and whispers and shrugs. I could hear distinctly repeated, 'I told you so,—it is a foolish scheme,—I wish we were well out of it.'

7. "I elevated myself on a platform, and stated that I knew not what was the matter; but if they would be quiet, and indulge me for half an hour, I would either go on, or abandon the voyage. I went below, and discovered that a

slight maladjustment was the cause. It was obviated. The boat went on; we left New York; we passed through the Highlands; we reached Albany! Yet even then, imagination superseded the force of fact. *It was doubted whether it could be done again, or if it could be made, in any case, of any great value.*"

8. What an affecting picture of the struggles of a great mind, and what a vivid lesson of encouragement to genius, is contained in this simple narration!

9. The steam-boats on the Hudson River were increased in number, before the death of Fulton, to five; and a sixth was built, under his direction, for the navigation of Long Island Sound. He afterwards engaged in building a large boat, planned for the navigation of the ocean.

10. This was constructed with the intention of making a passage to St. Petersburgh; but this scheme was interrupted by his death, which took place at the moment he was about to add to his glory, as the first constructor of a successful steam-boat, that of being the first navigator of the ocean by this new and mighty agent.

LESSON CXIX.

Bulk of the Earth.

1. The earth is a globe, whose diameter is nearly 8,000 miles, and its circumference about 25,000; and, consequently, its surface contains nearly two hundred millions of square miles—a magnitude too great for the mind to take in at *one* conception. In order to form a tolerable conception of the whole, we must endeavor to take a leisurely survey of its different parts.

2. Were we to take our station on the top of a mountain, of a moderate size, and survey the surrounding landscape, we should perceive an extent of view stretching 40 miles in every direction, forming a circle 80 miles in diameter, and 250 in circumference, and comprehending an area of 5,000 square miles. In such a situation, the terrestrial scene around and beneath us—consisting of hills and plains, towns and villages, rivers and lakes—would form one of the largest objects which the eye, or even the imagination, can steadily grasp at one time.

3. But such an object, grand and extensive as it is, forms

no more than the *forty thousandth part* of the terraqueous* globe; so that, before we can acquire an adequate conception of the magnitude of our own world, we must conceive 40,000 landscapes, of a similar extent, to pass in review before us; and, were a scene, of the magnitude now stated, to pass before us every hour, till all the diversified scenery of the earth were brought under our view, and were 12 hours a day allotted for the observation, it would require 9 years and 48 days before the whole surface of the globe could be contemplated, even in this *general* and *rapid* manner.

4. But such a variety of successive landscapes passing before the eye, even although it were possible to be realized, would convey only a very vague and imperfect conception of the scenery of our world; for objects at the distance of 40 miles cannot be distinctly perceived; the only view which would be satisfactory, would be that which is comprehended within the range of 3 or 4 miles from the spectator.

5. Again, I have already stated, that the surface of the earth contains nearly 200,000,000 of square miles. Now, were a person to set out on a minute survey of the terraqueous globe, and to travel till he passed along every square mile on its surface, and to continue his route without intermission, at the rate of 30 miles every day, it would require 18,264 years before he could finish his tour, and complete the survey of "this huge rotundity on which we tread;"—so that, had he commenced his excursion on the day in which Adam was created, and continued it to the present hour, he would not have accomplished one third part of this vast tour.

Questions.—What is a *globe?* What is the meaning of *diameter?* of *circumference?* *terraqueous?* What is the extent of the earth's surface, par. 5? What is a *square mile?*

LESSON CXX.

Number and Magnitude of the Stars.

1. If we extend our views from the solar system to the starry heavens, we have to penetrate, in our imagination, a space which the swiftest ball that was ever projected, though

* *Terraqueous*, from two Latin words, meaning land and water. *Terraqueous globe*, a land and water globe,—the globe on which we live.

in perpetual motion, would not traverse in ten hundred thousand years. In those trackless regions of immensity, we behold an assemblage of resplendent globes, similar to the sun in size, and in glory, and, doubtless, accompanied with a retinue of worlds, revolving, like our own, around their attractive influence. The immense distance at which the nearest stars are known to be placed, proves that they are bodies of a prodigious size, not inferior to our own sun, and that they shine, not by reflected rays, but by their own native light.

2. But bodies encircled with such refulgent splendor, would be of little use in the economy of Jehovah's empire, unless surrounding worlds were cheered by their benign influence, and enlightened by their beams. Every star is, therefore, with good reason, concluded to be a sun, no less spacious than ours, surrounded by a host of planetary globes, which revolve around it as a centre, and derive from it light, and heat, and comfort.

3. Nearly a thousand of these luminaries may be seen in a clear winter night, by the naked eye; so that a mass of matter equal to a thousand solar systems, or to *thirteen hundred and twenty millions of globes of the size of the earth*, may be perceived, by every common observer, in the canopy of heaven. But all the celestial orbs which are perceived by the unassisted sight, do not form the eighty thousandth part of those which may be descried by the help of optical instruments.

4. The telescope has enabled us to descry, in certain spaces of the heavens, thousands of stars, where the naked eye could scarcely discern twenty. The late celebrated astronomer, Dr. Herschel, has informed us, that, in the most crowded parts of the Milky-way, when exploring that region with his best glasses, he has had fields of view which contained no less than 588 stars, and these were continued for many minutes; so that "in one quarter of an hour's time there passed no less than *one hundred and sixteen thousand stars* through the field of view of his telescope."

5. It has been computed, that nearly *one hundred millions* of stars might be perceived by the most perfect instruments, were all the regions of the sky thoroughly explored. And yet all this vast assemblage of suns and worlds, when compared with what lies beyond the utmost boundaries of human vision, in the immeasurable spaces of creation, may be no

more than as the smallest particle of vapor to the immense ocean. Immeasurable regions of space lie beyond the utmost limits of mortal view, into which even imagination itself can scarcely penetrate, and which are, doubtless, replenished with the operations of Divine Wisdom and Omnipotence.

6. For it cannot be supposed that a being so diminutive as man, whose stature scarcely exceeds six feet—who vanishes from the sight at the distance of a league—whose whole habitation is invisible from the nearest star—whose powers of vision are so imperfect, and whose mental faculties are so limited—it cannot be supposed that man, who "dwells in tabernacles of clay, who is crushed before the moth," and chained down, by the force of gravitation, to the surface of a small planet,—should be able to descry the utmost boundaries of the empire of Him who fills immensity, and dwells in "light unapproachable."

7. That portion of his dominions, however, which lies within the range of our view, presents such a scene of magnificence and grandeur, as must fill the mind of every reflecting person with astonishment and reverence, and constrain him to exclaim, "Great is our Lord, and of great power; his understanding is infinite." "When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars which thou hast ordained,—what is man, that thou art mindful of him!"

Questions.—What are each of the fixed stars supposed to be? How many may be seen by the naked eye? How many, is it supposed, might be seen by the most perfect instruments? What is the name of the instrument used to assist the eye in looking at distant objects?

LESSON CXXI.

Rapid Motions of the Celestial Bodies.

1. The *rapid motions* of the great bodies of the universe, no less than their magnitudes, display the Infinite Power of the Creator. We can acquire accurate ideas of the relative velocities of moving bodies, only by comparing the motions, with which we are familiar, with one another, and with those which lie beyond the general range of our minute inspection.

2. We can acquire a pretty accurate conception of the

velocity of a ship impelled by the wind—of a steam-boat—of a race-horse—of a bird darting through the air—of an arrow flying from a bow—and of the clouds, when impelled by a stormy wind. The velocity of a ship is from 8 to 12 miles an hour,—of a race-horse, from 20 to 30 miles—of a bird, say from 50 to 60 miles, and of the clouds, in a violent hurricane, from 80 to 100 miles an hour.

3. The motion of a ball from a loaded cannon is incomparably swifter than any of the motions now stated; but of the velocity of such a body, we have a less accurate idea; because, its rapidity being so great, we cannot trace it distinctly by the eye, through its whole range, from the mouth of the cannon to the object against which it is impelled. By experiments, it has been found, that its rate of motion is from 480 to 800 miles in an hour; but it is retarded every moment by the resistance of the air and the attraction of the earth.

4. This velocity, however, great as it is, bears no sensible proportion to the rate of motion which is found among the celestial orbs. That such enormous masses of matter should move at all, is wonderful; but when we consider the amazing velocity with which they are impelled, we are lost in astonishment. The planet Jupiter, in describing his circuit round the sun, moves at the rate of 29,000 miles an hour.

5. The planet Venus, one of the nearest and most brilliant of the celestial bodies, and about the same size as the earth, is found to move through the spaces of the firmament at the rate of 76,000 miles an hour; and the planet Mercury, with a velocity of no less than 150,000 miles an hour, or 1750 miles in a minute—a motion two hundred times swifter than that of a cannon ball. These velocities will appear still more astonishing, if we consider the magnitude of the bodies which are thus impelled, and the immense forces which are requisite to carry them along in their courses.

6. However rapidly a ball flies from the mouth of a cannon, it is the flight of a body only a *few inches* in diameter; but one of the bodies, whose motion has been just now stated, is *eighty-nine thousand miles* in diameter, and would comprehend, within its vast circumference, more than a thousand globes as large as the earth. Could we contemplate such motions, from a fixed point, at the distance of only a few hundreds of miles from the bodies thus impelled,

it would raise our admiration to the highest pitch; it would overwhelm all our faculties, and, in our present state, would produce an impression of awe, and even of terror, beyond the power of language to express.

Questions.—What is the meaning of *velocity?* What is the velocity of a ship, per hour? of a race-horse? of a bird? of a cannon ball? of the planet Jupiter? Venus? Mercury?

LESSON CXXII.

Popular Illustration of the Motions of the Earth and Heavens.

1. Persons of common understanding may be made to comprehend the leading ideas of extended space, magnitude, and motion, which have been stated above, provided the description be sufficiently simple, clear, and well defined; and should they be at a loss to comprehend the principles on which the conclusions rest, or the mode by which the magnificence of the works of God has been ascertained, an occasional reference to such topics would incite them to inquiry and investigation, and to the exercise of their powers of observation and reasoning on such subjects—which are too frequently directed to far less important objects.

2. The following illustration, however, stands clear of every objection of this kind, and is level to the comprehension of every man of common sense.—Either the earth moves round its axis once in twenty-four hours—or the sun, moon, planets, comets, stars, and the whole frame of the universe, move round the earth, in the same time. There is no alternative, or third opinion, that can be formed on this point.

3. If the earth revolve on its axis every twenty-four hours, to produce the alternate succession of day and night, the portions of its surface about the equator must move at the rate of more than a thousand miles an hour, since the earth is more than twenty-four thousand miles in circumference This view of the fact, when attentively considered, furnishes a most sublime and astonishing idea.

4. That a globe of so vast dimensions, with all its load of mountains, continents, and oceans, comprising within its circumference a mass of two hundred and sixty-four thou-

sand millions of cubical miles, should whirl around with so amazing a velocity, gives us a most august and impressive conception of the greatness of that power which first set it in motion, and continues the rapid whirl from age to age! Though the huge masses of the Alpine mountains were in a moment detached from their foundations, carried aloft through the regions of the air, and tossed into the Mediterranean Sea, it would convey no idea of a force equal to that which is every moment exerted, if the earth revolve on its axis

5. But should the motion of our earth be called in question, or denied, the idea of force, or power, will be indefinitely increased. For, in this case, it must necessarily be admitted, that the heavens, with all our innumerable host of stars, have a diurnal motion round the globe; which motion must be inconceivably more rapid than that of the earth, on the supposition of its motion. For, in proportion as the celestial bodies are distant from the earth, in the same proportion would be the rapidity of their movements.

6. The sun, on this supposition, would move at the rate of 414,000 miles in a minute; the nearest stars, at the rate of fourteen hundred millions of miles in a *second;* and the most distant luminaries with a degree of swiftness which no numbers could express. Such velocities, too, would be the rate of motion, not merely of a single globe like the earth, but of all the ten thousand times ten thousand spacious globes that exist within the boundaries of creation.

7. This view conveys an idea of power, still more august and overwhelming than any of the views already stated, and we dare not presume to assert, that such a degree of physical force is beyond the limits of Infinite perfection; but, on the supposition it existed, it would confound all our ideas of the wisdom and intelligence of the Divine mind, and would appear altogether inconsistent with the character which the Scripture gives us of the Deity as "the only wise God."

8. For it would exhibit a stupendous system of means altogether disproportioned to the end intended—namely, to produce the alternate succession of day and night to the inhabitants of our globe, which is more beautifully and harmoniously effected by a simple rotation on its axis, as is the case with the other globes which compose the planetary system. Such considerations, however, show us, that, on whatever hypothesis, whether on the vulgar or the scientific,

or in whatever other point of view, the frame of nature may be contemplated, the mind is irresistibly impressed with ideas of power, grandeur, and magnificence.

9. And, therefore, when an inquiring mind is directed to contemplate the works of God, on any hypothesis it may choose, it has a tendency to rouse reflection, and to stimulate the exercise of the moral and intellectual faculties, on objects which are worthy of the dignity of immortal minds.

LESSON CXXIII.

Books, as a Means of Self-Culture.

1. An important measure of self-culture is, intercourse with superior minds. Society is as needful to us as air or food. A child doomed to utter loneliness, growing up without sight or sound of human beings, would not put forth equal power with many brutes; and a man, never brought into contact with minds superior to his own, will probably run one and the same dull round of thought and action to the end of life.

2. It is chiefly through books that we enjoy intercourse with superior minds; and these invaluable means of communication are in the reach of all. In the best books, great men talk to us, give us their most precious thoughts, and pour their souls into ours. God be thanked for books. They are the voices of the distant and the dead, and make us heirs of the spiritual life of past ages. Books are the true levellers. They give to all, who will faithfully use them, the society, the spiritual presence of the best and greatest of our race.

3. No matter how poor I am. No matter though the prosperous of my own time will not enter my obscure dwelling. If the Sacred Writers will enter and take up their abode under my roof, if Milton will cross my threshold to sing to me of Paradise, and Franklin to enrich me with his practical wisdom, I shall not pine for want of intellectual companionship, and I may become a cultivated man, though excluded from what is called the best society in the place where I live.

4. To make this means of culture effectual, a man must select good books, such as have been written by right

minded and strong minded men, real thinkers, who, instead of diluting by repetition what others say, have something to say for themselves, and write to give relief to full, earnest souls; and these works must not be skimmed over for amusement, but read with fixed attention and a reverential love of truth.

5. In selecting books, we may be aided much by those who have studied more than ourselves. But, after all, it is best to be determined, in this particular, a good deal by our own tastes. The best books for a man are not always those which the wise recommend, but oftener those which meet the peculiar wants, the natural thirst of his mind, and therefore awaken interest and rivet thought.

6. And here it may be well to observe, not only in regard to books, but in other respects, that self-culture must vary with the individual. All means do not equally suit us all. A man must unfold himself freely, and should respect the peculiar gifts or biases by which nature has distinguished him from others. Self-culture does not demand the sacrifice of individuality. It does not regularly apply to an established machinery, for the sake of torturing every man into one rigid shape, called perfection.

7. As the human countenance, with the same features in us all, is diversified without end in the race, and is never the same in any two individuals, so the human soul, with the same grand powers and laws, expands into an infinite variety of forms, and would be wofully stinted by modes of culture requiring all men to learn the same lesson or to bend to the same rules.

8. I know how hard it is for some men, especially for those who spend much time in manual labor, to fix attention on books. Let them strive to overcome the difficulty, by choosing subjects of deep interest, or by reading in company with those whom they love. Nothing can supply the place of books. They are cheering or soothing companions in solitude, illness, affliction. The wealth of both continents would not compensate for the good they impart.

9. Let every man, if possible, gather some good books under his roof, and obtain access for himself and family to some social library. Almost any luxury should be sacrificed to this.—The diffusion of these silent teachers, books, through the whole community, is to work greater effects than artillery, machinery, and legislation.

LESSON CXXIV.

The Falls of Niagara.

1. Approaching the falls from Buffalo on the Canadian shore, the first indication of our proximity to them was a hoarse rumbling, which was scarcely audible at the distance of four or five miles, but which opened on the ear, as we advanced, with increasing roar, until, at the distance of two miles, it became loud as the voice of many waters.

2. A column of mist in the mean time ascending, as smoke from a pit, marked more definitely than sound could do, the exact position of this scene of wonders. The sublime arising from obscurity, was now experienced in all its power; it did not appear what we should see, but imagination seized the moment to elevate and fill the mind with expectation and majestic dread.

3. Within a mile of the falls, the river rolls smoothly along in rapid silence, as if unconscious of its approaching destiny, till at once, across its entire channel, it falls the apparent distance of ten or twelve feet, when instantly its waters are thrown into consternation and foam, and they boil, and whirl, and run in every direction, as if filled with instinctive dread. At this place the shores recede, and allow the terrified waters to spread out in shallows over an extent twice as broad as the natural channel of the river.

4. A portion of the waters, as if hoping to escape, rushes between the American shore and the Island, (whose brow forms a part of the continued cliff, which on either side constitutes the falls,) and, too late to retreat, discovering the mistake, hurries down the precipice, and is dashed on the rocks below. This is the highest part of the fall, and the most nearly approaching to the beautiful; the waters being shallow, and the sheet entirely white below.

5. Another large sheet of contiguous waters on the other side of the island, undecoyed by appearances, and apparently desperate by an infallible premonition, attempts no evasion, but, with tumult and roar, rushes on, and thunders down the precipice which stretches about half across to the Canadian shore.

6. The rest and largest portion of the river, as if terrified at the fate of its kindred waters, retires a little; but scarcely is the movement made, before the deep declivities of the

river's bed summon the dispersion of waters into one deep, dark flood, which rolls its majestic tide upon the destruction below.

7. The shallow waters which as yet have escaped, cling terrified to the Canadian shore, reconnoitring every nook and corner, in quest of some way to escape; but their search is fruitless, and they come round at length reluctantly, and are dashed down upon the death they had so long struggled to escape.

8. It is at the junction of these two sides of the cataract, nearly in the form of two sides of a triangle, rounded at the point, that the most powerful sheet of water falls. The depth of the water in the channel above, and as it bends over the precipice, cannot, from the nature of the case, be ascertained; I should judge from the appearance that it might be from fifteen to twenty feet.

9. The color of the part of the stream above the fall is black. As it bends over the cliff and descends, at the intersection of the two sides, and for several rods on either hand, it becomes a deep and beautiful green, which continues till the column is lost in the cloud of mist that ascends before it.

10. With respect to the impression made by the first view of the falls, it may be observed that whoever approaches them anticipating amazement at the descent of the waters from a giddy height, will be disappointed. It is the multitude of waters, and their power, as they roll, and foam, and thunder, which arrests the step, suspends the breath, dilates the eye, lifts the hand, and fills the soul with wonder.

11. It seems to be the good pleasure of God, that men shall learn his omnipotence by evidence addressed to the senses as well as to the understanding, and that there shall be on earth continual illustrations of his mighty power. Of creation we are ascertained by faith, not by sight; the heavenly bodies, though vast, are distant, and roll silently in their courses. But the earth by its quakings, the volcano by its fires, the ocean by its mountain waves, and the floods of Niagara by their matchless power and ceaseless thunderings, proclaim to the eye, and to the ear, and to the heart, the omnipotence of God.

12. From their far distant sources and multitudinous dispersions, He called them into the capacious reservoirs of the north, and bid them hasten their accumulating tide to

this scene of wonders; and for ages the obedient waters have rolled and thundered his praise. It is, as has been stated, where the two lines of the precipice meet, that the deepest and most powerful sheet of water falls; but it is here, also, just where the hand of omnipotence is performing its greatest wonders, that the consummation of the work is hid.

13. What the phenomena are, where this stupendous torrent strikes at the foot of the falls, no mortal eye hath seen: a mist, rising to nearly half the height of the fall, is the veil beneath which the Almighty performs his wonders alone, and there is the hiding of his power. This is the spot upon which the eye wishfully fixes, and tries in vain to penetrate; over which imagination hovers, but cannot catch even a glimpse to sketch with her pencil. This deep recess is the most sublime and awful scene upon which my eye was ever fixed. There, amid thunderings, and in solitude and darkness, from age to age, Jehovah has proclaimed, I am the Almighty God.

14. In beholding this deluge of created omnipotence, the thought, How irresistible is the displeasure of God! rushes upon the soul. Nothing but the wailing of unearthly voices seems necessary to make one feel that hell and destruction is uncovered before him. With these associations, all is dark, terrific, and dreadful, till, from the midst of this darkness and these mighty thunderings, the bow, brilliant type of mercy, arises, and spreads its broad arch over the agitated waters, proclaiming that the Omnipotence which rolls the stream, is associated with mercy as well as with justice.

LESSON CXXV.

The Falls of Niagara.

1. The thoughts are strange that crowd into my brain,
While I look upward to thee. It would seem
As if God poured thee from his "hollow hand,"
And hung his bow upon thy awful front;
And spoke in that loud voice, which seemed to him
Who dwelt in Patmos for his Saviour's sake,
"The sound of many waters;" and had bade
Thy flood to chronicle the ages back,
And notch His cent'ries in the eternal rocks.

2. Deep calleth unto deep. And what are we,
That hear the question of that voice sublime?
Oh! what are all the notes that ever rung
From war's vain trumpet, by thy thundering side?
Yea, what is all the riot man can make
In his short life, to thy unceasing roar?
And yet, bold babbler, what art thou to Him
Who drowned a world, and heaped the waters far
Above its loftiest mountains? — a light wave,
That breaks, and whispers of its Maker's might.

LESSON CXXVI.

The Mail comes in—The Newspaper.

1. Hark! 'tis the twanging horn o'er yonder bridge,
That with its wearisome but needful length
Bestrides the wintry flood, in which the moon
Sees her unwrinkled face reflected bright;—
He comes, the herald of a noisy world,
With spattered boots, strapped waist, and frozen locks;
News from all nations lumbering at his back.

2. True to his charge, the close-packed load behind,
Yet careless what he brings, his one concern
Is to conduct it to the destined inn;
And, having dropped th' expected bag, pass on.
He whistles as he goes, light-hearted wretch,
Cold, and yet cheerful; messenger of grief
Perhaps to thousands, and of joy to some;
To him indifferent whether grief or joy.

3 Houses in ashes, and he fall of stocks,
Births, deaths, and marriages, epistles wet
With tears that trickled down the writer's cheeks,
Fast as the periods from his fluent quill,
Or charged with amorous sighs of absent swains,
Or nymphs responsive, equally affect
His horse and him, unconscious of them all.

4. Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,
Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,
And, while the bubbling and loud-hissing urn
Throws up a steamy column, and the cups,
That cheer but not inebriate, wait on each,

So let us welcome peaceful evening in.
This folio of four pages,* happy work,
Which not e'en critics criticise; that holds
Inquisitive attention, while I read,
Fast bound in chains of silence, which the fair,
Though eloquent themselves, yet fear to break;
What is it but a map of busy life,
Its fluctuations, and its vast concerns?

5. Here runs the mountainous and craggy ridge,
That tempts ambition. On the summit see
The seals of office glitter in his eyes:
He climbs, he pants, he grasps them! At his heels,
Close at his heels, a demagogue ascends,
And with a dexterous jerk soon twists him down,
And wins them, but to lose them in his turn.

6. Cataracts of declamation thunder here;
There forests of no meaning spread the page,
In which all comprehension wanders lost;
While fields of pleasantry amuse us there
With merry descants on a nation's woes.
The rest appears a wilderness of strange
But gay confusion; roses for the cheeks,
And lilies for the brows, of faded age,
Teeth for the toothless, ringlets for the bald,
Heaven, earth, and ocean, plundered of their sweets
Nectareous essences, Olympian dews,
Sermons, and city feasts, and favorite airs,
Æthereal journeys, submarine exploits,
And Katterfelto, with his hair on end
At his own wonders, wondering for his bread.

7. 'Tis pleasant, through the loop-holes of retreat,
To peep at such a world; to see the stir
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd;
To hear the roar she sends through all her gates
At a safe distance, where the dying sound
Falls a soft murmur on th' uninjured ear.
Thus sitting, and surveying thus at ease
The globe and its concerns, I seem advanced
To some secure, and more than mortal height,
That liberates and exempts me from them all.

* The Newspaper.

8. It turns, submitted to my view, turns round
With all its generations: I behold
The tumult, and am still. The sound of war
Has lost its terrors ere it reaches me;
Grieves, but alarms me not. I mourn the pride
And avarice that makes man a wolf to man;
Hear the faint echo of those brazen throats,
By which he speaks the language of his heart,
And sigh, but never tremble at the sound.

9. He* travels and expatiates; as the bee
From flower to flower, so he from land to land:
The manners, customs, policy of all
Pay contribution to the store he gleans;
He sucks intelligence in every clime,
And spreads the honey of his deep research
At his return—a rich repast for me.
He travels, and I too. I tread his deck,
Ascend his topmast, through his peering eyes
Discover countries, with a kindred heart
Suffer his woes, and share in his escapes;
While fancy, like the finger of a clock,
Runs the great circuit, and is still at home.

LESSON CXXVII.

Italy and Switzerland contrasted.

1. Nature, a mother kind alike to all,
Still grants her bliss at labor's earnest call;
With food as well the peasant is supplied
On Idra's cliffs as Arno's shelvy side;
And though the rocky-crested summits frown,
These rocks, by custom, turn to beds of down

2. Far to the right, where Apennine ascends,
Bright as the summer, Italy extends;
Its uplands, sloping, deck the mountain's side,
Woods over woods, in gay, theatric pride;
While oft some temple's mouldering tops between
With venerable grandeur mark the scene.

3. Could nature's bounty satisfy the breast,
The sons of Italy were surely blest.

* The editor.

Whatever fruits in different climes were found,
That proudly rise, or humbly court the ground;
Whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear,
Whose bright succession decks the varied year;
Whatever sweets salute the northern sky
With vernal lives, that blossom but to die;
These, here disporting, own the kindred soil,
Nor ask luxuriance from the planter's toil;
While sea-born gales their gelid wings expand
To winnow fragrance round the smiling land.

4. But small the bliss that sense alone bestows;
And sensual bliss is all the nation knows.
In florid beauty groves and fields appear;
Man seems the only growth that dwindles here.
Contrasted faults through all his manners reign!
Though poor, luxurious; though submissive, vain
Though grave, yet trifling; zealous, yet untrue;
And e'en in penance, planning sins anew.
All evils here contaminate the mind,
That opulence, departed, leaves behind.

5. Yet still the loss of wealth is here supplied
By arts, the splendid wrecks of former pride;
From these the feeble heart and long-fallen mind
An easy compensation seem to find.
Here may be seen, in bloodless pomp arrayed,
The pasteboard triumph and the cavalcade.

6. By sports like these are all their cares beguiled;
The sports of children satisfy the child;
Each nobler aim, repressed by long control,
Now sinks at last, or feebly mans the soul;
While low delights, succeeding fast behind,
In happier meanness occupy the mind;
As in those domes where Cæsars once bore sway,
Defaced by time and tottering in decay,
There in the ruin, heedless of the dead,
The shelter-seeking peasant builds his shed;
And, wondering man could want the larger pile,
Exults, and owns his cottage with a smile.

7. My soul, turn from them; turn we to survey
Where rougher climes a nobler race display—
Where the bleak Swiss their stormy mansion tread,
And force a churlish soil for scanty bread;

No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,
But winter, lingering, chills the lap of May;
No zephyr fondly sues the mountain's breast,
But meteors glare, and stormy glooms invest.

8. Yet still, even here, content can spread a charm,
Redress the clime, and all its rage disarm.
Though poor the peasant's hut, his feasts though small,
He sees his little lot the lot of all;
Sees no contiguous palace rear its head,
To shame the meanness of his humble shed;
No costly lord the sumptuous banquet deal,
To make him loathe his vegetable meal;
But calm, and bred in ignorance and toil,
Each wish contracting, fits him to the soil.

9. Cheerful at morn, he wakes from short repose,
Breathes the keen air, and carols as he goes;
With patient angle trolls the finny deep;
Or drives his venturous ploughshare to the steep;
Or seeks the den where snow-tracks mark the way,
And drags the struggling savage into day.
At night returning, every labor sped,
He sits him down the monarch of a shed;
Smiles by his cheerful fire, and round surveys
His children's looks that brighten at the blaze;
While his loved partner, boastful of her hoard,
Displays her cleanly platter on the board;
And, haply, too, some pilgrim, thither led,
With many a tale repays the nightly bed.

10. Thus every good his native wilds impart,
Imprints the patriot passion on his heart;
And ev'n those hills, that round his mansion rise,
Enhance the bliss his scanty fund supplies:
Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,
And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms;
And as a child, when scaring sounds molest,
Clings close and closer to the mother's breast,
So the loud torrent, and the whirlwind's roar,
But bind him to his native mountains more

LESSON CXXVIII.

The Pleasures of Knowledge.

1. It may be easily demonstrated that there is an advantage in learning, both for the usefulness and the pleasure of it. There is something positively agreeable to all men—to all, at least, whose nature is not most grovelling and base—in gaining knowledge for its own sake. When you see anything for the first time, you at once derive some gratification from the sight being new; your attention is awakened, and you desire to know more about it.

2. If it is a piece of workmanship, as an instrument, a machine of any kind, you wish to know how it is made; how it works; of what use it is. If it is an animal, you desire to know where it comes from; how it lives; what are its dispositions, and, generally, its nature and habits. You feel this desire, too, without at all considering that the machine or the animal may ever be of the least use to yourself practically; for, in all probability, you may never see them again.

3. But you have a curiosity to know all about them, because they are new and unknown. You accordingly make inquiries; you feel a gratification in getting answers to your questions; that is, in receiving information, and in knowing more; in being better informed than you were before. If you happen again to see the same instrument or animal, in some respects like, but differing in other particulars, you find it pleasing to compare them together, and to note in what they agree, and in what they differ.

4. Now, all this kind of gratification is of a pure and disinterested nature, and has no reference to any of the common purposes of life; yet it is a pleasure—an enjoyment. You are nothing the richer for it; you do not gratify your palate, or any other bodily appetite; and yet it is so pleasing that you would give something out of your pocket to obtain it, and would forego some bodily enjoyment for its sake.

5. The pleasure derived from science is exactly of the like nature, or rather it is the very same. For what has been just spoken of is in fact science, which, in its most comprehensive sense, only means *knowledge*, and in its ordinary sense means *knowledge reduced to a system*; that is,

arranged in a regular order, so as to be conveniently taught, easily remembered, and readily applied.

6. The practical uses of any science or branch of knowledge are undoubtedly of the highest importance; and there is hardly any man who may not gain some positive advantage in his worldly wealth and comforts, by increasing his stock of information. But there is also a pleasure in seeing the uses to which knowledge may be applied, wholly independent of the share we ourselves may have in those practical benefits.

7. It is pleasing to examine the nature of a new instrument, or the habits of an unknown animal, without considering whether or not they may ever be of use to ourselves or to any body. It is another gratification to extend our inquiries, and find that the instrument or animal is useful to man, even although we have no chance ourselves of ever benefiting by the information; as, to find that the natives of some distant country employ the animal in travelling;—nay, though he have no desire of benefiting by the knowledge; as, for example, to find that the instrument is useful in performing some dangerous surgical operation.

8. The mere gratification of curiosity; the knowing more to-day than we knew yesterday; the understanding clearly what before seemed obscure and puzzling; the contemplation of general truths; and the comparing together of different things,—is an agreeable occupation of the mind; and, beside the present enjoyment, elevates the faculties above low pursuits, purifies and refines the passions, and helps our reason to assuage their violence.

Questions.—Is the pleasure we experience in acquiring knowledge a gratification of the mind or the body? Which of these sources of enjoyment do we possess in common with the animals? Which affords the purest happiness? Do we consult our own interest, when we forego sensual enjoyment, as that experienced in eating and drinking, if we thereby add to the clearness and vigor of the mind? Is the mind immortal? Is it supposed to be made capable of endless improvement?

LESSON CXXIX.

Human Knowledge.

1. What *is* human knowledge? It is the cultivation and improvement of the spiritual principle in man. We are com-

posed of two elements—the one a little dust, caught up from the earth, to which we shall soon return; the other, a spark of that divine intelligence, in which and through which we bear the image of the great Creator.

2. By knowledge, the wings of the intellect are spread; —by ignorance, they are closed and palsied; and the physical passions are left to gain the ascendancy. Knowledge opens all the senses to the wonders of creation; ignorance seals them up, and leaves the animal propensities unbalanced by reflection, enthusiasm, and taste.

3. To the ignorant man, the glorious pomp of day, the sparkling mysteries of night, the majestic ocean, the rushing storm, the plenty-bearing river, the salubrious breeze, the fertile field, the docile animal tribes,—the broad, the various, the unexhausted domain of nature,—are a mere outward pageant, poorly understood in their character and harmony, and prized only so far as they minister to the supply of sensual wants.

4. How different the scene to the man whose mind is stored with knowledge! For him the mystery is unfolded, the veils lifted up, as, one after another, he turns the leaves of that great volume of creation, which is filled in every page with the characters of wisdom, power, and love; with lessons of truth the most exalted; with images of unspeakable loveliness and wonder; arguments of Providence; food for meditation; themes of praise.

5. One noble science sends him to the barren hills, and teaches him to survey their broken precipices. Where ignorance beholds nothing but a rough, inorganic mass, instruction discerns the intelligible record of the primal convulsions of the world; the secrets of ages before man was; the landmarks of the elemental struggles and throes of what is now the terraqueous globe. Buried monsters, of which the races are now extinct, are dragged out of deep strata, dug out of eternal rocks, and brought almost to life, to bear witness to the power that created them.

6. Before the admiring student of nature has realized all the wonders of the elder world, thus as it were re-created by science, another delightful instructress, with her microscope in her hand, bids him sit down and learn at last to know the universe in which he lives; and contemplate the limbs, the motions, the circulations of races of animals, disporting in *their* tempestuous ocean—a drop of water.

7. Then, while his whole soul is penetrated with admiration of the power which has filled with life, and motion, and sense, these all but non-existent atoms, oh, then let the divinest of the muses, let Astronomy approach, and take him by the hand; let her

> "Come but keep her wonted state,
> With even step, and musing gait,
> And looks commercing with the skies,
> Her rapt soul sitting in her eyes."

8. Let her lead him to the mount of vision; let her turn her heaven-piercing tube to the sparkling vault; through that, let him observe the serene star of evening, and see it transformed into a cloud-encompassed orb, a world of rugged mountains and stormy deeps; or behold the pale beams of Saturn, lost to the untaught observer amidst myriads of brighter stars, and see them expand into the broad disk of a noble planet,—the seven attendant worlds,—the wondrous rings, a mighty system in itself, borne, at the rate of twenty-two thousand miles an hour, on its broad pathway through the heavens; and then let him reflect that our great solar system, of which Saturn and his stupendous retinue is but a small part, fills itself, in the general structure of the universe, but the space of one fixed star; and that the power, which filled the drop of water with millions of living beings, is present and active, throughout this illimitable creation!—Yes, yes,

> "The undevout astronomer *is* mad."

LESSON CXXX.

Character of Washington.

1. The person of Washington was commanding, graceful, and fitly proportioned; his stature six feet, his chest broad and full, his limbs long and somewhat slender, but well shaped and muscular. His features were regular and symmetrical, his eyes of a light blue color, and his whole countenance, in its quiet state, was grave, placid, and benignant. When alone, or not engaged in conversation, he appeared sedate and thoughtful; but, when his attention was excited, his eye kindled quickly, and his face beamed animation and intelligence.

2. He was not fluent in speech, but what he said was ap-

posite, and listened to with the more interest as being known to come from the heart. He seldom attempted sallies of wit or humor, but no man received more pleasure from an exhibition of them by others; and, although contented in seclusion, he sought his chief happiness in society, and participated with delight in all its rational and innocent amusements.

3. Without austerity on the one hand, or an appearance of condescending familiarity on the other, he was affable, courteous, and cheerful; but it has often been remarked, that there was a dignity in his person and manner, not easy to be defined, which impressed every one that saw him for the first time with an instinctive deference and awe. This may have arisen in part from a conviction of his superiority, as well as from the effect produced by his external form and deportment.

4. The character of his mind was unfolded in the public and private acts of his life; and the proofs of his greatness are seen almost as much in the one as the other The same qualities which raised him to the ascendancy he possessed over the will of a nation, as the commander of armies and chief magistrate, caused him to be loved and respected as an individual.

5. Wisdom, judgment, prudence, and firmness, were his predominant traits. No man ever saw more clearly the relative importance of things and actions, or divested himself more entirely of the bias of personal interest, partiality, and prejudice, in discriminating between the true and the false, the right and the wrong, in all questions and subjects that were presented to him.

6. He deliberated slowly, but decided surely; and, when his decision was once formed, he seldom reversed it, and never relaxed from the execution of a measure till it was completed. Courage, physical and moral, was a part of his nature; and, whether in battle or in the midst of popular excitement, he was fearless of danger and regardless of consequences to himself.

7. His ambition was of that noble kind, which aims to excel in whatever it undertakes, and to acquire a power over the hearts of men by promoting their happiness and winning their affections. Sensitive to the approbation of others, and solicitous to deserve it, he made no concession to gain their applause, either by flattering their vanity or yielding to their

caprices. Cautious without timidity, bold without rashness, cool in counsel, deliberate but firm in action, clear in foresight, patient under reverses, steady, persevering, and self-possessed, he met and conquered every obstacle that obstructed his path to honor, renown, and success. More confident in the uprightness of his intention, than in his resources, he sought knowledge and advice from other men.

8. He chose his counsellors with unerring sagacity; and his quick perception of the soundness of an opinion, and of the strong points in an argument, enabled him to draw to his aid the best fruits of their talents, and the light of their collected wisdom.

9. His moral qualities were in perfect harmony with those of his intellect. Duty was the ruling principle of his conduct; and the rare endowments of his understanding were not more constantly tasked to devise the best methods of effecting an object, than they were to guard the sanctity of conscience. No instance can be adduced, in which he was actuated by a sinister motive, or endeavored to attain an end by unworthy means.

10. Truth, integrity, and justice were deeply rooted in his mind; and nothing could rouse his indignation so soon, or so utterly destroy his confidence, as the discovery of the want of these virtues in any one whom he had trusted. Weaknesses, follies, indiscretions, he could forgive; but subterfuge and dishonesty he never forgot, rarely pardoned. He was candid and sincere, true to his friends, and faithful to all, neither practising dissimulation, descending to artifice, nor holding out expectations which he did not intend should be realized.

11. His passions were strong, and sometimes they broke out with vehemence; but he had the power of checking them in an instant. Perhaps self-control was the most remarkable trait of his character. It was in part the effect of discipline; yet he seems by nature to have possessed this power to a degree which has been denied to other men.

12. A Christian in faith and practice, he was habitually devout. His reverence for religion is seen in his example, his public communications, and his private writings. He uniformly ascribed his successes to the beneficent agency of the Supreme Being. Charitable and humane, he was liberal to the poor, and kind to those in distress. As a husband, son, and brother, he was tender and affectionate.

13. Without vanity, ostentation, or pride, he never spoke of himself or his actions, unless required by circumstances which concerned the public interests. As he was free from envy, so he had the good fortune to escape the envy of others, by standing on an elevation which none could hope to attain. If he had one passion more strong than another, it was love of his country.

14. The purity and ardor of his patriotism were commensurate with the greatness of its object. Love of country in him was invested with the sacred obligation of a duty; and from the faithful discharge of this duty he never swerved for a moment, either in thought or deed, through the whole period of his eventful career.

15. Such are some of the traits in the character of Washington, which have acquired for him the love and veneration of mankind. If they are not marked with the brilliancy, extravagance, and eccentricity, which in other men have excited the astonishment of the world, so neither are they tarnished by the follies nor disgraced by the crimes of those men. It is the happy combination of rare talents and qualities, the harmonious union of the intellectual and moral powers, rather than the dazzling splendor of any one trait, which constitute the grandeur of his character.

16. If the title of great man ought to be reserved for him who cannot be charged with an indiscretion or a vice; who spent his life in establishing the independence, the glory, and durable prosperity of his country; who succeeded in all that he undertook; and whose successes were never won at the expense of honor, justice, integrity, or by the sacrifice of a single principle,—this title will not be denied to WASHINGTON.

Questions.—Why was Washington always listened to with interest, par. 2? Of what kind was his ambition, par. 7? What was his ruling principle, par. 9? What is said of his self-control, par. 11? What is said of him as a Christian, par. 12? To whom did he always ascribe his success, par. 12? What was his strongest passion, par. 13?

THE END.